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THE

METROPOLITAN

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THE METROPOLITAN:

NATURE AND ART.

BY MRS. C. GORE.



ON the coast of Lancashire, within distant view of the ruins of Furness Abbey, lies a small territory, an island or peninsula, according to the ebb or flow of the tides that lave its flat and unfruitful shores. At noon, perhaps, the traveller beholds it an islet, moored, as it were, under the protection of the main land; isolated and cheerless, containing—in the midst of the forty acres of arid land which centuries of cultivation have barely redeemed from barrenness—a single dwelling; a small farm, the rosemary bushes of whose garden-enclosures form the nearest approach to a tree discernible in the place. But a few hours later the dreariness of Hailisle, (or Helisle, as it is pronounced by the fishermen of the coast,) is in some degree relieved by the reappearance of the hard smooth sands, a quarter of a mile in extent, connecting it with the Lancashire coast. It now assumes the aspect of a rude nook of earth, ribbed from the neighbouring farms by the firm compact terrace which affords a delightful and exhilarating walk to the inmates of that solitary abode.

Viewed from the house, however, the scene assumed a totally different appearance. Persons accustomed to the rich garniture of inland landscape, with its contrasting features of hill, dale, or mountain,—river, lake, or torrent,—verdant pasture or golden plain,—are apt to tax a marine prospect with monotony. But ask the abiders by the great deep whether they ever experience the sense of satiety arising from sameness of object? It is not alone the vast transition from the smooth surface of the summer sea to the boiling, seething fury of the mighty ocean labouring with the terrors of the storm, which vary their unspeakable extent of prospect. A thousand intermediary changes are hourly, momentarily, perceptible. Not a cloud sailing across the sunny sky,—and ocean skies teem with those humid exhalations,—but casts a correspondent shadow on the surface of the waters, darkening their blue to purple, or changing their glossy green to the tinges of the dying dolphin. The “seachanges” of a marine vie were in fact so infinitely multiplied by the effects of wind and weather, tide and time, that from the first gleam of morning to the last of evening twilight, too wonderful a succession of beauties presents itself to the observant eye, for the commemoration of pen or pencil.

But independently of its fine prospects of the open sea, the farm of Helisle commanded a coast-view of unusual interest. Though immediately adjoining the spot the shore presented only a gravelly bank,

yet at the distance of half a mile along its windings, commences the beautiful mountainous ridge, shelving to the sands of Furness from the lofty heights diversifying the district of the Lakes. From these, with their changeful mists or clear prominence against the sky, Helisle borrows another source of endless variety; and while the dainty tourist might pronounce this region of gulls and curlews, remote from city, town, or even village, the most desolate fragment of a sufficiently desolate country, the dwellers on the spot found in its exciting breezes and varying tides as attractive a play of features as ever brightened the serene countenance of solitude.

Yet the inmates of the secluded house were people who had seen the stir and tumult of the world; had sat and even presided at good men's feasts; having retired to the precarious shelter of that comfortless abode neither from disgust at the giddiness of the crowd, nor a milder frame of self-denying philosophy. They came there all but penniless;—they still abided there, miserably poor. But though Master Warnford's wife was saluted by her humble neighbours of the coast as "Mistress" or "Dame," she had claim to the right honourable title of "the Lady Anne," being daughter to the Earl of Lovell, one of the proudest peers of England; by whom, on her rash marriage at sixteen with the younger son of one of Cromwell's upstart generals, she had been cast off and renounced for evermore. The earl, by whose undue domestic severity the ear of his daughter was first inclined towards the first lovesuit tendered to her charms, resented with harshness the rash step his harshness had brought about; and though, for five years after their marriage, the Warnfords entertained no doubt of his eventual pardon, they were at length forced reluctantly to admit that all hope was lost of Lord Lovell's secession from his oath to behold his daughter's face no more. They now felt that they should have dealt more sparingly with the small patrimony derived by Warnford from his deceased parents, which was all but dissipated in the belief that, after a certain period of estrangement, the earl would recal his daughter to his favour, and restore her to her rights upon his inheritance.

But this expectation was extinguished. A staunch adherent of the House of Stuart, to whose haughty and obdurate despotism the frailties of his own nature bore considerable affinity, the Earl of Lovell had in his time been exposed to insult and injury at the hands of the Roundheads; and his narrow spirit took delight in revenging on the son and grandchildren of General Warnford the long-smarting wounds of his self-love; regardless that in the veins of the latter was flowing the blood of progenitors whom he worshipped with all the paltry adulation of family pride. Rejecting every overture of reconciliation from his daughter, he left her letters of entreaty unanswered, and at length returned them unopened; till Warnford, who, at thirty years of age, had progressed from the romantic youth into a disappointed, gloomy, helpless, hopeless man, insisted that she should humiliate herself and him no more by the renewal of these unavailing solicitations.

From the period of their imprudent marriage, the young people had inhabited a small house in the little capital of the county-palatinate, of which Warnford's mother was a native; and there, in attempting

to secure to the lovely Lady Anne, whom he had allured, while a student of Oxford, from her father's stately mansion in the neighbourhood of the university, some portion of the comforts of her luxurious home, his substance had dwindled away. At thirty he was the father of two children, a girl and boy, with barely the means of maintenance for his single self.

"We shall starve—we and these helpless ones must starve!" was Warnford's desponding ejaculation, on the night when Lord Lovell's silent rejection of his daughter's last petition satisfied them that all expectation of succour from his mercy was at an end. "Our debts in this place nearly equal the small remnant of my means. I have no friends, no kinsmen, no interest to push me forward in the world. Though the slightest word from Lord Lovell's lips would, without diminishing by a doit the property he prizes so dearly, secure me from the king's government the occasion to work out my independence and bestow an education on our children, we must sink still lower in the scale of misery—must work—must want—and perhaps work and want in vain. Perhaps, with our best efforts, these babes may sink under their privations; and you, my patient, suffering wife, prove unable to confront the hardships we have no longer hope to overcome. Would—would that I had died, ere I persuaded you to desert your prosperous and bright career, for the cheerless home of an obscure and poverty-stricken man!"

"Have you courage to say this?" faltered his wife, who sat rocking with one foot the cradle of their elder child, and holding in her arms the noble infant she had just hushed off to sleep upon her bosom, "when you know that my sole solace in my troubles is the belief that life would have been worthless in your eyes unshared by the wife and children who are weighing you down to poverty!"

"And so it would!" cried Warnford, with rapid utterance. "You have been, you *are*, you ever will be—the crown and glory of my days. The sight of these children and their tender caresses would be as a foretaste of heaven, but for the anxieties for their future welfare darkening my soul. But to know that, grievous as are the straits to which my rashness has reduced you, they must become a thousand-fold more cruel, distracts my very reason. You, so tenderly reared—so cared for that your foot fell upon velvet and not a breath was suffered to blow on your fragile youth—you to labour—you to need the common necessities of life!—O why was I tempted to do this thing, and how shall I abide the sight of your wretchedness?"

"Cheer up, Warnford!" cried the kind-hearted being, whose nature was a nature of love, sparing one hand from her little charge to extend it to the ready caress of her husband. "If this be all, cheer up!—You know me only as the thriftless, giddy girl—the dainty, tender woman—henceforward you shall see me the stirring matron—the careful housewife. Love would be a pitiful thing did it suggest no higher proof of its strength than honeyed words and idle fondling, such as I have, perhaps, wearied you withal. But it has a power and courage of its own! Trust me it has a power and courage of its own!—a power to act, a courage to bear, which constitute a yet more intimate portion of its happiness. Had we been prosperous—world-

seekers, pleasure-hunters, wasters of the gawds and luxuries of life—sweet protestations and tender embraces had been the utmost proof in my power that never have I repented the act suggested by the wantonness of girlish preference. My reason now confirms my choice. The blessing of God decrees that the vows so lightsomely sworn can now be renewed in all the solemnity of womanly truth; and to that first sweet promise to love and honour, in sickness and in health, to take for richer for poorer, for better for worse,—I superadd a pledge that, knowing the *poorer*, and having experience of the *worse*, I would still bear all, and more also, for your sake.”

Warnford made no reply. He was labouring, with a strong man's effort, to restrain the tears that would have fain burst forth from the inmost recesses of his heart. He was too proud to weep in her presence—too agonized to speak.

“You think, perhaps,” added Lady Anne, in a lower voice, “that this fortitude will not abide; that poverty is a gnawing thing which devours the strongest courage. *Try me!* I have the consciousness of a stronger mind—a yet more enduring patience. I defy the cares or wants of life to do more than bow down my body to death;—they shall neither tire my submission nor exhaust my tenderness for you and those whom you have given me!”

He was about to answer, when pressing his hand fervently with the soft slender fingers in which it was still enveloped, she added, “One word more!—I have a condition to affix to my devotedness.—I must have you cheer your spirits for my sake—I must have you up and bestir yourself—I must have you persevere to a good end! I will labour cheerfully, but you must be my help-mate and companion. I will oppose a cheerful face to sorrow, but yours must no longer wear a frown. We are not utterly deserted of Heaven—we have youth and health; and for how many of the creatures of God do these form a sufficient provision! Such fair and promising children are not vouchsafed to us in vain. They are given us as pledges of better days—they are given us as an encouragement to bear and to forbear—they are given as an incitement to our efforts, and a comfort to our cares. For *them*, dearest, and for *me*, look to the brighter side of things. If I do not forget my father, I have at least forgotten my father's house; nay, I have forgotten all, save love and duty—love that makes duty light, and duty that sobers and consecrates the sportiveness of love. Low as we are in life, I am happy; be happy too, and nothing will be left me to desire.”

And, lo! thus cheered and comforted, there was hope by the desolate fireside of the necessitous man.

But this was not all. Words of solace were not the only offering of the good and tender wife. She had words of counsel, too, for his ear, which, after much debate, tended to a happy issue.

Lady Ann persuaded him to quit Lancaster, to renounce the intercourse of those of their own degree—people who loved them no jot the better for attempts to maintain a position in life ruinous to their narrow fortunes. After much seeking, they found notice at an attorney's office of a vacancy at the miserable farm of Helisle; and yearly the remainder of Warnford's heritage was expended in the

necessary outlay for lease, stock, and plenishing. Having settled themselves thus, at the extremity of civilization, they resigned all pretence to gentleness of condition, the pomps of life; worked hard, fared hard; and after two years buffeting between necessity and the lingering influence of their early breeding, found their refinement of nature and sentiment worn down to the exigencies of their condition. Algernon Warnford held the plough which was to procure bread for his children, while Mistress Warnford tended the two lean milch-kine, which afforded their chief subsistence.

The unfruitful soil was such as to tax the utmost efforts of the inexperienced husbandman. The peasant's boy and girl hired to assist the labours of the distressed family, gave only trouble by their ignorance. But in the sequel, perseverance prevailed. Though he who, as a gentleman, had been a bad scholar, proved as a farmer an indifferently agriculturist, the effort of being up early and late, toiling through summer's sun and winter's frost, overcame, as providence hath promised, the stubborn curse of nature; and at the close of five years of heavy labour, the Warnfords were not only able to maintain their elder children, and a younger—an ocean pearl, born in the briny solitude of Helisle—but had amassed great store of wealth—a press full of linen, spun under their roof—several articles of household furniture, the product of their united ingenuity—and, above all, a stout coble-boat, which, with the aid of an able builder from Whitehaven, who passed a couple of summer months domiciled with them at the farm, Warnford had launched with great ceremony from the stocks, and christened and painted with the auspicious name of “The Lady Anne of Helisle.” It may be doubted whether the Earl of Lovell, who was now officiating in his frivolous old age as Lord Chamberlain to his most gracious Majesty, had in the interim achieved any effort half so gratifying.

Nor was the ornamental department wholly neglected. Warnford had retouched and whitewashed, within and without, the plaster walls of the little dwelling, had contrived a rude carpet of sheepskins for the portion of the hall or kitchen specially habited by his wife, and had even planted the spot of ground beneath her window with hedges of fragrant rosemary, which, as its name denoteth, rejoices in the dew of the sea; for the sea-spray reached it there. On winter nights the humbleness of the one-storied mansion was its sole security against the tremendous storm-bursts of the Irish channel; and often, when signals of distress boomed from the offing, Mistress Warnford would start from her pillow, and with a prayer of intercession for the souls in peril, bless the roof that gave such comfortable shelter to the helpless ones whom her soul loved.

In fine weather, she and her children—more especially her son Walter—often accompanied Warnford when his day's labours were done, in an evening sail, coasting those beautiful shores. Or she would follow him to the mainland, when business carried him to market at Dalton or Rampside, for a kindly visit to the wives of one or two small farmers, with whom they maintained interchange of goodwill, borrowing or lending, nursing or claiming tendance in sickness, exchanging a basket of fish for a brood of early chickens, or a mea-

sure of rapeseed or yarn, for faggot-wood or turf. It was one of the sacrifices exacted of Warnford's pride by his more nobly-constituted wife, that he should stoop in all things to his altered condition, and live, and let live, with those among whom Providence had appointed their career.

There was old Hal Hobbs and his dame, cotters on the Condish estates, which extend along the coast by Furness, who thought the month a long one in which Mistress Warnford, or her good man, forgot to bring Watty and Leeny to taste their honey, or garden berries.

"Marry—the boy and girl were so sprightly, yet so jaunty and well-spoken withal," that the old people hailed the coming of the young mother, (with her large loving eyes beaming tenderness on the fair child, the young Lucy, that still lingered in her arms, from fondling more than helplessness,) as a festival in their life of labour.

But as years drew on, the mother, as by nature appointed, began to outweigh the wife in the bosom of Lord Lovell's daughter. She had borne cheerfully with her lot for herself, and for her husband; she could not be so easily contented for her children. Her mind, and that of Warnford, had been formed by early education; and though no leisure or opportunity was left them now for indulgence of scholarship, they knew enough to derive double enjoyment from the revealed phenomena of nature, which afforded the recreation of their uneventful lives. But the children had no books—no instructors; and, engrossed by the homely industry indispensable to their support, their parents could do little in that task of unremitting preceptorship indispensable to drive the young and volatile through the thorny ways of learning.

Walter and Helena accordingly wandered all day long about the featureless fields of the islet, without a shrub or bush to fix their attention, or a field-flower to enliven the saline herbage. Hand in hand they watched by the shore till the receding tide left clear to their eager feet those sparkling sands, to which every ebb of the waters afforded hazard or novelty; purple seashells, lightly embedded there, the curious pebble, the stranded weed, detached from the podded vegetation clinging to the sunken rocks; the living jellies of the sea-anemone or star-fish, or some shelly outcast flung by the waves on the shore to crawl its awkward way back again to a more congenial element. The white gulls would stand unheeding, while the two little ones went wandering up and down; or the curlew dip its wing into the wave within reach of their little hands; so gentle were their movements, and so customary their presence on the spot.

But when Walter attained the age of hardihood, and at ten years old, delighted to unmoor the cable from its chain, and, having set the sail, steer boldly along the shore towards Furness, having compelled his sister to bear him company, that they might encounter together the chastisement of their disobedience, Mistress Warnford felt that the boy's spirit was breaking bounds. He had none of the usual occupations of youth to exhaust his elasticity of limb and muscle—no pony to ride—no tree to climb—no companion to overcome in wrestling, quoits, or other athletic exercises. He had no associate

but his sister Helena; for a sort of innate arrogance kept him aloof from the herdsman employed in the out-door labours of the farm. At length, having escaped one day from home to the fair at Dalton, and tarried away till the tide had flowed, and ebbed and flowed again, distracting his mother with apprehensions lest, finding himself belated, he should attempt to wade through the channel of the flowing waters when nearly breast-high, as she had often known him do before—she resolved, when she clasped the truant once more in her arms, (after having dared the passage in a crazy tub of a boat, long condemned as unseaworthy by the fishermen of Rampside,) to make some attempt at rescuing her son from a state of life, where the energies of his arrogant nature were thus afflictingly doomed to run to waste.

A letter was accordingly indited to the Earl of Lovell by his daughter; pretending no penitence for the past, but setting forth the degraded prospects of her children for the future, unless he deigned to extend a succourable hand, and enable them by fitting education to assume at some future time a position in the world more consonant with their honourable kinsmanship. For herself, she asked nothing—low as was her estate, Lady Anne avowed herself content. All she intreated of her father was to call her fair young son to his presence, and decide, by personal investigation, whether it were not foul shame for a youth so nobly gifted in mind and body, to sink into a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Unknown to Warnford was the letter written and despatched to the Dalton post-office; and as his wife stood watching the coble driving over the little channel to the mainland, bearing with it the missive which was to decide the destinies of her offspring, she almost trembled at the reflection that her proceeding might become a source of alienation in the little family, even as her island home, which at sunrise had been part and parcel of the continent, was now a severed islet, cinctured by the roaring sea.

Time passed away, but no answer from Lovell Court! Lady Anne felt that she had humiliated herself in vain. Her father's heart, like her father's door, was irrevocably closed against her, and she congratulated herself that she had not acquainted Warnford with her measures, and so procured him a share in her disappointment. For Warnford was now a gloomy-minded, unyielding man. Hard labour and severe care had extinguished the happier impulses of his nature. His slavery had become mechanical to him, for he saw that it was to be the unamending portion of his life; but not even the gentle companionship of his angelic wife could bring smiles to his face, or words of gladness to his lip. His father's spirit was breaking out in him. He had grown devout; not with the wholesome piety of a heart at ease, which beholds motive for gratitude in even the least of the benefits conferred by the bounty of Providence; but with a sour, fretful, fractious spirit of superstitious fear; a peevish interpreting of texts—an angry resentment of the triumph of the king and his church. With his wife he was invariably irritable—with the children tyrannical and unjust; and while grieving that young Walter must grow up in such bitter bondage, she rejoiced that the father knew nothing of the emancipation she had premeditated for his son.

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One day when the lad was assisting his father to cart shingles from the seaward shore, and Mistress Warnford was busied in hanging out upon the rosemary bushes a web of fine linen, the product of her winter's spinning, which she had destined for clothing for the boy, had he been called away by his grandsire, Helena shouted from the garden-stile tidings that two strangers, richly dressed, were crossing the sands on horseback, guided by young Hob, the stable knave of the hostel at Dalton. Involuntarily the matron blushed, and drew closer round her face the pinnars which the sea breezes had blown away, as she hastened towards the porch of her humble home, to set her house in order for the reception of guests whom she suspected to be on their way to visit the Lady Anne Lovell, not to confer with Master Warnford of Helisle Farm.

They came. They doffed their broad beavers courteously to the trembling woman, requesting her to announce to her mistress that the auditor and chaplain of the Earl of Lovell were under her roof; and when her exclamation, "You come to me then from my father!" revealed the truth, they were sufficiently wanting in tact to betray their amazement that the daughter of their illustrious patron should be clothed in weather-stained linsey woolsey, and have her cheeks swarthy and withered by everlasting exposure to the sun and winds of that shapeless island.

Their errand was quickly said. They brought missives from the earl, undertaking the charge of his elder grandchildren, on condition that they were given up to his care, to be bred as became the future inheritors of his fortunes. His elder daughters, the Marchioness of Saltram and the Lady Helena Mauleverer, having in their turn incurred his displeasure, he engaged to make forthwith a handsome settlement on Walter and Helena Warnford, upon a renunciation on the part of their parents of all interference in their future destinies.

Lady Anne trembled as she read; *not* lest her husband should refuse his assent to the humiliating proposals she had brought upon herself, but rather lest he should *agree* to part with the children. It was only for her son she had petitioned. She knew her own capability to bestow upon her blooming Helena such education as she held indispensable to an humble home-staying woman; and the project of the earl to deprive her at once of both her children, filled her bosom with dismay. She would fain have answered by a hasty negative, and dismissed the two delegates of Lord Lovell ere Warnford could be apprized of their arrival. But this was impossible. Two horsemen could not easily arrive at Helisle unknown to the farmer; and accordingly, after the lapse of a few minutes, Warnford, in his fustian suit, and wearing his stern looks, entered, and bade a surly welcome to the strangers.

To the surprise of his wife, however, those looks brightened when the object of their mission came to be explained. The Helisle out-cast had that morning discovered that he was likely to be a heavy loser by the season's crops; and had received, within a few days, an insolent letter from the attorney of his landlord, claiming arrears of rent, and threatening ejection; and having these evil prospects before him for his helpless family, the offers vouchsafed by Lord Lovell

came like manna in the wilderness. It was not a generous sentiment which decided his grateful acceptance. He thought nothing of the ultimate benefit to his offspring. He thought only of the joy of deliverance from a present burthen; of having fewer mouths to fill by the wasting toil of his hands; fewer eyes to keep watch upon his mental irritation, when he came from work to the contemplation of work to come.

The mother was silent when she heard sentence pronounced; for no arguments *she* could urge would prevail over his determination. The days were gone when her gentle voice could work miracles with his sullenness. She had gradually ceased to be the lovely Lady Anne in his eyes—the angelic Lady Anne in his heart. She had become Mistress Warnford—Dame Warnford—Goody Warnford—the butt of his ill-humour, the slave of his domestic despotism.

But while repressing thus her words and tears, the mother's heart was wrung with anguish. Master Rickatts, the auditor, explained that it was the earl's intention, on receiving the engrossed assent of the parents to his adoption of his grandchildren, to despatch his equipage and attendants to meet them at Lancaster; that a tutor was already appointed to prepare young Walter for Eton College; and a *gouvernante* of confidence to escort Helena to the court of France, where her aunt, the Marquise de Castries, sister to the Earl of Lovell, (holding a high appointment in the suite of madame, the sister of Charles II.) would provide for her suitable education better than could be done in the gorgeous seclusion of Lovell Court. Mistress Warnford listened in consternation; courts and princesses for her Helena! for the untutored child of nature, accustomed to chase her father's Irish hounds along the sands, or hold the steerage of the coble for her wilful brother! But there was no remedy. Warnford decreed that it was to be so. The children were to go—he seemed to care nothing whither. When she wept and wrung her hands at parting with them, her husband reviled her that the thing was of her own doing—that but for her letter to the earl, there would have been neither thought nor speech of their removal from Helisle. For many months afterwards, when roused in the watches of the night by the bellowing of the storm, she called upon the names of her children, and wondered how they fared at that unquiet moment, he would answer her still with texts, illustrative of the restless thanklessness of human nature, that had not virtue to content itself with the dispensations of the All-seeing and All-wise.

Thus admonished, she resigned herself. There was still the little prattling Lucy—with her open brow and clustering auburn curls, clinging yet closer to her mother, for having lost the young companions of her infancy. Lucy was now more than six years old; hitherto content with the enjoyments of her age—the sights and sounds revealed by the common changes of season and the elements. But there was none now to lead *her* forth on the silver sands in search of purple seashell, or streaming weed: none to venture with her to the back of the island, where a long strip of crisp rank herbage gave forth, in the early spring, a few specimens of hard, stiff, prickly-blossomed weeds, the wretched Flora of miserable Helisle. Till, at

last, baffled of all hope to wander, the gentle child disposed herself to follow, like a spirit, up and down, the household movements of her lonely mother; to watch her while she set the milk or churned the butter, spun beside the hearth in winter, or in summer, trimmed up the garden walks, or sat in the shadow of the house, making or mending garments for her husband, or nets for his summer fishing.

Intense was the love that sprang up between them! As the mother's hair whitened and whitened under her coif, Lucy's lengthening tresses grew to overhang her ivory shoulders, and proclaimed that the fair girl, so lately a child, was soon to be a woman; and for *her*, Mistress Warnford never experienced one of those misgivings she had felt for her elder offspring. So refined was the natural look of Lucy Warnford—so gently toned her voice—so fine her aptitude in receiving instruction, that the trammels of education appeared superfluous. Uninfluenced by the example of a boisterous brother, Lucy had never, even in her sports, outpassed the silken limits of her sex. In *her*, nature had made "a lady of her own."

The talk of the mother and daughter was often of the absent ones: Lucy had gradually forgotten all but the name of her brother and sister. She had a vague recollection of having been clasped to her mother's bosom more graspingly and tenderly than usual, after parting from a group of grand personages, among whom the shadowy forms she remembered as Watty and Leeny, had been borne away; but nothing further. It had been covenanted by Lord Lovell that no intercourse was to take place between the parents and children; saving that on the first day of every year came a letter from Mister Rickatts, stating that Master Walter and Mistress Helena were in good health, progressing in their studies, and contenting the expectations of the earl. Walter was now on the eve of being entered at Oxford; Helena of being withdrawn from the Convent of Panthemont, where she had received her education, to be introduced by the Marquise de Castries into society. All this was duly discussed between Lucy and her mother, but always in Warnford's absence. Speech of courts or scholarship, princesses or earls, were things he could no longer abide. The influence of religious enthusiasm on a mind disturbed by disappointment, in that uttermost solitude, had produced its usual distressing consequences. He had become a fanatic—a visionary. His delight was to wander from home; to follow after strange preachers among the dales of Lancashire or Westmoreland; and lacking these, to hold forth in exposition of the scriptures; by misinterpretation of which, his own mind had been led astray. Had it not been for the thrift and patience of his partner, the little farm must have gone rapidly to ruin. But the guardian angel—the pearl without price—the tender wife and mother, watched over all; received back with unrepining tenderness the miserable wanderer; and during his absence, wrought with double diligence in his behalf.

While Helena (Lovell as she was called, not Warnford) was emerging from her convent, graceful, skilful, accomplished, arrayed with all the cost and elegance becoming the position she was to hold in the world, Mistress Warnford, still only four-and-thirty years of age, was

stretching her husband's nets to dry upon the stone fence of her little garden; driving her few lean sheep to their fold; salting the winter butter for the family; folding the snow-white linen for the press; not repiningly—not with a yearning thought of better days; but with a mild serenity of brow, and contentedness of soul, worthy of admiration. Nay, sometimes on a cheery May morning, when Lucy's step was bounding before her, or Lucy's morning kiss had been more earnest than usual, a low-voiced tune, like the murmur of the waters rippling on the beach, would proceed from the lips of the hard-working, tender-hearted woman. Her fair hands and well-turned arms were hard and brown with unremitting labour. But the soul within her was unchanged; soft, fair, feminine, and noble, as in her days of helpless gentility.

It was a brilliant day, meanwhile, in the annals of Lovell House, that witnessed the arrival of the Marchioness de Castries and her niece, to preside over its princely establishment. Henrietta of Orleans had now been some years dead; and the Marchioness was glad to abandon the city where the murderers of her beloved mistress remained unpunished, for her brother's lordly mansion in Scotland Yard. Overlooking the Thames, where floated, moored to its garden-stairs, several barges bearing the cognizance of the earl, Lovell House was a fine old structure of the time of the first James; ponderously magnificent—and consequently in strict accordance with the style of living affected by the man designated by Rochester, Buckingham, and Tom Killegrew, as “the pompostorous Earl of Lovell.”

Harder in his nature, and more worldly than ever, Lord Lovell hailed with delight the coming of the stately marquise, whose breeding of Versailles was to add new dignity to his domestic circle, and the beautiful grandchild who was to breathe the rejuvenescence of her eighteen years upon his withered existence. His vanity was tickled by anticipation of the gay figure these daughters of his line would make in the royal circle of Whitehall; and his malice gratified by the notion of the envy with which their elevation to his favour must be regarded by his two rebellious daughters, the Ladies Saltram and Mauleverer. Of his third daughter, his once-loved Anne, he thought no more than if she had been buried *dead* instead of *alive* in the ultima thule of Helisle! Morally extinguished by her *mésalliance*, his lordship deemed it superfluous to inform himself whether she retained so much as physical existence.

But there was one person at Lovell House, to whom the arrival of the two ladies afforded anything but satisfaction. Sir Walter Lovell (for the vain youth had been knighted by the king when officiating as proxy to the earl at the installation of Knights of the Garter) had long reigned supreme in the affections of his grandfather. Frivolous and licentious, the false position in which he was placed, by Lord Lovell's peremptory alienation from all natural ties, had gradually effaced all natural affections in his bosom. To love the earl was impossible. His sister was banished to a foreign country. His parents were henceforward nothing to his tenderness or duty. The world was to be all in all; its splendours his solace—its favour his sufficient

happiness. The lessons of adversity were forgotten. As the manners of the young courtier softened, his heart grew hard. Dissolute in his habits, his chief anxiety was to keep from the knowledge of his grandfather, excesses of a nature to be held derogatory by the stately old nobleman; and Sir Walter justly feared that the establishment of female espionage at Lovell House must be fatal to his superficial reputation.

"I kiss your fair hand, sweet sister!" cried he, throwing himself without ceremony into a seat, in the gorgeous withdrawing-room, appointed to the marchioness's use, the day after Helena's arrival in her native country. "I was dining last night with Muskerri, or should have been at hand to assist our lady aunt from her coach, and tuck the chaplain and lapdog under either arm, to make their solemn entry into Lovell House."

"The latter duty you would have been spared," said Helena, smiling at his affectation of dress and manner, which all but rivalled her own. "In place of chaplain and lapdog, the *chère marquise* travels with a pair of the prettiest and most adroit *soubrettes* that ever pinned up a fontange, or stretched a stomacher; and neither Mademoiselle Péroline, nor Mademoiselle Celeste, is in the habit of being "tucked" under the arm of a cavalier so unlettered as to groan under the weight of Alençon point after Easter, or to sport boots of chamois leather, while Spanish morocco is to be had for money."

"I' faith, well said!" cried Sir Walter, enchanted by the grace with which the *belle Parisienne* sat tossing a *cassolette* of perfumes, affixed to her wrist by a golden chain, which ever and anon she caught in her snow-white hand, to cast it lightly forth again. "And I was wrong to talk of such old-world pets as lapdogs and chaplains to ladies of degree, who doubtless entertain a marmoset and an astrologer! But tell me, sweet sister! what is the last news from the Salle de Diane, and the circle of its purest Diana, Athénée de Montespan? Is his holiness's Bolognese bull promulgated yet by the cardinal, and sanctioned by *la bonne compagnie*? And is it now a received thing to intersperse breast-knots of lilac on an amber-coloured bodice?"

"Even as you see, good brother," replied Helena; "but trouble not your fastidious eyes with a thing so trivial as this my morning *négligé*. Suspend your judgment until Thursday night; when, having been presented to her Majesty in her private closet, we are to appear at the ball at court, and lo! you shall behold a certain robe of silver gauze, embroidered on the seams in Parma violets, whereof every eye hath an encrusted topaz, of which even Lauzun protested the fashion to be unique, when I danced in it, as one of the handmaidens of Flora, in the last royal ballet performed at St. Cloud."

"Silver gauze is altogether cittish and tawdry," said Sir Walter, disdainfully. "Gauze of silk or thread is your only wear. I protest to you, *ma mignonne*, that cloth of gold or silver is obsolete and unseasonable for this merry month of May."

"Obsolete!" cried the young beauty, with rising bloom: "how long, pray, has Scythian London presumed to affect principles of its own upon such subjects? Have *we* Parisians so liberally supplied

you with tailors, embroiderers, and bulletins of fashion, in the overflowing of our goodness and frippery, that you end by setting up as dictators on your own account?—Bah! Content yourselves—worthy fog-bewildered souls as ye are—with legislating in musty parliaments and long-robed courts of justice, but presume not (as Elizabeth said in her haste to her senate) to meddle with matters beyond your reach. I maintain that gauze of silver is fitting wear for a ball-room, even were the dogstar raging. But here comes the marchioness, tottering under the weight of her rouge and *faux toupet*—a salute on either cheek, if you love yourself, my gentle brother. To kiss her fingertip, as you did mine, would pass for most unnephewlike *sang froid*.”

“My dear soul, how is this?” cried Madame de Castries, having courteously accepted from Sir Walter the gallant embrace suggested by her niece. “What is it I hear—that my brother has neither evening set apart for the reception of society—nor groom-porter, nor pharo-bank, nor ombre, nor basset, nor anything usual or decorous, established in the house? What means such strange irregularity in an establishment of so much note and splendour?—and what does he intend us to do with ourselves when there is nothing going on at court, and neither ball nor masquerade in question? Does he expect us to mew ourselves up with him of an evening in this state-prison, to the light of half a dozen sconces, and perhaps the tune of a couple of fiddles, lullabying one to sleep with ‘Damon, god of my affection,’ or some other playhouse ditty?”

“Doubtless, my dear madam,” replied Sir Walter, having led her to a chair, “my grandfather will accede to all your reasonable desires. Hitherto his household hath been neglected: his office detaining him chiefly near the king, and my own naturally studious and retiring disposition having engaged me in literary and scientific society, whence such toys as cards and dice are necessarily banished.”

“I cannot live without my hocca,” cried the marchioness, taking a long pinch of *rapée* from a glittering box, enamelled with a portrait of her friend Sir Evremont, having a stanza from Voiture engraven on the golden reverse. “To sleep without the incentive of my nightly game is as impossible as to wake without the excitement of my morning coffee. See to this for me, Walter: consult the Chevalier Hamilton and the few other civilized beings you have got among you—make me up a little coterie, to wean me gradually from the cream of luxurious Paris down to the skim-milk of splenetic London!—conversation, taste, or elegance, we do not look for from you; but, in pity to two forlorn females, give us that which even blockheads can provide, a pack of cards and a tolerable cup of Mocha.”

Thus adjured, Sir Walter decided that it would be more prudent to seek a confederate in the marchioness than attempt to out-general her manoeuvres. He promised, therefore, to do his best for her ladyship’s enlivenment; and Lord Lovell was induced to endure, as the avowed guests of his sister, the society of the profligate companions of his nephew. Assured by the marchioness that high play was one of the vices *de bon ton* monopolised by the *grand monarque* for the delectation of his court, the earl submitted to see a bank established in the grand gallery of Lovell House, illuminated twice a week for the re-

ception of visitors ; and there, as a pretext for quaffing Spanish wines with the gay and brilliant Sir Walter Lovell, and bandying light retorts with his beautiful sister, the Duke of Buckingham, Beau Fielding, Jermyn, Count Hamilton, and other leading fashionists and wits of the day, consented to sacrifice their patience to the tedious patter of the old earl, and a few gold pieces to the insatiable love of play of the Marchioness de Castries. It became one of the best-frequented mansions in London ; and Charles himself sometimes laughingly deplored the etiquette which forbade him to become a loungeur in the gay saloons of his lord chamberlain.

But the fair Helena had not been educated in Paris to so little purpose as to imagine that the brilliant homage of these libertines of fashion was the one thing needful. Her grandfather had promised her a noble fortune ; but not even the broad lands he was to bequeath her would obliterate at the court of a Stuart, the shame of ignoble and roundhead descent. The triumph of the new comer, in her robe of silver gauze and Parma violets, had excited universal indignation among the maids of honour, both of the queen and the duchess. *Who* was this Miss Lovell that smiled so insolently as she walked a minuet with the young Duke of Monmouth, after fixing the admiring attention of Grammont and all his satellites?—an impostor ! The offspring of a *roturier*, whose real name was besprinkled with the mire of the commonwealth. The whisper went round. Helena's eyes sparkled with indignation. "They should repent the ignominy cast upon her. She would soar above them, and surprise them yet." Already the Earl of St. Albans was among her rejected suitors. She had set her heart—(*HER heart*)—upon a duke ! The laurels wherewith she would fain be crowned were strawberry-leaves ; and it was after forming this resolution, (while apparently devoting her attention to the beauty of a pair of cats of cracked porcelain, gracing the marchioness's chimney-piece,) that his young grace of Glamorgan was invited by Madame de Castries to become her pupil in the mysteries of basset. Lord Lovell was satisfied that the duke visited so assiduously at the house, in compliment to himself—the venerable friend of his grandsire. Sir Walter found that the youth was ambitious of forming himself in his *école des bonnes manieres*. The marchioness decided that he came there to pay his compliments to her snuff-box, and the four aces. But Helena was equally positive that, whatever the Duke of Glamorgan might come to *seek* at Lovell House, he should *find* nothing less important than a duchess. He was a gentle, ingenuous youth ; and fearing to alarm him by a display of her Parisian levities, she gave up coquetting with Harry Jermyn, and bandying witticisms with Rochester, to edify the world of fashion by the strict decorum of her maidenly reserve.

While these glittering pageants were enacting in the vicinity of Whitehall, the desolation of Helisle waxed gloomier ; and yet more gloomy. Warnford's reason was now completely disordered. It was only by following him incessantly, in his wanderings, that his matchless wife prevented him from becoming the victim of his delusion. Often did he rush forth upon the sands when the tides were rolling in upon a winter's night ; and amid the bellowing of the storm, and the

frightful violence of the night winds, command the waves to recede, in confirmation of his faith; nor could anything but the persuasive caresses of his wife, (her voice being inaudible among the tumults of the scene,) induce him to seek shelter at home from the inclemencies of the weather. At other times she would follow him to Dalton, and from Dalton pursue her weary way to the mountains of Black Comb or Langdale, and while he wandered frantic among the ravines and recesses of the hills, attend his steps with bleeding feet and panting bosom, clinging to him protectingly when she saw him about to precipitate himself from some frightful precipice, as an ordeal of the protection of the Almighty.

But, alas! during these frequent absences from home, her gentle Lucy was left alone with a boorish servant on the solitary islet; and this necessity was, of all her trials, the most painful to Mistress Warnford.

"Not unto *me* should this duty have been appointed!" did she more than once murmur while following the wanderings of the demented man through storm and ford, among perilous morasses or shelving rocks. "It is his *son* who should be here to do this;—his son, with a strong arm to restrain, and a strong voice to overmaster the paroxysms of his fearful madness."

But there was no son at hand to relieve her painful efforts by the sacrifice of his filial duty. Walter Warnford had ceased to exist; for the Sir Walter Lovell, in whom his existence was merged, was a vain voluptuary, who would have pished and pshawed at the mere mention of his absent parents, and their misfortunes.

"I have been pestered with a strange letter this morning," said Helena to her brother, producing one day at arm's length a clumsy packet, by mere contact with which she seemed to think herself dishonoured. "Did you know that those people in the north were still alive? My aunt informed me at Paris, (on my inquiry about them on some occasion or other,) that they were all swept away by an inundation—a conflagration—or the Heavens know what."

"Leave that knowledge to the Heavens, then," my pretty Helena, drawled Sir Walter; "for it is written in black and white, that we are either to know no parents or know no grandsire; and I have a notion that our elderly gentleman, with a rent-roll of sixty thousand per annum, is the acquaintance worth preserving of the two."

"The more so, that our aunts, Saltram and Mauleverer, have lately been attacking the earl on his weak side, per favour of his ghostly comforter, Father O'Mahony," observed Helena.

"And what says yonder inopportune letter?" demanded her brother, settling his ruffles.

"Many things unseemly to repeat. 'Tis writ by little Lucy, (the child, though grown into a woman, is endowed apparently with scarce instruction or breeding for a chambermaid,) who informs me that her father is a lunatic, and her mother, it would seem, scarcely more rational—since she trudges after him up and down, like an esquire of the body, leaving her young daughter to be devoured by rats and mice, and such small deer, but lacking nourishment of her own. In short, they are all crazy, and all starving. What is to be done?"

"Nothing! The smallest intercourse would be followed by our expulsion from the favour of the Earl. Such, since I attained years of discretion, hath been the reiterated lesson of old Rickatts, who stands so much our friend."

"'Tis a most misjudging thing of this young girl to have placed me in so sore a strait," observed Helena, tearing to pieces a rose, the gift of the Duke of Glamorgan, which she had taken from her bosom. "How am I to answer her letter?"

"Take no note of it, child—as I do by those of my unruly creditors. 'Twould be an encouragement to importunity were such applications favoured with an answer. Miss Lucy will conclude that her petition miscarried, and we shall be troubled no more with her importunities."

Lucy *did* conclude so; for, to her young heart, the monstrous idea of filial ingratitude had never presented itself. She pictured to herself her beautiful sister, shining like a star in courtly resorts, and revelling in the luxuries of life—she pictured to herself her brave brother, commanding the respect of society by the exercise of every manly virtue; (for, blest as both had been with the enlightenment of education, how could they be otherwise than high-minded and virtuous!) and could not refrain from conjecturing what would be their anguish, could they dream, that while they were pampered with the sweets of life, want was in the dwelling of their parents!

For want was there indeed! The fields of Helisle lay uncultured, the fences broken, the garden-ground a waste! Not a head of cattle—not a sheep—not a living thing in the ruinous sheds—not a handful of meal—not a root—to yield nourishment to the miserable family. For some time the neighbours were generous, and administered to their necessity. But the demand came too often. The season was a bad one, and there was a famine generally upon the land. Winter was coming on severely; fuel was unattainable. Mistress Warnford had shaped her own warm clothing into garments for the lunatic; while, one by one, Lucy insinuated *her* vestments into her mother's hoard; and with blue lips, and wasted shivering arms, protested, when charged by the tender woman with her good deed, that she could not work while encumbered with winter covering. The poor girl grew weaker and weaker; yet every day she went forth on pretext of rural labour, though there was neither stock nor crop to exact her cares; she only wished to hide from her mother the want and sadness of her hungry face.

Yet, even in that depth of misery, the mother bore all with resignation. Her faltering voice had yet strength to talk of better days in store; her languid eye to look forward to some remote epoch of worldly felicity, when her absent children were to be restored to her, and all was to be well.

"Heaven is merciful," was her constant exhortation to the gentle girl, who brought water to lave her bruised feet when she returned from her painful wanderings—and water was the only offering that remained to Lucy as a token of welcome to her parents. "'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' When your brother comes into possession of his independence, will it not be

his first thought to fly to our relief? And what delight, to be rewarded for my past miseries, clasped in the arms of my lovely Helena, and beholding *thee*, my duteous child—my youngest born—my best beloved—walking at length in the sunshine of prosperity!”

But, while talking thus with parched but patient lips of the sunshine of prosperity, “a hopeless darkness settled o’er her fate.” The miserable man, whose insanity had recently taken a furious turn, (the result of wretchedness, witnessed and shared,) was one day missing from the chamber where he was accustomed to lie, and howl away the intervals of his more restless paroxysms; and his wife, girding on her tattered raiments, prepared herself, as usual, to cross to the mainland, and inquiring the direction of his course, follow and follow through the pitiless storm, till some lucid interval enabled him to recognize her voice, and to return with her to their destitute abode. But, lo, as she was about to go forth, Lucy met her upon the threshold, and in silence prevented her departure. It was in vain that Mistress Warnford remonstrated or questioned. Lucy could reply only by the tenderest caresses—by clasping her mother’s hand—by imprinting kisses on her mother’s cheek; till after some time she gathered courage to lead her to the spot where lay the dead and disfigured body of the maniac.

For a single moment the widow beheld in him once more the lover of her youth, and wrung her hands in anguish. But better thoughts succeeded. The sufferer was gone to his rest; though he had perished by his own hand, his will was guiltless of the deed: and the poor friendless woman had still fortitude to exclaim—“The will of God be done!” She remained alone with the dead while the weeping Lucy went her way to the mainland, and brought back those who, with sore grumbling at the interruption, dug a grave in the deserted island for the mangled remains of the unhappy Warnford!

To abide longer on that calamitous spot, the two helpless women felt to be impossible. Gathering together the scanty remnant of their property, they set forth to beg their way to London. A charitable friend at Dalton gave them shelter on that first homeless night; and even at that desolate moment, the poor widow felt, as she wept upon the head of her loving and lovely child, that a treasure was hers in the affections of her devoted Lucy, that counterbalanced the evils of her lot.

Weeks of patient perseverance conveyed them to the capital. But, alas! they arrived at a moment disastrous as the history of their own destinies! The plague had broken out, and high and low were flying from the infected city. When at last the miserable wanderers made their way to the stately portal of Lovell House, a train of coaches was at the door to convey the family in haste into Oxfordshire. The postilions were cracking their whips, lackeys uncovered stood thronging the door-steps, lining the way for the marchioness and her fair niece to reach the equipage; and when Helena, radiant with beauty, issued from the gate, her mother burst through the restraining throng, and flung herself at the feet of her bright and prosperous child, with sobs of ecstasy and love.

“Take her away—take her away!—’tis some poor infected wretch,”

cried Miss Lovell, recoiling with a piercing shriek from her approach.

"No, no!" faltered the seeming mendicant; "I bring thee no evil—I would die sooner than bring thee evil. I am thy mother, Helena—thy loving, miserable mother!"

Another shriek betrayed the consternation of the young lady, to whom the terms of this address were wholly inaudible, but who fancied she beheld a plague-stricken beggar clinging to her feet. But Sir Walter, who stood inspecting the packing of his travelling-chariot, had caught sufficient insight into the matter to feel that the results of this vexatious scene might be fatal to his prospects in life, surrounded as they were by household spies, by idlers, and above all, in presence of the Duke of Glamorgan, who was come to take a hasty farewell of Helena, ere he rejoined the family at Lovell Court. Rumours of the strange incident would be sure to reach the ears of the earl who had preceded them by a few hours, upon the road. He felt persuaded that Lord Lovell would not fail to resent upon his grandchildren so indecent an intrusion, unless they promptly marked their disavowal of the measure. "Drive the woman hence!" cried he, to the herd of lackeys around him. "Would you see the life of your young lady perilled before your cowardly faces?"

"Walter!—my own brave, beautiful, noble Walter!" faltered the half-fainting woman—"I die content to have looked upon your face once more. Walter!—my sweet Walter, have pity!—It is your mother who is grovelling at your feet."

"Away with her!" cried young Lovell, deaf to those tender words, which were drowned in the stir and tumult of departure; and while Helena stepped into her gilded coach, a servant in the Lovell livery seized the helpless woman, who had sunk upon the door-steps, and flung her upon a stone-bench fronting the opposite wall of the courtyard.

"Farewell," cried Helena, kissing her hand to the young duke, as her heavy vehicle was dragged forth through the gateway by six equally cumbrous Flanders mares.

"Farewell, my dear Glam!—*au revoir!*" added her brother, gaining his own gay carriage and following the van. "To-morrow, by dinner-time, at Lovell Court."

And away went the gaudy train of servants and outriders; and away the mob of idlers collected to gaze upon their bravery. No one remained in the place but the decrepid porter, yawning on the steps of Lovell House, the young Duke of Glamorgan about to remount his horse and ride homewards preparatory to his departure from town; the body of the beggar on the bench, beside which a miserable girl was now kneeling; and the all-seeing eye of Providence watchful over all. The auburn curls fell scattered round Lucy's beautiful face as she took the bonnet from her head, to fan the insensible mother, who lay there as at the point of death; and the eyes of the young duke were attracted by its matchless loveliness.

"Can I do anything to assist you?" said he, in a gentle voice, approaching the agonized Lucy.

"A cup of water—in charity procure me a cup of water!" cried he.

And at the request of the duke, both water and wine were hastily brought forth by the old porter of Lord Lovell's house for the wayfarer's relief. After some minutes the sufferer unclosed her eyes.

"My children!" was her first exclamation; "*where* are my children?" Then, recalling to mind what had occurred, she added, mournfully pressing the hand of Lucy to her lips, "but, no! there is only one child left me now, the dearest and the best of daughters!"

"You had better enter the house, my good woman, and rest a little," said the old porter, condescendingly, to the trumper patronized by a duke. "You are welcome to the use of my chair!"

While Glamorgan kindly added, "Ay, hie into Lord Lovell's house and rest awhile—hie into Lord Lovell's house!"

"Steal like a thief and an outcast into my father's house!" exclaimed the almost distracted woman. "No, no! I should then deserve the cruel indignities heaped upon me. Renounced by my father, spurned by my ungrateful children, I can go and die elsewhere!"

But though these ejaculations remained incomprehensible to his Grace, Ralph, the old family porter, to whom the history of Lady Anne was familiar, and who knew the interdiction placed by the earl upon all intercourse between his daughter and her children, began to entertain suspicions of the truth; and tears gushed from the poor man's eyes, as he exclaimed, "My lady! my honoured lady! my sweet young Lady Anne! and I not to recognise her in all this misery and shame!"

Rapid as were the explanations bestowed by old Ralph on the noble spectator of the affecting scene that followed, they sufficed to rouse his utmost sympathy and indignation. His very utterance failed him on learning that he beheld, in the victims of destitution before him, the daughter and granddaughter of the Earl of Lovell—the mother and sister of Helena. It was to his *own* roof that he now insisted upon their being removed; and when, as they were accompanying him from the spot, there arrived a servant on horseback, despatched back by Sir Walter Lovell to have a care of the two beggars whom he had left at the gates of Lovell House, the duke commanded the man to bear back word to his friend, that "henceforth his deserted mother and sister abided under the protection of the Duke of Glamorgan."

Such an intimation naturally apprized Helena that all hope was lost to her of securing the hand of her noble admirer. But it did not forewarn her of the still more unwelcome fact, that, after a few weeks' intimacy, his affections were to be transferred to her fair and artless sister, whose virtues gradually confirmed the conquest her beauty had begun.

The Earl of Lovell, meanwhile, who had carried with him from London the germs of the prevailing epidemic, fell a victim to that frightful disease; nor did it surprise the world that a will, executed by the wayward man in his last moments, disinheriting his grandson, secured the whole of his vast property to the daughter of his daughter Anne, on the day of her becoming Duchess of Glamorgan.

"But what then will become of my grandfather's fortune?" inquired Lucy, when apprised by her mother's youthful benefactor, of the singular terms of the bequest. "Surely the legacy will never take effect?"

"That, dearest, must depend upon yourself," was his fervent reply. "By becoming Duchess of Glamorgan, Lucy Warnford, the daughter of the Lady Anne Lovell, will not only render me the happiest and proudest of men, but be enabled to confer peace and independence on the best of mothers; and exemplify to the world the comparative influence upon the human character and destinies, of the Schools of—
NATURE and ART.

THE ENCLOSED COMMON.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I stood and gazed from the breezy height,
The scene was fair in the morning light,
And I cast my joyous glance around
On a grassy track of smiling ground;
The silvery stream ran clear and cold,
The broom looked gay with its flowers of gold,
In each path the clustering wild-rose smiled,
And the purple thyme grew thick and wild.

There, blooming children in playful glee,
Gathered white wreaths from the hawthorn tree,
There, wearied peasants, their labours done,
Watched the rich rays of the setting sun;
And the fevered slaves of Mammon's toil,
There, rested from anxious strife awhile,
And seemed new vigour, new life to breathe,
From the fragrant air of the open heath.

Again I stood on the breezy height,
But an altered prospect met my sight,
Where flowers had blushed in their varied hue,
The smoke of the brick-field rose to view;
And I gazed on formal and measured roads,
And on crowded, comfortless abodes,
And found no trace of the birds and bowers,
That had lent a charm to my childish hours.

"Oh! why," I sighed, in my deep distress,
"Must the grasping spirit of worldliness,
A scene so fair and so free profane,
For the sordid purposes of gain?
Must traffic spread o'er the world its ban,
And cannot the selfish hand of man
Forbear to seize on one spot of sod,
Thus brightly decked by the hand of God?"

I spoke, when a voice distinct and clear,
Appeared to fall on my listening ear—
"Thou mournest the loss of this pleasant range,
May'st thou not mourn for a greater change?
Long hast thou roamed in the world's vain mart,
Has it wrought no work on thine own weak heart,
Is it still as simple, as wild, as free,
As in former days it was wont to be?"

"When a child thou wert sporting gladly here,
Thou did'st not wish for a busier sphere,
Bounding the flowery paths along,
And blithely singing some mirthful song:
Glad thoughts, bright visions, blessed thy mind,
Thou wert full of love for all mankind,
Thy smile was beaming, and clear thy brow,
Such wert thou then—art thou altered now?"

"Yes, yes," I sighed, "on my spirit gay,
The world's dark spell has had its sway,
Ambitious longings, and restless schemes,
Have chased the light of my girlish dreams,
And if in my bosom's inmost cell
Some kindly feelings yet chance to dwell,
Like the lingering flowers on this fated ground,
They are crushed and scorned by the throng around.

"O Time! O Change! ye have cast a gloom
On this lovely region of light and bloom:
But on scenes like these ye might wage your war,
Would ye spare possessions dearer far!
Go, the free bounties of nature seize—
Go, spoil the meadows, the brooks, the trees,
So that ye play not your cruel part
On the warm, ingenuous, happy heart!"

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.¹—No. IV.

JUDGE PERRIN.

"In illo viro tantum robur corporis atque animæ fuit ut, quocumque in loco natus esset, fortunam sibi facturus videretur."—LIVY ON CATO THE ELDER.

OUR last memoir was a rapid portraiture of Richard Sheil, whose quickness and intense brilliancy of fancy and language shone out with amazing lustre, and, at an early age, recommended him to public admiration—an admiration which floats luminously around him, unstained and unspotted, to the present day. We shall now attempt to delineate the character of a man who has attained an exalted rank in the esteem of his country, but cast in a completely different mould, and endowed with a set of mental qualities wholly opposite in their nature. The career of both, although tending to the same noble object, and operating in the same national direction—the assertion of free principles, and the disenthralment of Ireland from the ignominious fetters which centuries of indefatigable oppression had firmly woven round it—was widely different. The early dawning of Mr. Sheil's intellect was hailed with acclamation—his star almost culminated at a bound—there was a magic in his molten words that fascinated the ear, and led wondering millions of his countrymen captive at the wheels of his glowing genius. Louis Perrin had none of those refined charms to dazzle or attract multitudes—he possessed not that combination of brilliant faculties which elevated the former to the rank of a popular favourite at a period of life, when others of the same age scarcely emerge from the thoughtless frivolities of boyhood. He never cared to indulge in vertiginous flights of declamation, or hazarded his usual serenity by venturing it in extravagant passion. Remaining content with the less alluring destiny of keeping himself within the circle of calm and unimpassioned reasoning, and preferring unadmired coldness to unfruitful precipitancy, he never forced himself on the consideration of the masses by the effusions of a wild and tumultuous eloquence. He was not

"I' the Campus Martius vein."

He never took his stand on the public platform as an habitual public orator. That was not the theatre of his power. His ancient plainness of manners and singleness of heart—his opposition to notoriety, bordering almost on repulsion, influenced him to adopt a course more moderate and less ostentatious: he moved forward in the cause of public purity and virtue with a steady and unbroken progression, and, like the formation of the coral reef, worked his way inch by inch to honour and the ermine. Not that he was unconcerned or inactive in the last great strife of thirty years, or came up when the parallels were run, and the outworks carried. True, he was not of the

¹ Continued from vol. xx. p. 247.

heroic stormers who entered the breach ; but he assaulted from the commencement the ragged battlement of bigotry, and cheered the besiegers with exhortation and counsel. In the fiery contention of faction he took no prominent part—the limited and dusty career of the bar was sufficient to occupy his attention : he laid himself out with a leech-like pertinacity to master its perplexities, and solve the dark enigmas of the law—a toil to monopolize the undivided attention of him who hopes for, and would merit, success. He was one of these. But professional assiduity did not extinguish feelings of a higher and holier nature—if such were a general consequence, how many venerated names, now familiarized as household words, would have passed away from our history ? With him true magnanimity was something more than a romantic virtue, to be found only in the imaginations of poets, or among the heroes of novelists. He generously refused to bow the knee of sycophancy before Cæsar, or offer up the debased perfume of political profligacy at the altar of intrigue : his enthusiasm of principle, the depth and earnestness of his honest spirit, which the charms of individual aggrandisement could not pacify, enabled him, amid Machiavelism and corruption, to maintain that triumphant front which the pure and worthy oppose to the assaults of insincerity and servility. The manly and athletic character of his understanding supported him with unshaken firmness through a dreary and unprofitable career ; and when honour sacrificed its purity at the shrine of an unholy ambition, he was like Milton's generous seraph, “ still faithful found.”

A philosopher has asserted of history, that it was one grand conspiracy against truth—a predication may be made of the Irish bar in the beginning of the present century, that it was one grand conspiracy against Irish regeneration. Like the ancient helots, they were found selling gold for brass—glory for abasement. What a melancholy degeneracy to contrast its then humbled state with the magnificent fervour which animated it from the era of independence to the union ? They were its days of patriotic triumph, when its members were too independent to be restrained, and too pure to be corrupted. Some put on the official collar ; but they were men without celebrity, as they were without virtue. The bar formed a body of exalted pride, that nobly interposed, only for a mournful season, between Mr. Pitt and the destruction of a nation. When the fiat went forth to merge the rising lustre of Ireland in the blaze of her more powerful, though less fortunate, sister, with an ancient enthusiasm, worthy of such a cause, the Irish bar stood forth, and lifted up the trumpet-tones of a great eloquence—ardent, anathematising—which would not have dishonoured the proudest intellect of Greece or Rome in the days of their glory. Men of powerful talents and inflexible virtue, with the eloquence of fierce and terrible invective, arousing the pride of national resentment against the insulting attempts of England ! Surely it was a spectacle which nations might admire and envy, to behold one hundred and sixty of the wisest and most virtuous of her children, influenced only by the sainted cause of national liberty, standing up for their country, and rallying round her fainting standard whatever honour had survived the general wreck of

truth and freedom! Plunkett was there—filled with an holy fervor—swearing his country and his children at the altar of liberty, and devoting to the infernal gods the traitor who would dare to lay profane hands on the sacred ark of the constitution! Bushe was there—overflowing with all the polished graces of intellectual refinement—gathering up his eloquent energies for a magnificent effort to shield the land of his birth and his renown from the insidious poison of England! Ball was there—the pure and incorruptible—warning with his solemn and sonorous voice the hesitating or timid against the consequences of unmanly doubt, and declaring in words of flame, “There is no privilege in the constitution—no power in the laws, which can enable the Irish Parliament to sell itself!” Goold was there impetuous and enthusiastic—running rapidly and effectively over every chord of the Irish heart, and concluding with the memorable and innocent adjuration which has already passed into history—“The great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. She was never destined by Nature to become a province, and by G—d she never shall!” Joy was there—firm and uncompromising—searing with hot sarcasm the ignominious advocates of ruin and treason—and resting the independence of Ireland on arguments drawn from the profoundest depths of reason and constitutional law. Jaurin was there—bold and intrepid—strewing coals of fire in the pathway of the minister. All these great and unforgotten names powerfully represented the high tone of feeling which swelled the heart of the bar. But the scene changed—the sky was overcast—and the Union, like a slab of black marble, fell on the land, and on it was written death and desolation. College Green no more rang with the acclamations of a liberated people—the Irish oak was transplanted, and withered—it found no nutriment in a foreign soil. The vitality of Ireland was extinct, and the symptoms of decay were nowhere more visible than at the bar. There was no graduated ebb in the enthusiasm for public liberty. The Romans of yesterday were the Carians of to-day. They seemed to have passed at once from the dignified rank of the tribunes of a nation to the spiritless extreme of selfish apathy. Country was forgotten, and they ingloriously kissed the hem of the purple garment of power. But there were found men who walked the ways of worth and of rectitude, undazzled by the splendours and unfascinated by the lures of false ambition—men who preferred the exalted pride derivable from consistency of character, and that rich glow which warms the breast of conscious virtue, to all the melancholy happiness which adorn spotted faith and immolated honour. Cast in the stoic mould of patriotism, they were vessels untouched by the impure finger of faction. Of these the most conspicuous was Louis Perrin. He was never known to abate the high principle on which his conduct through life was based. The name of “honest Louis Perrin” has almost passed into an Irish proverb; and certainly if forty years of undiminished integrity be a test of its truth, the epithet of “just” was not more worthily applied to Aristides than that of “honest” to him.

The Four Courts is one of those places of public resort which has never-failing attractions for the lover of news and bustle. There is

so much of animation and energy—so much of pleasurable and varied confusion in the quick and constant succession of crowds passing in and out. Every man a microcosm—the centre of a world of business—there alone you may see him in the full activity of life. You may find the man of ease or enjoyment in a thousand places, but busy, active man, in the region of the courts. This activity is rendered more striking by the strange contrast exhibited in the habitual stillness of many gentlemen of the long robe. There they ever are—compact and grouped—the same smiling faces in the same familiar circle. Like Gray's Enthusiast, they never fail to arrive at the "old accustomed spot;" and really they appear to have surmounted their heads with powdered horse-hair, only for the purpose of standing six hours a day, discussing politics with acrimony, or sneering at political purity. From my earliest thinking days the Irish courts had an attraction for me. I had heard and read of the great lawyers and orators of Ireland—and the scene of their triumphs was consecrated in my eyes. When I first saw the noble green dome, and the fine massive architecture which supports it, I was struck with its majesty. I inquired to what purpose it was devoted; and no sooner were my youthful inquiries satisfied, than I shot down the noble range of quays like an arrow. The first court to which chance directed my steps was the King's Bench, (or if you will have it—the Queen's,) it was Nisi Prius day, and I forced my way into the side-bar. Mr. Wallace had just closed the statement of his case, and after evidence had been gone into to a very considerable length, a middle-sized, muscular man spoke powerfully to evidence. His brows were dark and menacing—heavy as if a thunder-cloud had settled on them—they appeared to be unformed for relaxation, so cold and stern. His forehead low, but strong and bony, indicating firmness and resolution—his nose aquiline, and slightly deflected from the natural perpendicular, and his lips drooping at both extremities, gave him a severe and striking appearance. The Chief Justice addressed him as "Mr. Perrin." I knew then, for the first time, who he was. There was none of that playful and mercurial cheerfulness in his manner or language so characteristic of Irishmen—his argument never took a vivacious turn, although the case was one from which O'Connell or Holmes would have worked out all the elements of mirth and "laughter holding both his sides;" but he was immovable in the cause of seriousness—he would not provoke a laugh. His countenance betrayed no passing indications of powerful or refined emotions; but there was in it a remarkable fixedness, expressing in its deep solemnity a strong consciousness of superior power, blended with a philosophic immobility of purpose. I never beheld a man whose countenance more expressively reflected the nature of his intellectual and moral character. His language was of a masculine and persuasive cast, spoken in a strong confident tone—there were none of those strong lights and deep shadows, the artistic effects which give a relief and elevation to oratory—no beauty of expression or brilliancy of sentiment, but the whole was suffused with a warm glow of good sense and redolent with the spirit of a sterling practical understanding. Glare or oppression there was none—nothing that attracted peculiar

attention, but all the parts were blended in sober and well-tempered harmony. His repetitions were frequent, but they were founded on the parts of his case which were most available for his client, and which he endeavoured to impress with most earnestness on the jury—and he was successful. In the statement of his defence he appeared to me to excel. All unnecessary circumstances were thrown aside; every fact that could weaken or disturb the strength of his cause was ingeniously cushioned, while every matter of importance was brought forward and set in a light so striking, and all linked together with observations so true and powerful, which insidiously appeared to arise from the facts themselves, that I felt convinced almost before the argument to sustain them began. He seemed to act less the artful part of the advocate “than the plain unaffected part of a christian man instructing the consciences of his fellow-men in the jury-box to do justice.”* In the intellectual cast of the two advocates there was a strong similarity. In both a manly and unswerving firmness prevailed—a daring and resolute energy to accomplish the great object of their early mission—a boldness and self-reliance, the attributes of great minds—by which both worked their way to the conspicuous rank they held at the Irish bar.

I have been unable to collect any facts relative to the more early period of his lordship's life, but I believe he was not of the silken favourites on whom the gilded smile of fortune loves to fall. Working his unsubdued way against the tide of adverse circumstances, he ascended the first step to the temple of distinction. From the Diocesan School in Armagh, where he had imbued the first principles of his education, he entered college as pensioner in the year 1796, where he soon distinguished himself by the depth and variety of his classical knowledge. In 1799 he was elected scholar of the University. The famous society that nurtured so much of the eloquence and erudition of Ireland was then in the full flush of matured grandeur. A great generation of orators had passed from its benches to illuminate the pulpit, the senate, and the bar. On its proud forehead was still the morning star of hope, on which a youthful and ambitious generation gazed with all the anxiety of enthusiastic minds for the race of rival glory. The rich bloom of summer was not replaced by the sere-leaf of winter. From the bar Plunkett, Curran, and Bushe, were rolled into the senate—Kirnan shook cathedrals with a divine eloquence that alternately melted and appalled. Such successes generated a spirit of noble emulation, and the young intellect of Ireland was awakened to thoughts of national dignity and grandeur. “The trophies of *Miltiades*” would not suffer them to sleep. Emmett led what was called the patriotic party, and under that zealous and unfortunate spirit Louis Perrin learned the groundwork of the heroic principles which he loftily maintained through all the bitterness and darkness of the past. In the Society he was first imbued with the ennobling fervour of true liberty, which, of all other moral sentiments, tends most to fill the heart with a delightful consciousness of our own dignity, and instils the bosom of youth with the delightful enjoyments of self-reverence and self-honour. Under the colours of Emmett Mr. Per-

* Erskine's Speech on Lord George Gordon's trial.

rin was always found—with him standing up for freedom in all the impetuosity of youthful power, or with him levelling the barriers of imperial despotism, which the court party in the Society were then attempting to erect. And here I shall relate an extraordinary incident, which, if true, is of that pure and exalting character which compels us to venerate the true majesty of mind that could do such “sweet service” to humanity; and, on the contrary, if untrue, can only affect the subject of this memoir so far that he was a man on whom Rumour, not always partial to Virtue, could fasten the proud charge that his friendship was inflexible in the midst of arms and perils—that when misfortunes thickened around the flickering existence of a devoted friend, Louis Perrin was still faithful to the object of his early veneration and affection, and that he addressed a parting look and word of friendship to a man, who, in the fulness of one virtue at least, rivalled the boasted heroes of antiquity. I am not going to write his epitaph—that, to use his own touching language, is reserved for other men and for other times—and as his memory cannot suffer from this event, I will narrate it as strongly illustrative of one of the most valuable qualities in the moral constitution of Judge Perrin.

The Author of the “Rise and Fall of Athens” has keenly and truly remarked “that the most effectual mode to sharpen the sword of the oppressor is the attempt to destroy it and not succeed.” To arouse the suspicion of power is to compel it to cruelty. An absorbing love of country placed Robert Emmett at the bar. He stood there with the undaunted mien and unshaken energies of a man conscious of no crime. The spirit of true patriotism is never borne down even by the certainty of death; weakness is the attribute of guilt—the patriot can feel none in a struggle to wrest his country from the mortal embrace of oppression. Such was the philosophy of Robert Emmett, and with such convictions he looked with steady composure on the mournful scene that encompassed him. The law, that severe and terrible arbiter of human deeds, looking on him in all its most solemn forms, could not affright him from that proud serenity of mind which almost rivals in moral grandeur the last moments of the first intellectual martyr. Another Algernon Sidney, before a grinning Jeffries, he heard his taunts and was undisturbed. He looked on the jury, and though he could read the awful “Guilty” in their eyes, his cheek did not blanch. He listened to the strong impeachment of the law-officers of the crown, and while they minutely painted in colours perhaps too glowing for truth, the melancholy progress of his guilt, his courage did not even then desert him—he saw all, and listened to all with stoical composure; but when his eye turned to one corner of the court, his firmness rapidly gave way, and a moment of bitter agony passed over him. There were the friends of his youth—the few whom he loved—the few who struggled with him in the high race of eloquence, country, and honour—they were there, listening in silence and sorrow to the accusing power of his opponents—branding that name, which they were wont to hold in fragrant adoration, with dishonour and guilt. A gloomy sadness hung on his brow, and he was seen to shed a tear. When the verdict was handed down, and the

tender weakness of his heart was again merged in the dignified firmness with which he uttered his last memorable eloquence—when the judicial Scarron abated his buffoonery to pass the mournful fiat of the law, all eyes were turned to the dock, where the poor victim of misdirected zeal was undergoing the agony of a last struggle,—two young men stepped forth from the crowd, and gave their suffering friend a last embrace. A low mournful murmur pervaded the court at this affectionate office of noble friendship. Ministerial scrutiny may have signalised the two: but one now wears the Protestant mitre, after a life of virtue that has almost realised ancient purity, and the other is Judge Perrin.

He was called to the bar in Hilary term, 1806, and, like other young men rich in the acquisitions of knowledge, but poor in the numerous arts which too often give a triumph to incompetency over substantial talent, he was obliged to abide the slow developement of the future. He did not say with the bitter philosopher that “Hope was the strumpet of life,” though she kept a long time deluding him; but he continued on, indebted to the contingencies neither of accident nor of patronage. Against all the impediments of fortune and the obstacles to success at that period, and they were many, he resolutely contended.

Robert Holmes was the high model whose virtues he ever kept before his eye, and whose stern path for good or evil he was determined to follow, whether it may lead to distinction or depression. For sciolists of that disregarded school there was at that time no hope—their light had passed by—their names were a sound without an echo. Dwarfed, from its noble and imposing stature, to a thing mean and ignominious, political faith appeared to have lost the conscious elevation of honesty. It sunk into insignificance from the erect and manly port which is its noblest associate and most certain indication—the lofty enthusiasm, the sublime patriotism which, some years before flamed through the bar, were forgotten. All were infected with the unworthy contagion of a cold and indiscriminate servility. The stage-trick of loyalty was practised with overwrought effect, while the proud heroism of whatever public virtue still survived was chilled by the scoffs of sycophants and taunts of low intriguers. The bar had eaten lotus and forgotten Ireland. Even its noble oratory changed its character—from eloquence it languished into flashy declamation, the fire of eloquence without its substance, the form without its spirit.* The glitter of drawing-rooms could make no insidious appeals to his

* The history of Eloquence is uniform. In free states only has it assumed the true energy and spirit which is its noblest characteristic; in servile communities it is replaced by a bloated declamation that has all the imposing exterior of genuine oratory, but wants the quickening animation. Longinus, assigning a reason why so few orators appeared in his time, illustrates the reason with much beauty. “Liberty, the nurse of Genius, animates, invigorates the hopes, excites honourable emulation and a desire of excelling. All others you may find among men deprived of liberty; but a slave never became an orator; he is merely a pompous flatterer. Under despotic governments ornamental declamation may flourish, but genuine eloquence is to be sought only in the regions of freedom where the spirits of men have the freest play.” The republic of Athens fell, and the vitiated, although graceful eloquence of Demetrius Phalerens succeeded the massive architecture of Demosthenes—liberty was extinguished in Rome, and a disgusting train of slavish panegyrists succeeded last of her orators.

honesty—he did not unremember his country, for, as among the ancient Greeks, it became the governing principle of his conduct. But he knew the day-star must at length arise, and that the thick darkness of that protracted night must finally be succeeded by a luminous morn. What else is there, throughout a frightful era, when men might well blush for the debasement of humanity—when Honour is gagged and Reason hoodwinked—what is there but that sublime and generous expectation of better times, and the holy confidence that the human mind is progressing to a better state of things—what is there but the proud assurance that the harvest of humanity cannot always consist of tares and thistles, to induce such a class of high-souled men to hold firm by sacred truth, surrounded by discouragements, and trusting only to the steadiness of integrity to guide them through that period of terror to free principles?—to persevere with a sanguine and solid devotion in the cause of virtue—to abandon for it the fragrance of place, the allurements of power! He did abandon them, and continued his course unmoved by solicitations, which would have shaken a resolution less inflexible, and tempted a heart less strong to swerve and err. In the professional race he did not stoop for the gold ball of Atalanta, and lose Ireland. He preferred the simple gratification of being called the “Honest.” For many years he continued to tread the cold and dispiriting circle to which the junior members, or at least the great majority, are compelled from the absence of those accidents whose opportune arrival force the most opaque intellects into emolument and success. He had to undergo the dull probationary existence whose termination often arrives only with the decay of physical strength. How many a young man, rich in all the endowments of a cultivated and refined mind, has looked out with yearning for the triumph of his genius and knowledge? but alas! the wished-for triumph never came, and he sank beneath the weight and sickness of deferred hope. The profession of the bar is not intended for temperaments of so sensitive a cast. Neither need we dive into the deep for a key to its triumphs. The talisman of its success is not a mystery. Whoever seeks will find it. There are adventurous modes of securing the rich prize, but the quickest finder is not the permanent holder. The prince in the Eastern tale, whom the friendly enchanter advised not to pluck the golden pomegranate before the seventh moon, disregarded the admonition, and pilfered it on the seventh day; but instead of drinking immortality from its juices, he dropped dead. Mr. Perrin did not hastily pluck the pomegranate—indeed no magician, in the unoriental shape of a friendly solicitor, enabled him; but, calmly, and with the resignation of a true lawyer, he did abide the seventh moon. Days were not spent by him in looking with a desponding heart on the pecuniary unprofitableness of the past, or in dim anticipation of an equally unattractive future; he thought only of one object—that was professional distinction—and he early discovered the mystic word which was to open that “Hall of Emeralds”—perseverance. He treasured it with all the devotion of Carasmin. With that miraculous amulet he was determined to hew his way through triple brass. Law, in all its multitudinous shapes, was swallowed with a voracity worthy of Tribonian. In the

solid feast of that unsavory science every dish was tasted. But what he appears to have digested with much care, and which afterwards brought him into great repute, was his deep and intimate knowledge of commercial law—a department of legal science very little cultivated in Ireland at that period, but which has now reached a maturity proportioned to the great additions which commerce has brought to the law. The first case in which he gave a proof of the soundness of his knowledge, as well as the athletic vigour of his understanding, was a curious one. Few conversant with Irish affairs have not heard of *Matty Cox*, and his famous *Magazine*. The proprietor was one of those low satirists, buoyed up by the scurrilous acerbity of his writings; a class of productions which even now, to the dishonour of morality, find a ready vent in the public appetite for grossness. The recollections of the rebellion and the union were still fresh in the bitter memories of Irishmen—the old officers of injustice were still exercising mitigated forms of past cruelty—their bloody authority had not yet faded—and the public did not care to support the strong buffoonery of *Cox's Magazine*, and inflict mild vengeance on old friends with a laugh, extracted from villanous woodcuts. And so their caterer fed them with poetical representations of *Major S—r* mounted on some papist-donkey, purloined from the liberties, or *S—d—s* astride on *Hephey's* celebrated cow. However, he at length slipped himself into a smart libel, and the attorney-general thought it advisable to correct his propensity for clumsy satire by a stand in the pillory. *Cox* had heard of the abilities of *Mr. Perrin*, and secured his services as junior counsel, with *Mr. O'Connell* and *Burke Bethel*. In March, 1811, the case was tried: *Mr. O'Connell* was absent during the early part of the trial, and as *Mr. Bethel* was engaged, as usual, in some humorous dialogue with Heaven knows whom, the junior had to bear up singly against such a man as the able *Charles K. Bushe*, and he did it with such power as to call forth his approbation, and also that of the presiding judge. But, despite *Mr. Perrin's* knowledge, and *Mr. Bethel's* efficacious wit, and an able address of three hours to the jury by *Mr. O'Connell*, poor *Cox* had to chafe in the pillory. *Mr. Perrin* soon shone out in a considerable blaze of notoriety—the accuracy and applicability of his legal knowledge—his strength, compact, and well-arranged, never exhausted, in vain leaps to catch what was too high for his reach, but always operating within a circle which extravagance or ambition never tempted him to surpass, recommended him to the favour of the court, and the benignity of the bench is often prophetic of an increase of business. I alluded before to the strong sympathies he had with *Mr. Holmes*—I must do so again. The history of *Mr. Perrin* is inseparable from that of his friend—'tis chiselled into it, and cannot be separately detailed without destroying, or at least mutilating, its valuable qualities. *Mr. Holmes* was the load-star that continually fixed his attention. That distinguished monument of integrity “who possessed all the sternness of a republican without his acrimony, and all the ardour of a reformer without his impetuosity,”* in the beginning of *Mr. Perrin's* career extended him the hand of friendship, which never after for a moment seriously relaxed. The plainness and

* Doctor Parr on Macintosh, on the first appearance of his “*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.”

simplicity of his life—his calm and sober virtue—contributed powerfully to the formation of the moral character of his young friend. His austere and solemn spirit, unstained by that loose prostitution in politics, and that profligate corruption which darkened the names of many of his cotemporaries;—his high sense of honour—his moral and physical courage—his fine old fame—all these qualities fitted him to prepare and instruct the mind of such a man as Mr. Perrin. The former was a generous master—the latter a prompt and obsequious pupil. From him he derived much of that homely and expressive style of language, which he chose in preference to the vivid and stirring oratory which he poured out with effect in the Historical Society. A young man of talents, who has pursued his studies with sedulous attention, may soon succeed in attaining all the literary accomplishments which enable a naturally fervid genius to take the fascinating direction of eloquence. But the young man, who has taken up his abode in the land of oratorical shadows, whom the ardour of a juvenile temperament may have charmed with the creatures of imagination—he, who can lay aside all the beautiful drapery in which he had been accustomed to convey his sentiments, and substitute the strong folds of a stringent phraseology, especially when the prevailing characteristic of Irish eloquence was its magniloquence and absence of simplicity, exhibits a no ordinary strength of mind. Mr. Perrin had the courage to throw by the filmy gauze for stout Irish linen. In this he followed the example of his friend, whose unaffected home-spun words, studded with no elaborate embroidery, and decorated with no false glare, fix the argument and attention at the same time more effectively than a declamation as long as the Irish statutes. On one occasion—an important one for Mr. Holmes—one, which never should have spotted the records of the bar, Mr. Perrin proved his sincerity and warm-hearted devotion to the interests of his venerable friend. During the triumphant days of the slave, the bigot, and oppressor, when virtue almost expired under the insensate persecutions of its enemies, a foul attempt was made to drive Robert Holmes from the bar. The north-east circuit was then characterised by a violent and vindictive bitterness. Bitten by the scorpion of faction, they determined to purge their pleasurable society of his politics and presence. But the nerves of the old man were firm as granite; his hairs were grey, but his heart, and its principles, were green—his convictions could not be shaken. The pretext of exclusion was a novel one. At the period in question there was a national itch for the formation of train bands. The sound of the war-trumpet in France summoned all loyal and constitutional men to arms against the menace of foreign invasion. Bristling files of warriors started up in full panoply, with the rapidity of the famous harvest from the teeth of the Cadmean dragon. The bar too arose in its solemnity, and magnanimously substituted helmets for wigs, and bayonets for briefs. The sage lawyer of half a century, and the tyro of a term, were alike fired with a martial spirit, which nothing could extinguish except the peace of Europe, or the presence of a French squadron. They were brave and loyal, and whoever did not mount the cockade (not the tri-colour) was a traitor, and a coward. Mr. Holmes had no anxiety to disturb his quiet, by

shouldering a useless fire-lock, and drilling six hours a day, when there was so much more young and active blood to meet the advances of the haughty Gaul, or perhaps, he very sensibly reasoned, that it was high time to skewer the fellow when he came. That did not satisfy the lumber-troop. He must tie up his hair in a cue, and drag a five feet sabre. Integrity must be immolated, because Mr. Holmes scorned to put on the trappings of affected zeal. A motion was next carried, that no barrister would be permitted to remain a member of their bar without enrolment, either in the bar corps, or some other of these national bands. This manly resolution was forwarded to Mr. Holmes—he smiled, and kindly refused to comply with its request. For several years he absented himself from that circuit. His friends, at length, determined to set him free. Mr. Perrin was of the most effective of his advocates. Charles Ball—a venerated name—made a motion at a meeting of the north-easters, that the excluding resolution should be effaced from the books of the circuit. It was seconded by Mr. Perrin, and carried, and so the dastardly effort to drive an honourable man from his profession proved unsuccessful. The links of a permanent friendship now united them more closely. But though they generally fought in the same ranks they were once found in opposing lines. After an undisturbed sovereignty of many years in Chancery, Lord Manners heroically resolved on retirement. The strong ones and weak ones of Toryism could not permit their time-honoured Pontiff to leave the temple of Justice without a monument of their sublime gratification for that benign and complacent aspect which ever welcomed their appearance. The fire-cross was sent out, and all, “whales and minnows as they were,” came to do homage. An address from the bar was agreed. Mr. Holmes not only signed it, but canvassed others. His motive was a generous one. Lord Manners would be kind, only to the honest pertinacity of Mr. Holmes. That did not make the favour less worthy of requital. He treasured the good act of the Chancellor, and when the sole opportunity offered, in which he could exhibit elevated and grateful feeling, he acted with a stern pride. The whispers of party, from whatever quarter, he scorned, and signed the address. But Mr. Perrin was sensible of no personal favour, he had no obligation to requite, and, though gently importuned by his friend, he firmly refused. In the courts of law there were few cases of importance in which his services were not secured from 1820. “With you, Robert Holmes or Louis Perrin,” graced three-fourths of the briefs in the King’s Bench and Common Pleas. Either was almost indispensable. Mr. Perrin could at once get at the kernel. He drove for his object in a direct path, and, if difficulties intervened, he would rather undermine, and blow them up, than reach the citadel by a circuitous and more easy line. Mr. Holmes rarely bade the fortress surrender at once. He was equally skilful in springing a mine, but travelled more often the easy way, amusing the besieged with a jest or gambol, and rendering the distress of final assault less poignant by the good humour of his temper. Like him, Mr. P. never took part with any of the political bodies which sprang up in Ireland. I have heard he was an early member of the Catholic Association, and also heard its con-

tradition. But whether enrolled with its members or not, he felt for their cause all the high-toned fervour it deserved. He spoke in its favour with all the zealous energy of one of its strongest advocates. No address or petition emanated in Dublin from Protestant illumination to strike the fetters from the ulcerated limbs of Catholic suffering, which did not bear the signature of "Louis Perrin." At the bar, or without the bar—in whatever society he was called on to express political opinions, he stated his convictions with a warm firmness which proved the strong root which the love of liberty had taken in his heart. Mr. O'Connell and he were ever on the most intimate terms of friendship; and the former always expressed his belief that the history of Irish probity and honour—still a long and luminous one—did not contain a name more exalted than his. He was Mr. O'C.'s leading counsel in all matters of personal difficulty—he trusted to his advice and knowledge more than any other member of the bar; and his exertions were not disproportioned to the magnitude of the trust reposed in him. In Mr. O'Connell's Bolivar-speech, as it was called, in which his aspirations for Irish nationality certainly took a lofty range, Lord Plunkett, then attorney-general, deemed his language not unworthy an *ex officio*, and so preparatory steps were taken to subdue the rebellious energies of the moral Bolivar of Ireland. Mr. Perrin was instructed to defend—bills of enormous magnitude were prepared—counts without number, all breathing annihilation—an admirable grand jury was supplied by the sheriff—all was smart and smooth—when, lo! the terrible bubble burst, the bills were thrown out, and many persons imagined that the jury were less influenced by kindness to Mr. O'Connell, or a conviction of his innocence, than by bitter animosity to the attorney-general. Since the bottle-conspiracy he was held in agonizing disesteem by the Blues. Mr. Perrin, however, had the satisfaction of seeing his great client free without the necessity of vindicating him in the King's Bench, which, no doubt, he would have done with the manliness and power which stamp the solidity of his intellect. But there was another occasion when he undertook the defence of Mr. O'Connell, when perhaps mightier and more absorbing interests were at stake, than in any other political trial that ever took place in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell's success in rousing the popular passions against the policy of ministers, excited their bitter hostility. The country was in a fearful ferment. The government was dared to a struggle. The land was filled with imprecations against their conduct. A body of a hundred and fifty thousand men bore Mr. O'Connell in a triumphal car from the Hill of Slowth to Merrion Square. Political meetings were declared unconstitutional. The tea parties, volunteers society, and all the other garbs which agitation assumed, were successively dissolved by proclamation. A falcon eye was kept on the great wizard. At length he seemed, in the estimation of the law-officers, to have acted without the law, and he was arrested with seven others. Considering the boiling state of the public mind—tumultuous almost to bursting—the step was a daring one. Mr. Perrin was selected by one of the ablest lawyers of the age to conduct his important defence. The interests involved were awful. Independently of the incarceration of Mr.

O'Connell, which would be severe if he were found guilty, Ireland, its tranquillity and connexion with England, or a fierce outbreak to rebellion, and imperial dismemberment, hung trembling on his conviction. I have heard it stated, and I believe in the fact, that Mr. O'Connell's conviction would have been a fearful signal for the simultaneous rising of the whole Catholic population of Ireland. Vast would be the consumption of gold and blood! To subdue a single county cost England twenty thousand men, and nearly twenty millions of money—what would the suppression of this great struggle have reached? Such was the crisis which Mr. Perrin was called on to avert, and he discharged his duty on that day with noble firmness and intrepidity. He vindicated his client with more than the warmth of an advocate, and placed him within the law and the constitution; the speech had more than his usual fire—he weighed the solemn consequences. The trust was important, and he justified his power in one of the most masterly defences ever heard at the Irish bar. We must now fall back a few years to give a faint outline of his parliamentary career. After a succession of worse than “Lemnian horrors,” Ireland arose from the pupilage of slavish contentment. The passionate ardour with which she arose to assert her right to justice calls to our mind the memorable saying of the Athenian, “Injustice is best banished from a commonwealth by making all men interested in the injustice done to each.” Here is concentrated the whole energy of liberty. This was the key on which the association struck and succeeded. The Emancipation Act passed. The spirit of a glorious innovation now went forth, and institutions “covered with the hoar of centuries,” sank in the dust. Reform, like the sound of an archangel's trumpet, shook the land, and Lord Grey passed the great charter. Mr. Perrin entered St. Stevens as member for Dublin. His election was a fierce contest. The anti-reform party was compact and powerful—their arid abhorrence of reform rendered their opposition more pointed and effective; but popular enthusiasm burned round Mr. Perrin, and he triumphed. A petition was presented, and he was unseated. Monaghan next returned him—with the borough of Cashel he terminated his parliamentary career. His vigorous understanding, and the strong and distinct light in which he conveyed his opinions, and the grasp with which he could hold a subject, sifting it of superfluities, and setting out only the parts of importance, attracted the notice of ministers. They understood the value of his services as a crown-officer, and the great public confidence his appointment would generate in Ireland. Their calculations were not unfounded. Under him justice would stand with a high and fearless brow. No undue inclination of the balance—impartiality would mete out to every man his portion of right. But a mistaken policy operated on the ministerial mind—the silly principles of being just only by halves—evil neutralizing good—was the pivot on which their Irish administration moved. In an evil hour a Tory was attorney-general. Mr. Perrin at once saw the insidious lure. The ancient regime may still assert its pernicious influence, but he never would consent to be a fallacious guarantee that there should be no wrong. The Marquis of Wellesley sent for him, and in flattering

terms offered the solicitor-generalship. Firmly, but respectfully, he refused. "No, my lord, I feel in that office I could not serve the government or Ireland." Unconnected with the interests of his country he knew no ambition, and where his services could not be effective, he proudly refused to act; and he had a young and numerous family! Surely the man whose generous disdain could scorn such an elevated office, because it could not be for his country, deserves to stand high in the affections of men. In our history, or perhaps that of any other people, there are few such records of magnanimous self-denial. Neither is it irrational to infer that he would have spurned the first office in the state if its acceptance were charged with a single act of dishonour. The present Judge Crampton accepted the solicitor-generalship, and discharged his duties with zeal and firmness, rendered more pleasing from that habitual gentleness and urbanity which always softened and reconciled. At the close of 1834 Judge Jebb died. His name adorns Irish history as one of the few who drew the strongest and sharpest sword against the union. Mr. Blackburne gallantly refused a prime judgeship—many earnestly looked to Serjeant Perrin—ministers were in his debt—but Mr. Crampton could not well be passed over, and he was installed. His escape was a narrow one. He was sworn in only on the day when the first government of Lord Melbourne was ungenerously dissolved. The germs of old evil had still deep root in the land. Sir Robert Peel convoked a new parliament, and Sergeant Perrin was found in vigorous opposition; but ardour or notoriety never influenced him to depart from the language of well-balanced reason. He never gave way to the hollow vaunting and hostile imprecations of political vituperation. Another of those great changes took place, which of all others, attest the animation of free communities. Sir Robert gathered up his robe, and fell gracefully at the base of the constitution. The Whigs were again triumphant; but observation and experience taught them the inutility of their old course; they resolved to make past reverses the standard of their future conduct. A wise and prudent course! Serjeant Perrin, and the present Master of the Rolls, filled the offices of attorney and solicitor-general, and universal brightness lit up the popular countenance. All was rejoicing, for the principle of good was triumphant. Ably was his duty discharged. The tree of justice put forth beautiful blossoms—we are now gathering the harvest. The hemlock and darnel, which choked up and poisoned its roots, were cleared away, and the vegetation has been wonderful. The vindictiveness of party has never ascribed to him one act derogatory to right—all came and partook of the banquet. While in office he effected great and lasting good: he inspected the grand jury system with microscopic minuteness, and, through him, it has been purged of much of its local oppression. Irishmen remember with delight his bold zeal in carrying the torch of truth into the loathsome recesses of the corporations; he laboured with indefatigable assiduity, till every foul lurking-place was explored, and the secrets of their dark monopolizing policy anatomized, and laid bare. His report on that subject was, certainly, one of the most clear and powerful docu-

ments ever submitted to Parliament; and his speech, on the introduction of a bill for their amendment, was characterised by a great statesman "as a most solid and convincing piece of ratiocinative eloquence." His language was calm, strong—interlaced with a vast variety of important facts, and expressed with that *brusquerie* and honesty of manner which affects the judgment, when arguments often may not convince. The supporters of exclusive systems found no mercy at his hands. But one act of stringent legislation marred much of his laurelled popularity. He closed dram-shops at the in-commodious hour of eleven o'clock at night! The retailers of *eau de vie* arose in a body with an heroism worthy of the old seceding Romans, and combated stoutly against legislative intrusion; but public morality was on his side unfortunately, and "Perrin's" ill-omened act was passed. Private interests suffered little—the addition to public order and morality has been great. The time was now arrived when the services of inflexible honour were to be repaid with judicial ease and dignity. Judge Vandaleur died, and "honest Louis Perrin," with the loud rejoicings of his friends, and the contented acquiescence of his opponents, was raised to the vacant seat in the King's Bench.

We have now decorated Judge Perrin with the ermine and its emoluments, and it may not be unsatisfactory to enter a little deeper into his character. The passages in which we alluded to his professional abilities were inseparably connected with the incidents through which we have traced his progress. We shall close, after a rapid survey of his career as a public man and distinguished lawyer. An era, consecrated by undying names and memorable deeds, alive in the immortality of history, had passed away; but the recollections of its glory still haunted the minds of Irishmen—the trace of its proud spirit, though fast vanishing, was still visible. All was not yet lost. At the crisis of this struggle between Arihmanes and Oromasdes—the principles of truth and error—he entered life, and with the light of a good mind, unpolluted by the numerous incentives to national dishonour, which then fell on Ireland like a "shower of snares," he boldly ranged himself under the rightful banner. Throughout all the subsequent changes—dark and inauspicious as they were—when not a moment of virtue illuminated the land—when change was no more than the alternations of wrong—when probity was a jest and patriotism a derision—he was firm. With the candour of a good heart, and the stern fidelity of a great one, he stood true to the principles and engagements of his youth. In the mournful aspect of Ireland there was much to shake the timid, and strengthen the traitor. The star of hope seemed blotted from her heaven—fanaticism and faction triumphed over her prostration. But he was of too unbending a heart, and too lofty an ambition, to harbour the thought of a momentary lapse from that elevated rectitude which habitually governed his conduct. Let others trample on the simple Cross, and bow before the gorgeous Crescent, he had not yet learned such servile apostasy. His nature should undergo a moral reconstitution before it could accomplish so extraordinary a change. He looked neither for rewards nor honours, when the price of their acquisition was to be the for-

feiture of his honesty. He might have laid down his honour on the altar of prostituted worth, and rioted in the emoluments of ignominious despotism; but false splendor could not dazzle him—his eye was too steady for its lustre. He nobly maintained his political reputation, and shunned the dishonourable exchange. Public principle, unless it be precise, is at least suspicious. Its worth lies in its accuracy. His was of that genuine description which invariably scorned to veil distinct professions under a pompous announcement of vague and frothy generalities. He thought freely—his tongue was the faithful interpreter of his thoughts. At an early age he saw the wisdom of Solon's law, and acted on it. Neutrality he considered little better than disguised hostility. His life establishes a precedent worthy of imitation by the lawyers of present and future times—that the high road to distinction does not always lie through unmanly servility. Men may reach the fane of power by other avenues than the miry one of corruption. True, from the wickedness or frailty of our common nature, the profligate or vacillating are often preferred; but independence and virtue will not always shiver under the bleak winds of adversity. Turnus, too, will have his glorious day of triumph. In the midst of the bitter trials, which his party had to undergo in Ireland, he only adhered to them more closely because of their misfortunes—when they grew in strength he did not court them, nor when his opponents were weak did he insult them. Through all the tumults of faction he preserved, like his friend Robert Holmes, his name unspotted; and solved, in his conduct, one of the most difficult problems in the lives of public men—fidelity to his own party, with moderation to his opponents. Possessing few of the elements of distinguished greatness, he still contrived, by his ennobling inflexibility to truth, to reach the object of his ambition. A Dorian in his stern energy of spirit, he possessed all the purity of a patriot without the fiery glare of the demagogue. Never seeking to impose by a subtle or tortuous course of policy, he grew indignant at the impositions of others. He could not tolerate deception in others, for he could not play with it himself. His manner has an austerity little attractive to persons unacquainted with his habits; but “the mind,” says Bacon, “is the man;” and the goodness of his to those who have the honour of his friendship, proves that the severity of the brow does not always argue coldness in the heart. In elegance and graceful refinements he was, perhaps, inferior to many of his cotemporaries—he placed little value on the decorations of the outer man—he considered the finish of levees and drawing-rooms, frivolities of poor estimation compared with the more solid accomplishments by which he subsided his way to fame. He is a man who could not charm you—he could do more, he could strike you. It may be laid down as a principle, that of all the qualities that constitute mental superiority, among the first is decision. In the activity of life a man cannot sustain a great part without it; he may possess originality, or any of the other endowments which give him dominion over his fellow men, but without decision he can stand on no permanent ground—his empire is liable to decay. In study, particularly of the law, there are no hopes of durable success without decision; he was decided, and became an eminent

lawyer. In private life his attachments were decided, and his friendships were consequently firm. In political life he was decided, and he reached one of the highest honours in the state. To that principle he owes all his success. His legal knowledge was accurate and deep, but he was too manly to make those *ad captandum* displays of superfluous science to fill the ears of listening solicitors, which were at one time so fashionable, and which now, happily for judicial patience and the interests of justice, are rapidly falling to decay. He thought wisely, that learning oftener plays the part of a bully than an honourable assistant—learning may dazzle and overawe, but admiration and terror are not the ends of true advocacy; they may do very well in popular assemblies; but there is a vast difference between such evanescent emotions and the strong argument necessary to fasten conviction on the minds of juries or the firm understanding of judges. His erudition was less perhaps than that of some of his distinguished cotemporaries, but it would be difficult to select one surpassing him in strength of judgment or comprehensive professional sagacity. As far removed from the coldness of a heartless indifference as from the extravagant energy of unbridled enthusiasm, his temperament, in addressing a jury, was always in a moderate state of fusion; and though his feelings were not very ardent, the hearer could easily perceive all to be enlisted in the cause he advocated. Originality was not among his intellectual qualities. In reasoning, when he appeared to hit with an original argument, inquiry could often track it to a keen and scrupulous sifting of the propositions laid down by others; for he is a skilful and expert logician. To sophistry he gave no quarter, because he never lavished his own power in unprofitable contentions. Contrary to the long-established principle of the Athenian orator, the manner with him was of far less importance than the matter. “Action, action, action!” may be three fine words to round the period of a rhetorician, but we think Demosthenes never uttered them. And we must do Greece the justice to say, that if the noble orations of their favourite had no more to recommend them than the *supplicatio pedis*, or *percussio frontis*, or any of the other graces of rhetorical action, the isles and continental republics would not have poured their genius and intellect by thousands into Attica to hear his magnificent displays. Times are wonderfully changed since Cicero lifted up in his arms the weeping children of his client to excite the commiseration of the judicial prætor. Matter is now everything. The speaker who endeavours to commend himself by vehemence of action, elegant phraseology, brilliant wit, or harmonious sentences, often slips beside that strength of reason and clearness of observation by which alone he can hope to carry persuasion. Judge Perrin was never a balancer of positions; he saw no mystery in inclining the body to a certain angle with the table, nor did he consider conviction to be in certain undulations of the forefinger, or in a species of magical influence generated by the contraction of some of the ophthalmic muscles, called winking, of which the most eminent professor at the bar at present is Mr. M'Donogh. His forte lay in perspicuity and an unadorned simplicity of statement;—elaborate processes of reasoning he could compass with facility, but he preferred a vigorous concentration to ample dif-

fusion; and impressed rather by forcible and orderly statements than imposing or ingenious circumlocution. His conceptions were habitually precise, and his promptitude in referring either to specific facts or a few pointed authorities, rescued him from the embarrassment of unmeaning conjectures, and always secured him the attention of the Court. He prized the "bush-beating" art less than the independence derived from learning and experience. He possessed also to a great degree that presence of mind which enables an advocate to decide and act according to circumstances which suddenly spring up in array against him, and which the strongest foresight could not anticipate. Propriety of thought usually creates appropriateness of expressions—obscurity of language arises from confusion of ideas—his sentiments were always correct, and the diction which conveyed them expressive—his judicious mind never employed tricky words to conceal fallacies, or throw a covering over meagre triteness.

A passion for hypothesis never infected him. That captivating sense of freedom which enthusiasm enjoys in flying beyond the limits of reason, never touched his mind. His understanding was his sole weather-gage, he studied no other meteorology, and thereby always kept himself in a cool unvarying atmosphere. To aspirants at the bar he holds up this great and salutary guide of conduct, that little is to be learned without labour—severe, continued labour. His youth, a season of humble diligence—a season spent by others in temporary fascinations and unfruitful enjoyments—was devoted with energetic avidity to the attainment of knowledge. He shows us the uniform systematic preference of what is useful to what is splendid—of labour with moderate talents, to exalted genius without it. Never skimming over a subject lightly or carelessly he rendered his memory the depository of a varied store from which in every emergency he could draw at will—a bank which always held a supply of gold. Like Lord Plunkett, when at the bar, he was never at a loss when driven out of his prepared line of argument—he had resources to meet the occasion—if beaten, there was still a plausibility in his matter that seemed to yield his opponent only half the victory. On the bench he is an able administrator of the laws; he has carried with him there all his characteristic vigour and discrimination. "A place sheweth the man," and certainly the position which he occupies has only affected him so far that he is the same "Louis Perrin." One of those men who unostentatiously darken their virtues in showing them, we have heard of many amiable and high-minded acts of his to persons who could not fairly expect favours, but we are not at liberty to disclose them. He listens to the investigation of every case with a patience almost painful; and, when counsel imagines he is busied in revolving some other matter in his mind, his supposition is quickly set aside by some bitter point of practice, or an intricate question of law which throws him on his haunches. Not that his lordship is fond of legal refinements—quite the contrary, for he has all that correct repugnance to overastuteness which much experience inspires—or because, like other judges we could mention, he rejoices in the confusion of counsel. No; but because he sees at a glance the whole length and breadth of the case, and, to save elaborate reasoning, he "pops the question." He

is not a man of many words, thinking perhaps, with an eminent authority, that gravity of bearing and fewness of words are essential parts of justice, and an over-speaking judge is no "well-tuned cymbal;" but his words, in legal phrase, are always *in ram*. Judicial independence is one of the greatest safeguards ever reared up for public liberty. A good judge may administer right with fearless purity, let tyranny frown as it may. He has nothing to dread from the menaces of power. We are confident the independence of his exalted office will not be lost on Judge Perrin. With such men on the throne of justice the law will hold her unswerving balance in the midst of hosts armed with steel or with gold.

STANZAS ON HEARING THE BELLS RING IN THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

HARK! how the chime of merry bells
Proclaims the new-born year!
What magic in their music dwells,
To wake the slumb'ring tear!
It seems as though a thousand strings
Were vocal in my heart,
Breathing of long-forgotten things,
In which I *once* had part:—

Of festivals and birthdays kept,
And Christmas, rife with glee,
When *those* who long in dust have slept
Shared hopes and joys with me;
And songs, and tales, and frolic mirth
Beguiled our wintry hours,
And young affection round the hearth,
Knit heart to heart with flowers.

The old year's dead, and past away;
A chequer'd robe it wore,
Of mingled tints, some dark, some gay,
Like years that went before.
And, ah! how many wishes vain,
With days and nights of thought,
Are link'd to that prolonged chain
Another year has wrought!

Awaken, slumberer, from thy sleep!
Count not on things of time!
Up, up, and mount the starry steep
Supernal spirits climb!
Let not another year depart
Without some hopeful tears—
Some golden fruits, laid up in heart,
For the *eternal* years.

THE LONDON NEWSMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

THERE is one class of persons in the metropolitan community, which, so far as I am aware, exists nowhere else; certainly not in Great Britain. They are a body of individuals of whom every one has heard, but of whom very few persons know anything. My reference is to the London newsmen. The London newsmen are a class of persons through whom all the newspapers published in the metropolis are put, in the first instance, into circulation. They are a most industrious body of individuals, and contribute very largely to the enjoyments of the entire population of the empire.

The London newsmen are, as far as can be ascertained, about five hundred in number. Most of them have one or more boys in their employ; and those whose business is not sufficiently extensive to enable them to employ boys, are often obliged to call in the aid of their wives—always, of course, assuming they have them—in the delivery of the papers. The newsmen purchase all their papers, either direct at the offices of the different journals, or at one of the three or four wholesale houses, which exist in their own trade. The newsmen get all the papers, for which they charge their customers fivepence, for fourpence;—one penny on each paper being thus all that they leave to maintain themselves, after paying the expenses consequent on their business, and running the risk of bad debts. It will be seen from this that the proprietors of London newspapers do not, like those of the provinces, get the prices marked on them, and at which they are sold to the readers, but that one penny is deducted from the amount. They are not, however, on a more unfavourable footing than the proprietors of provincial papers on this account; they give no credit, and consequently are not subject to bad debts. Between the long credits given in the provinces, and the bad debts to which the proprietors of papers are there subjected, they would not be in a worse position were they put on the same footing as the proprietors of London newspapers.

Perhaps there are few callings in London more arduous than that of the newsmen. They usually rise at five o'clock in the morning at all seasons of the year, and in all sorts of weather. This is necessary in order that they may deliver morning papers in sufficient time to their customers. A little before six they begin to muster strong at the offices of the various morning journals. And a more uproarious or merry set of persons, notwithstanding all their hard trudging through town, is nowhere to be found. They are all alive, or, as Mr. O'Connell would say, all "agitation," from the time they assemble in any considerable number, until they have gave got their papers. They not only keep constantly moving about among each other, but are great hands at playing all sorts of tricks at each other's

expense. Nor are they by any means niggard of their jokes. Their witticisms, such as they are, are scattered about in great profusion, and it is something certainly, to get made up in quantity what is lacking in quality. Those of them, especially the younger portion of the class, who cannot even by accident stumble on a joke, nevertheless contrive by some means or other to contribute their share to the general liveliness of the scene—most frequently by a very powerful use of their stentorian abilities. By way of still greater variety, it is by no means an unusual thing to witness something in the shape of a little sparring, though happily seldom ending in any serious consequences to either party.

The time for seeing the uproarious capabilities of the newsmen to the greatest advantage, is when there is a late publication of any of the most extensively circulated journals. Then their noise, their exclamations, and the rapidity of their movements backwards and forwards reach what some people would call the acmé of perfection. The little rascals of boys, especially, are all tongue and motion together. Neither their lungs nor their bodies are suffered to enjoy a moment's repose; in fact, it looks as if the little fellows could not survive a second, were they to remain quiet that length of time. Occasionally, they evince a strong disposition to quarrel with, and abuse, each other; but the main current of their indignation is generally directed against all and sundry connected with the lazy journal. Editors, compositors, printer, and publishers, all receive their respective modicums of what these juvenile personages call "thundering abuse." The scene exhibited outside the office, or inside, if they can gain admission on such occasions, is one which altogether defies description. If there be a person whose "vocal taste" is so strange as to love a confusion of sounds, the door of a morning newspaper-office at such a time, is the place where it may be gratified. It is well if some of the more impatient and least manageable portion of the assemblage do not break out into acts of violence. A good many years ago, the newsmen did become so restive in consequence of the late publication of a journal, and did afford such unequivocal indications of the extremities to which they were prepared to resort, that the printers, in order to pacify them, were obliged to put into the paper nearly a column of what is technically called "pie;" which means that the types are all in such a mass of confusion that they not only do not make rational sentences, but in very few instances even words. The public not being accustomed to such specimens of typography, were perfectly puzzled to know what could be the cause of the circumstance, until, on the following morning, an explanation was given in the editorial department. On a very recent occasion the newsmen gave another proof of their disposition not to submit passively to very late publications of the journals, by breaking the windows of one office in which an offence of the kind was committed.

It is but justice to them, however, as a body, to say, that only a portion of them have been parties to these little out-breaks. Taken in the aggregate, they deserve all praise for the patience and passiveness with which they await the publication of a paper when much beyond the usual time; for little do the public know the incon-

venience to which, in such cases, they are put. In the first place, when they see that the publication of a particular journal is to be late, they must go and deliver all the papers which are published at the usual time; otherwise they are sure to incur the displeasure, and very probably lose the custom, of those who take in such papers. This, of course, imposes on them the necessity of going over the same ground a second time when the paper which was late has appeared; and, as might be expected, compels them to make almost preternatural exertions in order that they may get the morning-paper part of their business through in time for entering on that part of their labours which commences with the evening papers. But even this, bad enough as it in all conscience is, is not the only evil consequent on a late publication of a morning journal. The readers of that particular journal abuse them without measure or mercy, upbraiding them as careless and lazy dogs, and holding over their heads the threat of the loss of their patronage on a repetition of the offence; all the while assuming that they, poor fellows, are the transgressing parties. The newsmen try to explain, and to put, as they say, the saddle on the right horse; but they always find it of no use; they only aggravate the evil; for you may just as soon expect to reason effectually with a man who is the victim of what Lord Bacon calls "the rebellion of the belly;" in other words, with a man who is suffering the agonies of hunger—as with the man who has been denied his morning journal at the usual hour. Newspapers are now become one of the necessities of London life.

The moment the newsmen receive their papers they run off with them, in large bundles, under their arms, or over their shoulders, as the case may be, in all directions, "dropping" them, to use their own phraseology, as they go. The rapidity with which the newsmen travel, or rather run, over London in the mornings, is incredible. Within little more than an hour after the impression of a particular journal has come from the printing machine, it is in the hands of readers at the remotest extremities of the metropolis. The arrangements of the newsmen in this respect are admirable, and the manner in which those arrangements are carried into effect, is equally worthy of praise. The newsmen are the real business men after all; and then they are all feet and hands to carry out their plans. There are no lazy, creeping personages among them. No man need commence the business of a newsman who has not got a couple of first-rate legs, and who does not at the same time possess the requisite spirit and enterprise to put their capabilities daily to the test.

The newsmen, for the most part, when the publication takes place at the usual time, complete their delivery of the morning papers about eight o'clock. But their labours do not then cease: in one sense, indeed, they may be said to be only commencing. As soon as they have taken a hurried snatch of breakfast, they begin to deliver papers to parties who are not subscribers, but who merely pay a penny for an hour of a particular journal, that journal being then returned to the newsman. The poor newsman, either himself or by some of his boys, delivers this paper at a house, it may be, some considerable distance from where he himself resides, and then calls

for it again after the hour has expired ; and all, as the showmen say, " for the small charge of one penny." The paper thus got from one reader is given for the same " small charge " and for the same period of time, to another ; the industrious newsmen delivering it and again calling for it when the hour has expired. The same process is repeated perhaps from eight o'clock in the morning to three or four in the afternoon—thus keeping the newsman constantly on foot. But to form any idea of the amount of labour which a newsman undergoes in attending to this department of his business, it will be necessary to inform the reader, that he has perhaps thirty or forty papers in circulation in this way at the same time ; each of which papers must be transferred at the proper time from the residence of one reader to that of another. I believe that, in many cases, a newsman or his boy will call at from seventy to eighty houses in this way before four o'clock. I knew one boy who was in the habit, day after day, of calling at no fewer than one hundred and twenty places before four o'clock, to transfer the morning papers from one reader to another. It is but right, however, to state, that in this case the residences were less widely scattered than usual, otherwise it would have been impossible for any pair of human legs extant, to have accomplished the task.

I have mentioned an hour as the time the readers, to whom I have referred, keep the papers. That is usually the time ; but agreements are often entered into between gentlemen and the newsmen for a longer use of the journals. This is, perhaps, the most profitable part of the newsmen's business. But for the money they obtain in this way, very few of them would get the thing to answer at all. The papers, after being thus read by a number of persons, are sent by that evening's post to the subscribers in the country, generally at the reduced price of fourpence. Formerly, when the price of a newspaper was sevenpence, twopence were deducted from the price paid by country subscribers for papers which were thus read in London ; and as the papers are always kept clean, and persons in the country receive them at precisely the same time as if they had been put into the post-office the moment they come out of the hands of the printer, of course their being read in London makes no difference.

The laboriousness of this part of a newsman's duties, considered only in reference to the extent of ground over which he has to go in a given time, will at once be seen to be sufficiently great. But bad as it is, it is not the worst circumstance in his lot. If there be an individual in Christendom who is entitled, in a special manner, to speak as one having authority touching the impossibility of pleasing everybody, it is the hapless vendor of the broad sheet. He calls for the paper at the expiration of the time allowed one gentleman for reading it: the gentleman is of indolent, easy habits, and has not perhaps opened it, and all the proofs in the world will not persuade him that he has yet had it half his regular time. He then takes it up to read its contents, telling the newsman or newsman's boy, either to wait in the kitchen till he has done, or call again. Another gentleman is a downright Tory, and he is in the middle of a speech of three or 'our columns' length of Lord Lyndhurst or of Sir Robert Peel ; the

newsman might as soon ask him for his purse, as ask him for his paper before he has finished reading the Tory oration. A third reader is a Liberal; and Lord Melbourne or Lord John Russell has brought in a bill to either of the Houses, as the case chances to be, for the Municipal Corporation Reform in Ireland, or for the Abolition of Church Rates in England: a lengthened debate very naturally ensues thereon: the Liberal reader could no more think of parting with the paper than he could with the coat on his back, until he sees under what monstrous pretexts the Tories can have the assurance to object to a measure so demonstrably beneficial in its tendency. A message is again sent up stairs by the newsman, that the time is up and that he cannot wait any longer, as the paper has to be read by other gentlemen. The party orders the servant out of the room, and very likely calls her, if a female, a hussey into the bargain: if a male servant, he is threatened with a breakage of his bones if he do not get down stairs directly. The servant, whether male or female, goes down and reproaches the ill-fated newsman with being the cause of putting "master" in a passion, and getting "people" into trouble: the newsman replies, in self-defence, that he shall find himself in trouble with the next customer he has to go to, and that he *must* have the paper. An angry altercation takes place betwixt him and the servant, the latter peremptorily refusing to go up stairs again and make "master" worse. While this squabble is going on, "master" comes and throws the paper down stairs, growling out, "Here, give it him." The servant takes the journal, which was the innocent cause of all this bickering and ill-blood, pokes it into the newsman's hand, and slams the door in his face. He proceeds to the next reader. The latter knew that a debate on a particular subject, in which he felt a deep interest, was expected to come on the previous night; or whether it was so or not, he can no more live without his broad sheet at the usual hour in the morning, than he could, with any comfort to himself, without his breakfast. Not a minute has elapsed beyond the usual time for receiving the journal he patronises, before he rings the bell and asks Sally whether the newsman has arrived. Sally, especially if the gentleman be a bachelor, simpers out in her most pleasant manner, "I've not a-seen him yet, sir."

"O! he's a lazy dog: Sally, be sure you bring me up the paper the moment it arrives."

"I will, sir," answers the latter, making her exit and shutting the door behind her.

"It's very provoking that the rascal should be so much beyond his proper time," mutters the gentleman to himself, taking a chair, if in the winter season, and advancing towards the fire; if in the summer season, seating himself on the sofa. A few minutes more expire, which the gentleman magnifies into so many hours. He rings the bell again with redoubled violence. Her maidship quits the kitchen in, as she herself would say, "less than no time," and bounds up stairs. "No appearance of that fellow of a newsman yet, Sally?" growls the former, taking three or four hasty steps through the room.

"No, sir, he aint a-come yet."

"Just look out at the door and see if you can see him."

"I will, sir."

And down stairs Sally trips, with all due expedition, in order to ascertain whether the poor newsman may be descried from the street-door; but just as she is putting her fingers to the latchet to open it, a sudden and smart pull of the bell causes so violent a clanging in her ears that, taken quite by surprise and "half frightened" to boot, she puts her hand to her breast, and, as if almost suffocated, mutters out—"A mercy on us! what's that?" The surprise and the fright, however, are only momentary: they have disappeared long before the bell has ceased to ring, and opening the door, she looks ominously at the newsman, and, as she takes the paper out of his hand, observes, in her own peculiar way, "O, master is in *such* a rage at your being so late."

"I can't help it: it's not my fault," says the poor newsman, in self-defence, literally gasping for breath, owing to his having run all the way from his last customer's residence.

"O, master don't care whose fault it is; he is *so* angry."

"I'm very sorry, but the fault——"

"I tell you what it is, sir," shouts a gruff voice from the first landing, before the hapless newsman could finish his exculpatory sentence, "I tell you what it is, sir, if you can't bring the paper at the proper time I must employ some other person who will: that's all."

"Master," recognizing the newsman's ring, had reached the top of the first pair of stairs in time to interrupt the dialogue between Sally and the vender of the broad sheet.

"I assure you, sir, that if——"

The newsman renews his effort to explain in the best way he can the cause of the delay, but it is interrupted again by his cross and crusty customer telling him that he will hear no excuse, but that if he is even a moment past his time again he need not bring the paper at all.

Incidents of this kind are matters of daily occurrence in the newsman's eventful life. Very often, indeed, such incidents repeatedly occur in one day; for if the first or second of the readers detain the paper beyond the usual time, all who follow insist that they shall severally have out their allowed time, without reference to the time at which they got it.

When this portion of the newsman's duties are over, he has next either to go himself, or send one of his boys, to the Courier office, to dispose of any of the morning papers he has on hand. If there be a demand for any particular journal to supply the country customers of other newsmen, and such journal is not to be had at the office of publication, then the newsman having that journal to dispose of will get full price for it. If the supply considerably exceeds the demand, in consequence of several newsmen having taken more copies in the morning than they could dispose of, then there is a proportionate reduction in the price. Opposite the door of the Courier office, has been for more than a quarter of a century the only locality recognised by newsmen for disposing among each other of their over supplies of morning papers. What led to its being first fixed on for that purpose

I cannot say ; very probably it may have been its central situation. This particular traffic in the morning journals usually begins at four o'clock, and is in most cases over by five. In the majority of cases the newsmen, instead of going themselves, send their boys to transact this part of their business ; and right noisy little fellows they are. Some time ago they were so uproarious and blocked up the passage on the pavement so completely, that it was deemed requisite to station a policeman at the place to maintain something like order. It is often amusing to hear them proclaiming aloud the various newspapers they have for sale. "Who's got a '*Eral* or a '*Chron*?" "Who's for a '*Tiser* or '*Toimes*?" shouts one little fellow in the same breath. "I'll take a '*Eral*," answers one. "I wants a '*Chron*," answers another. A third sings out, "I've got a '*Tiser*," and a fourth bawls, at the full stretch of his voice, "Here's a '*Toimes*," at the same time holding up the broad sheet above his head, and elbowing his way through the crowd towards the expected purchaser. But to form anything like a correct idea of the scene which is every afternoon exhibited at the Courier-office,* you must fancy that you hear scores of voices all shouting out something of the kind I have mentioned, at once, and where you see scores of boys pushing one another backwards and forwards, and playing all descriptions of tricks at each other's expense.

Between four and five comes the publication of the evening papers, which now occupies the attention of the newsmen. In this case, however, their pedestrian capabilities are not called into exercise to the same extent as in the case of the morning papers, the far greater portion of the evening journals being simply put into the post-office, to be forwarded to subscribers in the country. The delivery of the evening papers is usually over before six o'clock ; but then, for at least six months in the year, that is to say, during the time that Parliament is sitting, they have to watch the publications of second editions of the evening papers, as many of their country customers give positive instructions to have the second editions regularly sent to them.

Some idea may be formed from what I have stated of the laboriousness of a newsman's life. If there be an industrious hard-working member of the community, he is the man. I am assured that there are some newsmen who, in the prosecution of their pursuits as distributors of the public journals, walk or run upwards of twenty miles every day. And this, be it recollected, in all weathers, whether in the "summer's heat" or "winter's cold."

And what aggravates the hardship of a newsman's condition is, that the sabbath, which to most other classes of the community affords a cessation from labour, "shines no day of rest to him." A considerable part of that day is spent in the delivery of the Sunday papers.

And yet, notwithstanding the laborious duties which devolve on the newsman, and the fact that he scarcely ever enjoys one hour's intermission from them from one year's end to another—notwithstanding this, his remuneration is so small, after paying the necessary ex-

* Since this was written, a great part of the business done in this way has been removed to the bottom of Catherine Street ; which, as my town readers are aware, is only about twelve or fifteen yards from the Courier-office. I have not heard the cause of this removal.

penses incurred in carrying on his business, and allowing for bad debts and unsold papers, that he, except in very rare cases indeed, has no prospect, by any practicable economy, of ever being able to "lay by" anything against the time of sickness or the infirmities of advanced years: and he thinks it a great matter if he can by his greatest industry and exertions, earn as much as will procure him his daily bread.

I know of no body of men who contribute more largely to the comfort of the metropolitan community than the newsmen. Without them the daily papers could not be expeditiously or effectually circulated throughout so vast a place as London. I cannot conceive of any machinery, were the task of distributing their papers left to the proprietors of the papers themselves, by which that task could be satisfactorily executed. Whenever any country order for a newspaper is addressed to the proprietors of the paper ordered, which is often done through ignorance of the fact that all the London journals are circulated through the intervention of newsmen, the order is handed over to some particular newsman, and, for the penny profit on each copy of the paper, he runs the risk of the bad debt, should there be no order for payment on any house in London.

There are, as before-mentioned, three or four wholesale newsagents in London. They supply the newsmen whose business is not so large as to justify them in ordering quires at a time of particular journals. They supply them on the same terms as if they had gone for any quantity under a quire, to the office of the paper, their own profit consisting in the odd paper given them gratis by the publishers after every quire they order. Those newsmen in the habit of using a quire of any particular journal make a point of going direct to the office of publication, because they are also entitled to the odd paper after every quire. Some of the wholesale newspaper agents pass an incredible number of newspapers through their hands in one day. I have heard the number which passes through the hands of one house estimated at seven thousand per day. These wholesale newsmen have very extensive country connexions, and send off newspapers by the morning coaches in thousands to all parts of the country.

Most of the newsmen keep small shops for carrying on their business, and most of them deal, in addition to the newspapers, in cheap and popular periodicals and other publications.

VENICE, AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.¹

THE indignation and restlessness of the multitude, which had every reason to be discontented, was more to be dreaded even, than the ambition of the head of the republic. To divide the mass, to terrify it, to gain it by caresses—these were the expedients to which Venetian policy had recourse. In the first place, many families of similar condition and character had planted themselves at the two extremities of Venice, whose clashing interests raised many questions and divisions between them: of these were the Castellani and the Nicoletti. The government, far from seeking to put down these animosities of neighbourhood, artfully fomented them, and contrived to turn the rivalries, born of individual interests, into the service of the one great interest, the public service; in this, these two factions of the people seem to have emulated them with ardour.

There was never a government which inspired its subjects with more respect and terror than the Venetian. An infinite swarm of spies—a most active and insidious police—and, above all, the idea of the state inquisition, which, like a supernatural power, was supposed to know all things, to divine all things, held this people, as volatile as that of Athens, obedient and submissive.

The consequence of a single imprudent word, of a single suspicious action, were ever before the eyes of all, and in the very café, in which they might censure loudly, and with severity, the policy of the emperor or king of France, it would have been perilous madness to risk a word of disapprobation of the conduct of the least of the magistrates of the republic. If the imprudent man were a stranger, his abode in the city was certainly not prolonged beyond twenty-four hours. If a citizen, he disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen, in a shorter or longer space of time, and his name was no more heard, excepting in the secret sighs of those who loved him.

In all the principal cities of Italy, the populace was so unruly, that it was impossible to have any spectacle, which strongly excited public curiosity, without the attendance and active superintendence of a strong armed band, to maintain order in the multitude. In Venice, more than fifty years ago, four servants of the inquisition, with their black rods only in their hands, kept in order the immense crowds which choked all the *cale*, or streets, surrounding the piazza, on the day when the republic gave the magnificent bull-fight to Paul and his empress travelling in Italy under the title of Count of the North.

Social life in Venice was peaceful and luxurious; things were so ordered, that the people beheld themselves courted and caressed, and pleasures of every sort abounded around them. *Semo in Venizia*, was the favourite motto, meaning that, in Venice, all were at liberty to do everything in the way of mirth and revelry which best pleased them. In this there was the greatest liberty, even to licentiousness.

Commerce was protected. The nobles mixed freely with all classes of society, and each of them had, among the people, depend-

¹ Concluded from vol. xx. p. 370.

ants or clients, more or less numerous. From this it resulted, that the people were always sure of powerful protectors, and between the different classes various ties of mutual good-will and dependence were created. The yoke was engarlanded with flowers, and the habit of bearing it became easy. Its antiquity, also, threw around it something of sacred and venerable, and, in truth, there was no older institution in Europe, none more strongly cemented by glorious recollections, and a long succession of prosperity.

The Venetian citizen, honoured and respected abroad, easily pardoned at home the yoke of the aristocratic laws; the fair prospect of his country flourishing, of the activity of commerce, of abounding wealth, and all the luxuries which accompanied it, was compensation enough to him for the humiliations of internal dependence.

In Venice, everything was redolent of the ancient greatness. How she attained this height, will be better understood, by surveying the condition of Italy in general during the fifteenth century. Venice had a larger share of the universal prosperity than any other city: hear how a stranger speaks of it.

“Italy, of which Venice was the principal port, was, in the fifteenth century, the richest in manufactures of all the countries in Europe. All the principal productions of the earth, which require preparation from the industrious hand of man, were subjected in Italy, and by Italian hands, to the last indispensable processes. The materials, furnished by the peninsula did not suffice for its forges, its laboratories, its looms. It was an important branch of commerce to seek for more on distant shores, and to distribute them afresh when Italian labour had doubled their value. This labour was an object in increasing demand—it was enough for the poor man to offer his arms, there were always those to be found who were glad to make use of his services. The genius of the artist must not be confounded with the mechanical labour of the manufacturer; but to the arts was also open an advantageous career; and as respects political economy itself, it cannot be denied, that the country which possessed the greatest number of paper manufactories, and the most active presses, could boast almost exclusively, that her’s were also the learned, whose books became an object of commerce throughout Europe; and that not far from the white marble quarries of Carrara, and the founderies of the Maremma, were found the studios of the Donatelli and the Ghiberti; and that by the side of the operatives, who fabricated canvas, pencils, and colours, were born the Giotto, the Masacci, the Bellini, and the other founders of the school of painting. In this way all labour prospered, from that of the weaver, condemned to unvarying operations, to that of the artist, whose name should add lustre to their common country; and while the most elevated men of the nation dignified labour by their own example, which embraced the half of the known world, educated in them the foresight and judgment necessary for diplomacy, gave them positive knowledge of legislation, and furnished opportunities of studying the elements of public and private prosperity. The productive capital of the Italians in the fifteenth century, confided to the hands of the economical and industrious, equalled probably that of all the rest of Europe.

“There were among the merchants of the fifteenth century many

landed proprietors, who added to their productive capital each year a considerable portion of their rents. No limits then circumscribed or repressed the hopes of the speculator, who saw the funds destined to his commerce increase every year. The monuments of arts and architecture, with which Italy covered herself at this time, do not indicate merely that a delicate sentiment of the beautiful guided the chisel, the rule, and the pencil, of her most illustrious sculptors, architects, and painters, as a whole, they declare to us, that the people who dwelt among them constituted a great nation. Many churches of Italy surpass in magnificence and solidity the most famous temples of Greece. The palaces of her citizens exceed in sumptuousness, and in the colossal thickness of their walls, the palaces of kings beyond the Alps. When, in the present day, we survey any of the cities of Italy, fallen from their ancient splendor—when we enter those public edifices, which the greatest crowd that can now be gathered, never fills—when we visit those vast habitations, of which the proprietor hardly ever occupies a tenth part—when we behold the arches of those broken windows, and of those porticos erected with such lightness and beauty—when we see the herb growing on the walls, and the vacuity which fills those spacious abodes, we feel intensely that this city was animated in days past with vital breath—that these are the fruits of general prosperity—that these are the works of a great *people*. The luxury of kings may create a magnificent capital, while their subjects are in poverty. In the palaces of Berlin, of Versailles, of Petersburg, it is Frederic, not Prussia; it is Louis, not France; it is Peter, it is Catharine, not Russia, whose power we see. But the riches and elegancies of architecture in Italy meet the eye everywhere, even in the lonely valleys of the Apennines.”

The desire of aggrandisement has always been fatal to republics. As long as the Venetian aristocracy followed no counsels but those suggested by the interests of commerce, the success of all she attempted and accomplished was marvellous.

The furious, but in the end successful, wars she waged against the Genoese, arose not from rivalry of dominion, but rivalry of commerce. The splendid expedition against Constantinople had, for its origin, the desire of becoming mistress of some islands and ports in the Levant, to facilitate commerce with India, of which the Venetians had the monopoly; but Venetian renown diminished when they aspired, with the acquisition of large provinces on the continent, to become moderators and arbiters in the politics of Italy. This ambition first showed itself at the time of the death of Tommaso Mocenigo.

This wise prince, aware of the tendency of his fellow citizens, called the principal senators around his death-bed, and in that solemn moment, when the words of men acquire almost prophetic power, gave them advice, which the evil genius of Venice would not allow them to follow.

“In a few hours,” said he, “you will choose a new doge,—may Heaven direct you in the election! You are not ignorant that I have diminished the public debt by four millions of ducats, and that by

the attention we have given to commerce, Venice sends every year ten millions' worth of merchandise into foreign countries. The conveyance merely of this, yields us two millions. Three thousand merchant ships, fifty galleys, forty thousand mariners, a thousand nobles, each of them possessing a revenue of from seventy to four thousand ducats, all our citizens in the enjoyment of abundance—these are the fruits of industry and peace, this is the state in which I leave the republic to you.

“May it please Almighty God to preserve her long in it! But to this end I offer up my vows, that you may give me for successor, a man who loves peace, tranquillity, and justice. I know that you incline towards Francesco Foscari. It will be a bad choice. If you raise him to the head of the state, you will soon have war; then he, who has ten thousand ducats will not long have more than one thousand, to him who now possesses ten houses there will not long remain more than one. From masters you will become servants, from soldiers mercenaries!”

The words of Mocenigo were fruitless. Foscari, an ambitious citizen, a great soldier, conducted the bark of the republic, of which he was pilot, safely indeed, through rocks and tempests; but he led the way to a complete alteration of the pacific character of the aristocratic policy of Venice.

Foscari annexed rich Italian provinces, among them Brescia and Bergamo, to the territory of the republic, and from that time it became her chief care to defend and preserve them at any cost.

Many, and of every variety, by disposition, climate, and religion, were the people who obeyed the banner of St. Mark; and the Venetian reads with pride, in the annals of his country, of the time when his ancestors could reach Constantinople by land, without quitting their own possessions.

The Ionian Islands, and the coasts of Greece, formed perhaps the most important part of the Venetian territory, and the neglect of these afterwards, in order to bestow more sedulous attention on the continent, was most surely not the least of the causes of the rapid decline of the mother country. The worst consequences of this ambitious imprudence were the loss of Cyprus in the sixteenth century, and that of Candia in the seventeenth.

The forced exertions, which the Venetians made when it was too late, to defend Candia against the Turks, may be regarded as the first memorable wounds which conducted the state slowly, but surely, to decay and death.

These Greek colonies, constantly exposed to the incursions and attacks of the Ottomans, whom they abhorred, were bound by grateful affection to the republic which protected them, and were governed by the nobles of Venice with equity and humanity.

The Vicentines, the Paduans, and the inhabitants of Friuli, as they were the nearest to Venice, they first submitted to her power: they cherished towards her sentiments of ancient good-will, and were treated with kindness.

The Podestas, who were sent to them, by the capital, administered justice, so as to restrain within certain bounds the small feudatories, lawless as the character of their times, and served the people as safe-

guards against them. But the provinces situated on the right-bank of the Mincio could not praise in like manner the policy of their governors towards them. In consequence of their proximity to the states of Milan and Piacenza, which at one time obeyed France, at another Spain, they were ever the object of disquietude to the government. They dreaded, above all, popular commotions, which might easily assume a menacing aspect from the fierce character of the people. To diminish this danger, formidable from the union which had formerly subsisted between the inhabitants of these districts, the Venetian government maintained in them a state of anarchy, which appears a phenomenon in morals and politics.

The nobles of the land, surrounded by their satellites, made war among themselves, and armed whole provinces against each other. Ruffians beyond the law, extorted pardon with impunity for the blood they shed. The poignard was in every man's hand, and assassinations and violent deaths were of such frequent occurrence, that they excited no surprise, as though they were matters of course, belonging to the every-day social order.

More than one thousand bodies of murdered men were exposed to public view in the city of Brescia alone, in one year. The magistrates shut their eyes to so many horrors, and if any among them showed at any time a disposition to severity, the friends of the guilty hastened to Venice, and always obtained pardon there.

The minds of all, thus distracted by ferocious domestic passions, did not open themselves easily to foreign suggestions, which might have excited them to rebellion. Impunity to crime was to those lawless men the greatest good, and they considered themselves fortunate in being under a rule which allowed them to gratify the most licentious passions.

Venetian policy never assumed towards foreign courts that vigorous attitude, which is the indication of a conviction of legitimate right, and individual strength. But, humble and creeping as their manners might be, these subtle republicans knew how to penetrate and counteract, by their gold, the most secret thoughts and schemes of princes, and their legations were centres of subterfuge and espionage in the various capitals of Europe and Asia.

But, if the influence of her gold might sometimes ward off serious perils from the republic, if it served her at times in creating discord, in preventing alliances which might end in danger to her, it excited, on the other hand, so strongly the cupidity of princes, and of poor states, that they arranged themselves against her, without any other real motive than that of obliging her to purchase peace at a high price. It was only against the sultans and the popes that the Venetians in the later times, showed any true energy. In their sanguinary wars against the Turks they displayed warlike virtues, the existence of which the weak combating of the military factions on the continent might well render it difficult to believe. Their naval glory was never exhausted, nor eclipsed; nor is this surprising, for it was the flower of the nation itself which battled on the sea. On the continent all was confided to condottieri, mercenary leaders, and soldiers.

The Roman pontiffs were generally adverse to the republic, because the ecclesiastical laws, which all the rest of Europe obeyed, were never received in the Venetian territory. Spain was always animated with a hostile spirit towards her, either secretly or openly. Mistress of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, and of Lombardy, she girded round with many bands the richest provinces which obeyed the republic—objects of her eager desire and incessant intrigues. Rivalry with France increased the hatred of the court of Madrid against the aristocracy, which, bound by ties of ancient friendship with France, gave her the preference in every disputed point.

France was, of all the powers of Europe, the most constantly friendly with the republic; the aid she lent to the family of Bourbon, and particularly to Henry IV., so tightened the knot of mutual cordiality, that it became a national affection.

The German monarchs pretended, in virtue of being the heirs and representatives of the Roman emperors, to rights of supremacy over Venice, to which the republic never assented, until the time of the famous league of Cambray, when, seeing themselves reduced to the last extremity, they offered the most humiliating submission to Maximilian, as the price of his secession from the league; but they were not then accepted. When the power was in the hands of the aristocracy, in a large sense, the extreme danger gave birth to nothing but irresolution and meanness. When in those of an oligarchy, the honour and privileges of the nation were sacrificed to their individual terrors and private interests. It is only in monarchies and democracies, that personal attachment in the one, and patriotism in the other, leads individuals and whole nations to heroic resolutions and sacrifices.

With the petty princes of Italy the Venetians pursued a policy thoroughly machiavellian. The Signoria (so was called collectively the executive power of the republic) scrupled not at treachery and perjury, when these could bring them augmentation of influence, or increase of territory. The extermination of the Carrarese, was the consequence of the taking of Padua, though to effect it they were obliged to trample on the good faith of a safe conduct.

The Scaligeri submitted by force to see the Venetians become heirs to their ancient dominion in Verona, but nearly all the cities of the continent became dependents of the republic, more by the workings of its fraudulent diplomacy than the strength of its arms: to its arms, and still more to its fraud, the Gonzaghi of Mantua, and the Esti of Ferrara knew how to present successful resistance, and with the Dukes of Milan, war was long and equally balanced. The Florentines united themselves more than once with the Venetians, to combat these ambitious and powerful princes. From the geographical position of her dependencies, the republic was obliged to avail herself of the different military factions which agitated Italy, to her great detriment, and the exhaustion of the wealth accumulated by the industrious economy of her ancestors. After the loss of Candia, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the Signoria was resolute in maintaining neutrality in the many and great wars which convulsed Europe. This policy was generally lauded as prudent; but he who reflects on the last days of Venice may perhaps think that this pro-

longed peace had produced torpidity in her citizens, lessened the reputation of the government, and prepared the downfall of the republic.

The privileged orders of Venice were subjected to a rigorous and vigilant discipline, and paid often at a dear rate for the minute portion of sovereignty which hazard offered them. The jealousy of the government regarding them was carried to an extreme height. Three regulations, among the multitude which concerned them, will suffice to give an idea of the yoke, which, in the midst of all their pomp and pride, pressed gallingly upon them.

The first forbade their absence from the state, without special permission from the Council of Ten. The second prohibited the acquisition of any landed property out of the state; they desired by this to remove the temptation of treachery to the republic from the idea of finding an asylum elsewhere. The third is a still more severe decree, awarding capital punishment to any among them who should have any communication with foreign ambassadors. The terror of this law was so great, that not only ministers from foreign courts, but their secretaries and domestics, were avoided in Venice, as though they had the plague. This decree had many results—one with circumstances truly tragical.

Alvise Sanuto was a young man who gave the brightest promise to his country. He had made a brilliant display of courage at the battle of Lepanto, in which he performed prodigies of valour. His prudence and sagacity in state affairs had more than once called forth the admiration of the *Maggior Consiglio*. His aged father called him the pride and ornament of his family. Venice placed him in the ranks of her first citizens. Alvise was destined to die the death of infamy—and his virtue itself was to deal the blow!—

Public and private manners were at that time severe. Women, who are ever the ameliorators of manners, never quitted their own abodes, excepting for the churches, and to them they went wrapped in a veil, which concealed their forms and faces. There are still existing indications of this antique severity, in the balconies of the palaces, the parapets of which were made high and huge as they are, that it might be difficult to look over them. Alvise had a soul of fire. To love was with him an imperious necessity of his nature, but he had not yet found the woman who could inspire it. A new French ambassador came at this time to Venice, with such pomp as to awaken general curiosity; the manners and customs of the foreigners also appeared strangely new to the inhabitants of the lagunes; for the ladies who accompanied Amalia, daughter of the ambassador, displayed a life and vivacity, at which great were the astonishment and the scandal.

Amalia was seventeen years of age, and united to a cultivated and lively wit, those French graces of manner, which, if they are not themselves beauty, are even more powerful than it in seducing the soul.

Sanuto saw her the day in which she was presented to the doge, and she seemed to him something above humanity. He gazed on her with so little command of himself, that she perceived it—and where is the maiden who does not perceive him who gazes on her

with admiration? She read in the noble countenance of Alvise all he felt in that moment, and for the first time her heart palpitated and was troubled. Sanuto found himself from that day an altered man. He knew himself to be wretched, and believed that his wretchedness would end only with his life, because the severe and never-to-be-infringed laws of his country rendered the hope of ever uniting himself with the foreign maiden a chimera. His restless and ardent imagination suggested means of seeing her again, who had become dear to him above everything. His abode was separated from that of the ambassador by a narrow canal. He bribed a French female servant, and passing the distance which divided them on a plank, penetrated unperceived into the chamber of Amalia.

It was midnight, but the maiden, also disturbed by tender thoughts, had not laid down. She sought in her new trouble to find peace and comfort in prayer. She was on her knees before an image of the Virgin with clasped hands. Alvise, beholding this angelic countenance, partially illumined by the uncertain radiance of the lamp, could not withhold an exclamation, which recalled the maiden from her pious supplication. Terrified at seeing him, she thought, with the superstition of the time, that it was a phantom sent by the genius of evil to tempt her; and rising, she began to invoke the aid of holy words against him, when Alvise, coming forward, threw himself at her feet, and before surprise allowed her to speak, discovered his love to her with all the eloquence of passion, the inconsiderate step to which it had led him, and the inevitable death which awaited him should he be discovered. Terror, more than anger, took possession of the soul of Amalia.

"Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed, when Alvise had ceased; "miserable Amalia—imprudent youth! what madness has led thee thus to expose thine own life, and my good name? Quit the threshold thy boldness has profaned, and know that I shall think thy death well merited." Here she sighed. "Those will come at my call who will not leave thy insult unpunished."

Saying this she pointed imperiously to the door. Sanuto heard her with the air of a man struck by a thunderbolt. "Then I will die," he exclaimed; "my life is hateful to me without thee—Amalia! thou art taking thy first steps in this valley of woe. Thou wilt love some day—remember then the wretched Alvise; thou wilt then understand the extent of his misery, and how desirable and sweet a thing it is for him to put an end to it."

He turned to go in despair. Amalia held him back. "I do not wish your death," said she; "live, but forget me; forget this fatal moment for ever!"

"To forget you is impossible—to lose you is to die; but your pity sweetens the last moments of my life."

"Alvise!" exclaimed Amalia, weeping, "live for my love!"

"For thy love, Amalia? Dost thou comprehend all the force of these words?"

The maiden trembled; but the image of her dying lover conquered.

"Yes; live for my love," she repeated, almost inaudibly.

Miserable pair! They forgot all in their love, and saw not the

abyss widening beneath their feet! A spy of the state inquisition going round in the silence of night, saw Alvisé enter the palace, knew him, and denounced him to the terrible tribunal, before which he was brought the same morning, and convicted of having entered the palace of the French ambassador. He was required to reveal his purpose in going there. He maintained an obstinate silence. The amazed inquisitors, accustomed to the prayers and entreaties of all who came before them, reminded him that death would be the inevitable consequence of his silence. "Death!" replied he, "I defied it at Lepanto for the glory of my country and the salvation of Italy. In that day, I showed that it was impossible I should ever become a traitor. I call Heaven to witness that I am none now; but there is something more dear to me than life, more dear than fame, that imposes silence on me."

He was beheaded, and his body exposed to public view between the two columns of the Piazzetta San Marco, with this inscription only—"For crime against the state." The people were mute and aghast at the sight. The companions in arms—the relations and friends of the deceased—abandoned themselves openly to their grief. Venice was changed into a scene of lamentation.

On the evening of this day, Amalia was standing on a gallery of the palace, overlooking the grand canal. She was watching pensively the slow and monotonous course of the moon, which shone timidly in the serene heavens above her. Her thoughts were of Sanuto. She was roused from her abstraction by the passing of a long line of gondolas illuminated with torches, and from which there issued a wailing chaunt, like that which implores peace for the dead. A sad presentiment filled the soul of Amalia. She demanded what it was, and heard with terror that it was the funeral procession of a noble Venetian, beheaded for the crime of high treason. When she heard the name of Alvisé, she threw herself to the ground, and striking her head in her fall against a projection in the balcony received her death-wound!

There is no Italian imagination which does not take fire on beholding the monuments of Venetian magnificence collected and grouped round St. Mark's. Rome itself has no one spot which could more strongly excite admiration. The remains in some are those of an ancient glory, of that which is quite passed away; here, all speaks of a glory of yesterday, which seems still to live beneath the dome of the august Basilica and under the arches of the ducal palace. It is on this spot that we most realise an idea of the power of Venice; here, where shine around us the marbles, the columns, the bronzes of the subjugated East, and where the banners which record the conquest of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea, float on the air as though the wind still blew which so often wafted them to victory!

Under the porticos named *Procuratii*, at the end of the magnificent quadrangular piazza, I stood considering with delight the façade of St. Mark's. This *grandiose* mixture of Arabic and Gothic architecture carried my imagination back to the ages in which the Venetians alone possessed all the commerce of India, while their ships rode victorious in all the ports of the empire of Constantinople. I encountered the

signs of their incalculable wealth at every step. If a happy presage of the revolutions of futurity had led these republicans to devote some of it to a more useful end, Venice might have remained to the present day one of the most flourishing cities of Europe. If the Venetian senate had demanded and obtained from the sultans of Egypt, (an easy matter from the good understanding which subsisted, and the mutual advantages to arise from it,) permission to reopen the communication which once existed between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, either the Cape of Good Hope would never have been discovered, or its discovery would have been of little worth, and the commerce of the Indies would have flowed on by the most expeditious channel through those seas, making Italy and her ports the emporium of her merchandise and the centre of her speculations. But I will put an end to this digression by beginning another.

The bones of the evangelist, whose name is associated with all the glories of the republic, were transported to Venice from the East, about the middle of the eighth century. The caliphs of Cairo robbed the churches of the Christians, to enrich their palace in Alexandria, despoiling them of their marbles and ornaments of value. Similar profanation was about to be offered to the chapel, in which was deposited the body of St. Mark. The terrified priests who had charge of it yielded to the urgent prayers of two Venetian merchants, who offered to convey the venerable reliques to their own country. It was difficult to conceal the pious theft from the Christians of Alexandria, still more difficult to hide it from the Saracen custom-house guards, who closely searched into everything carried out of the city.

The Venetians had recourse to an amusing expedient. They placed the body in a deep chest, and stowed over it a quantity of fresh pork. The infidels, on seeing this abhorred meat, hastily closed it, and lent their aid to hasten its departure. The sacred deposit was safely got on board, and after encountering some furious storms, was received into Venice with transports of joy.

The multiplied rows of arches give to the façade of St. Mark's an air at once sublime and *bizarre*. The forest of precious columns, which seem almost to choke the entrance, excite wonder. I am dazzled by the gold, which forms the ground of the mosaics which cover the upper part of the arches, but I behold with still greater admiration the four horses of bronze above the principal door of the temple. Singular destiny of human greatness! These horses, the work of Lysippus, seem to have been formed as trophies for the conqueror; and, in all but the knowledge which they carry round to posterity of him who created them, they are inconstant as fame—mutable as fortune. The boast at first of him who cast them, they have ever since become that of him who has appropriated them. Sign at first of greatness and power—afterwards of decline and servitude! These famous horses, taken from Rome to adorn Constantinople, the favoured city of an emperor, who sacrificed to a caprice the strength and unity of the empire—thence borne to Venice, the reward of toilsome wars and magnificent feats of arms—dragged afterwards to Paris, a testimonial of spoliation—they were at last restored to that seat on which they were placed if not by the most legitimate certainly by the most

glorious title. The peristyle of St Mark's appears a palace ; the interior is still more magnificent. The pavement, the domes, the columns, are all of the finest marble or mosaics. In the capital of the christian world, I had seen the alabasters, the porphyries, the granites, which once embellished the palace of the Cæsars decorating the Roman Basilicas. St. Mark's exceeds them all in richness, and this alone is enough to prove that Constantinople, from which these treasures were taken, did not yield in opulence to its rival.

Flocks of pigeons occupy at all hours of the day the Piazza of St. Mark, the roof of the Ducal Palace, and the galleries of the great towers. You see them sailing round and round, and descending, rising, flying hither and thither, without fear of man, to whom they leave as much space on their approach as saves them from being trodden on. They regard him with expectation, curiosity, good-will, and make the most frequented place in Venice the theatre of their loves and pastimes. This feathered population resembles, in its vicissitudes, and is not distant in its origin, from that of the first Venetians.

It was customary in the pristine days of the city to celebrate Palm Sunday by throwing off from the open gallery, above the principal entrance to the Basilica, birds of various kinds, whose flight was impeded by something attached to their legs disproportionate to their size, so that, after a few ineffectual attempts to soar, they were obliged to descend lower and lower, until almost within reach of the populace in the piazza, who contended in the most animated manner to possess themselves of them. The poor birds, ready to drop, but alarmed at the uproar and at all hands raised to seize them, putting forth all their strength to raise themselves again in the air, would make anew a short and ineffectual flight, amidst the shouts of the people. Some of the pigeons, freeing themselves from their incumbrance, took refuge on the roofs of the palace. Here they soon multiplied, and this little republic excited so much interest that it was carried by general acclamation, and passed afterwards into a decree, that they should not only be left in safety, but fed in the piazza with grain, at public cost. The pigeons became contented inhabitants of the Basilica, and the palace, built in the leads which covered the last, and which have given their name to those horrible dungeons of the inquisition of the state, (*i piombi*), constructed in the highest part of the edifice, and which, sheltered from the solar rays only by the plates of burning metal, became the sepulchres of the unhappy beings confined in them. Who can say, how often the nest of the neighbouring dove—the voice of love with which she called her family around her, brought before the prisoner, almost stupified by suffering or on the brink of madness, his desolate wife—his orphan children? How often, with nothing but misery and death before him, has he not envied the liberty of his winged neighbour? In such a frightful solitude his moral and physical strength must thus have wasted away. But we must not dwell on this horrid picture. Do you now see where I find the resemblance between the pigeons which people the quarter of St. Mark and the inhabitants of ancient Venice? Alike they found here a secure asylum from the extermination which threatened them, here they increased in number, and here they have remained many ages independent and prosperous.

THE "BIT O' WRITIN'."¹

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER XI.

THE wedding-evening came, with all its guests, and all its bustle of preparation to receive them. There were flesh-pots boiling, and spits turning, and servants and helpers, hired and volunteers, toiling before the great fires, at the pots and at the spits; everything and everybody under the superintendence of the widow Moore, now fully reinstated in her former responsibility and importance of character. In the little parlour, alone, two pipers blew away in rivalry, until the perspiration teemed from their foreheads; while, at some distance, in the barn or banquet-hall, three other professors of the same musical instrument surpassed them, if possible, in zeal and melody; and parlour and barn were crowded with youthful visitors, footing it heartily to their strains, while the elderly and the old looked on; it seemed as if the national sport, pursued to its utmost, were to give a keener appetite for the viands in preparation for supper.

It is etiquette at bridals such as the present one in Ireland, that if the bridegroom does not happen to be, by nature, a very shame-faced, modest person, he should do all in his power to enact that character—to

"Assume a virtue if he have it not."

In fact, he ought not, and in all proper respectable cases he does not, make his appearance before the overwhelming crowd of company, until the wedding-feast is dispatched, the very bride-cake cut up, and the very ceremony, which cannot well dispense with him, waiting his presence.

All this had Murty Meehan earnestly and often represented to his friend, Terence O'Brien, but with little effect. The auld admiral, with one of his usual oaths, swore that he was "commodore aboard;" and his deck he would walk, fore and aft, to see that all was trim and tight, and ready for action, upon the eve of so momentous an engagement. So here and there and everywhere he pushed and strided among his guests, or, as he called them, "his crew," commanding and ordering—few of his orders understood, by the way—as if he had indeed received an admiralty-commission to bandy them about. And Terence was met upon all hands with large and good-natured allowances for his departure from the more "christhen-like" usage of bridegrooms, his ocean-life and habits being generally taken into consideration; while among every group, and in every corner, his outlandish phraseology occasioned infinite mirth. And he, in turn, took

¹ Continued from vol. xx. page 267.

the laughter of his crew in good part, excusing its want of discipline, and of respect to a commander, because of the "jovialthry" of the occasion; and it was only with a pleasant bluntness that he threatened to "mast-head," or to put them all into bilboes.

Terence was, above everything, delighted with the great ranges of tables in the barn, and when they became properly freighted with the great, the enormous heaps of food, which they were just able, and no more, to support. And when all was ready, the auld admiral placed one of his pipers on a barrel, at the head of the feast, dubbed him boatswain, and commanded him to pipe all bands aboard, instructing him to use no variety of notes on the occasion, but to allow his chanter to perform a solo, to the utmost of its power; which it did, keeping up one unbroken monotonous scream, until the guests had taken their places.

If, as we have noticed is customary, the bridegroom at an Irish country wedding is expected to demean himself modestly, much more, with the exception of his absence from the banquet, is anticipated of the bride. Retiring, silent, passive, abstracted, and, in consideration of her approaching separation from her parents, or other friends, somewhat sorrowful she must be. And, at these nuptials, retiring, silent, passive, abstracted, and sorrowful, was Mary Moore; and sometimes more besides. Her abstraction seemed a wandering of her mind in mazes of terror; her sorrow a stupified despair. From the continued expostulations of her bridesmaids, and even of her mother, she vaguely conceived that it was expected she should now and then smile; but when she made an effort to do so, her smile was dreary and chilling, and inspired no answering one on the countenances of those who beheld it. Unquestioned, Mary scarce spoke at all, and her replies to repeated interrogatories were abrupt, unmeaning, and from the point.

It became necessary that she should take her place beside the priest at the festive board; her bridesmaid was obliged to lead her out of a corner, where she seemed to have become torpid; and though she sat, without resistance, at the clergyman's right hand, it might be seen that she sat without consciousness also.

The supper went on. Mary looked around her, and, for the first time since she had entered the barn, became fully aware that it was a wedding-feast she saw, and that the guests were come. She turned suddenly to her left, fixed her eyes on the clergyman, and gazed at him for some time wildly, and in terror. But a slight relief seemed to steal over her when she was able properly to call to mind the person whom she regarded. And then, in renewed apprehensions, she turned to the individual at her right; and again recognizing in that of her bridesmaid a face different from the one she feared to behold, partial composure calmed her brow.

Still, however, as if in the almost unallayed apprehension of discovering a dreadful object, her glance roved from one to another of the guests ranged at the different tables, while her breath came short and loud, her bosom panted, and spasmy emotions worked her features. To every question now addressed to her she answered, hastily, "Yes—yes;" and when, imputing to her maidenly feelings alone all

this absence of manner, the loud laugh arose at her expense, she would sometimes echo it in a manner so hysterical that the mirthful became chided and silent.

Her plate remained untouched before her: she was pressed to eat: whispering "Thankee, thankee," she snatched up a knife and fork, and put a morsel to her mouth—but it fell untasted from her lips, as she again scrutinized the features of those around her and near her.

Her allotted husband, while seemingly all-engrossed in his attentions to his crew, had kept his eye on Mary. Now he came behind her unperceived, and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder. Without her turning to regard him, Mary suddenly put her palms over her eyes, and shrieked so piercingly, that the roof-tree of the barn rung to the sound; and then she hid her face in her bridesmaid's bosom, and clung to her in a paroxysm of terror. The guests, after vainly glancing here and there to discover some cause for her agitation, exchanged looks and whispers with one another; and, for a moment, it was the opinion that Mary Moore was about to become a wife against the wish of her heart.

"Shiver my hulk to splinters!" cried the admiral, in explanation; "the little pinnace is afraid o' the sarvice; but no matther for that; once launched, d'ye see me, she'll scud, sthramers mast-high."

And the former general surmise now seemed banished by the seaman's words, or else was soon forgotten in the resumed gratification of palate and stomach.

The wedding-feast was over—the grace was said—the bride-cake was sliced up by the priest; he blessed it; and then put on his stole, opened his book, and stood up; all arising with him to yield grave attention to the marriage-ceremony.

Her bridesmaid led the pallid, shivering bride, closer to the clergyman. The poor girl went pausing at every step, and feeling the ground with her feet, as if she were blind. And yet her wild eyes were distended beyond their usual compass. In fact, just as she suffered herself to be conducted from the table, her former unexplained terrors seemed to have become tenfold confirmed upon her, and now possessed her to extremity. At every unconscious move towards the clergyman, she glared—her head turned over her shoulder—towards the remote and half-lighted end of the barn; and although her young companion held her arm, one of Mary's fingers pointed in the direction of her look. The priest spoke to her. Without turning her eyes to him, she waved her arm as if she would silence the sound of his voice, or direct his attention to whatever it was which so strangely absorbed her own.

"The name, sir? the name?" she said, when the priest demanded her own name, "Terence—Terence O'Brien!" in a voice of excessive fright and alarm.

"Not yet, my good young friend," half-smiled the good-humoured priest—"not yet, for a little while:" and there was a general titter at poor Mary, on account of—as was supposed—only her fidgetty mistake. She unbent her set glare, for a moment, as if to ascertain the cause of this mirth, which she felt to jar unnaturally on her pre-

sent feelings; and when her eyes resumed their former bent, it became evident, from their expression, that the object which had so long fascinated them, was not now to be seen where they had observed it. Then they wandered, as had before been the case at the supper-table, from face to face, all around her.

"What is *your* name?" asked the clergyman of his old penitent, the admiral.

"Terry O'Brien, chaplain—an able-bodied sayman o' the crew i' th' ould Saint Vincent, 74."

"Take off your hat, Terence O'Brien—it is necessary you should be uncovered for this ceremony."

"My hulk to ould Davy, chaplain! I command the ship this cruize, and no capt'n never hauls down his sky-rattlin' for no loober of a chaplain—barrin' whin there's prayers on deck."

"Well, sir," again smiled the clergyman, "and we *are* going to havé prayers on deck."

"Ay, ay, sir; that changes tack, d'ye see me; ay, ay, sir;" and the admiral stood uncovered.

The marriage service commenced. The icy hand of the bride was placed in that of the Jack, Mary not sensible of the circumstance; for again, through an opening in the crowded circle of guests near her, she seemed to have rediscovered, at a distance, the cause of her previous consternation, and again a finger of her disengaged hand pointed vaguely. The clergyman continued.

"Terence O'Brien, will you take Mary for your wedded wife, to——"

"Will he! to be sure he will; scuttle and sink me if he don't!" interrupted Terence.

The priest sternly commanded the admiral to abstain from all profane language, and further commanded him to answer the question properly, in the first person singular.

"That is, chaplain, I'm to make answer to your hail, yes or no, if I will take Mary Moore to be my wedded wife?"

"Yes, sir, or why are you here? why are we all here? Listen, man, I shall repeat the question."

"No use, chaplain, no use; jaw an' jabber for nothing, d'ye see me; I got your hail plain enough, and here's my answer—No!" in a tremendous voice, at which all started: while the guests stared, along with the priest, at the disfigured, bluff, and gruff countenance of the tar, not knowing whether to join in the grave surprise of the one, or laugh outright at what they deemed to be the sea-eccentricity of the other.

"What do you say, man?" inquired the clergyman.

"An' you didn't hear me, chaplain? Here's at you, again, thin, ould boy: may ould Davy send a rattlin' broadside into my hulk, if the little craft ever sails undher my colours!" And before any one could recover from the grand amazement he occasioned, the ould admiral, now bellowing through his fist, went on; "Ahoy, there! namesake, ahoy! scud up, my hearty! scud up, here! aft, here, the Terry O'Brien! aft here, you loober! where are you, you skulker?" And from the quarter in which Mary had been glaring, his young ne-

phew made his way through the crowd, she shrinking down, almost double, from his near approach.

"Think 'tis a ghost of him, my little pinnacle? an' that he will bite, a-boordin' o' you, like the—parley-woos, in action? Never fear, howsomever; 'tis no ghost; though he promised to turn himself into one, among the crew here to-night, for your divarshin. I say, chaplain, splice this young couple, an' be —— to you! Here, my little galley; I resign command to the land-jack; for he is the captin you'd rather make the voyage with, if I hard aright, alongside the auld hulk-rock, t'other night. Come, chaplain, splice 'em—splice 'em."

A word aside, and indeed something else, on the part of young Terence O'Brien, went a good way, conjointly with the admiral's assurances, in beguiling Mary of her apprehensions that she had to do only with his disembodied spirit in the present instance; and a few additional sentences made her understand the noble, the magnanimous part which the poor old sailor had adopted towards her and her lover, as soon as, from their sad conversation at the stepping stones, and at the granite rock, mostly overheard by him, as well as from his subsequent cross-raking of his nephew, after Mary's flight from the muslin ghost, the admiral got a clear notion of how matters really stood.

In the first reflux of the tide of happiness round her despairing heart, Mary drew back a step from the uncle and the nephew, glanced quickly, twice or thrice, from the one to the other, in a hesitating way; but soon taking her resolution, extended her arms, and threw herself on the tar's neck, crying and sobbing, and kissing his unsightly cheeks, forehead—nay, lips, and hugging him tight to her relieved bosom. Her lover, instead of looking jealous, smiled, and even shed some grateful as well as happy tears, along with her; and the true state of the case soon becoming known, through the barn, many an eye, among the generous-hearted male portion of the guests, to say nothing of all the eyes of all the woman-kind present, followed young Terence's example.

"Avast! avast, there, you little she-pirate!" whimpered the admiral himself, tears ("as big as peas," Murty Meehan said,) rolling through the ugly channel across his face, and making it beautiful, as doth the fresh mountain-stream the rocky gully cleft in the mountain's side; "avast, there, I say!—off vid your grapplin' irons, or, sink my ould hulk to ould Davy, but I'll change the sailin' ordhers, and take you in tow for the cruize my own self, afther all that's jawed about, d'ye see me! The young Terry, a-hoy! chaplain, a hoy!—here, you loobers, free me of this craft—I've got enough of her."

Striding to the head of the supper-table, Terence the elder counted down one hundred guineas, as his nephew's fortune, and then scarce allowing any one, including the priest, time enough to recover from their many surprises, or to know what they were doing, had him married to Mary Moore. And when all resumed their places at the nuptial board, it was not upon his own generous feelings and conduct that the old admiral grew egotistical, but upon what he thought a great deal more of, namely, his own unsurpassable cleverness in hoaxing the young pair with an appearance of the ghost, which he had overheard them "jawin' about;" and afterwards in keeping Mary in the dark—

a punishment for her having hung out false colours when he "spoke her," her mother in company, on the head of their proposed cruise—as to the real Terry O'Brien she was eventually to sail under.—"An' so," quoth our auld admiral, "seein' as how I never was much a-gog myself—not half as much as my shipmit, Murty Meehan—for a new voyage, off o' all the auld tacks, an' that all I wanted an' all I want, is safe moorage for auld hulk, till it foundhers (an' be d——d to it)—an' seein' how, furthermore, the young Terry alongside never done me no spite, though his commandher, the born brother o' me, did—why, afther all this, d'ye see me, it's no great shakes if I gives up full command, for the rest o' the voyage, an'—with fair sayman's allowance o' grog, Misthress Moore, d'ye mind me—take on vid first lieutenant's berth aboard the ship."

"Here's your health, an' long life, an' may your auld hulk niver founder at all, my poor ould admiral, darlin'!" cried Murty Meehan, *his* eyes still running over with admiration and love of his protégé; "an' here's another toast to go along vid that one—here's what brought the showers o' goold an' good loock to the whole iv us—here's 'The Bit o' Writin'.'"

It would be doing injustice to the widow Moore not to say that, to the hour when, notwithstanding Murty Meehan's bacchanalian prayer, his old hulk did founder at last, she never infringed on the old admiral's "sayman's allowance," nor, indeed, in any way upon his comforts under the family roof. Of Mary's attentions, or of her husband's, to their eccentric benefactor, nothing need be said. So that our excellent friend and hero lived happily many a long year; long enough, indeed, to instruct a very, very little Terry O'Brien in all his sea-terms—thus ensuring them fame in his third generation—and to build and launch for him, on a pond, formed by damming-in a corner of the brook, at the celebrated stepping-stones, two seventy-four-gun ships. It is recorded, however, that, upon afterwards bringing those vessels into action, as separately English and French, himself commanding the one, his grand-nephew the other—"the lubberly Frinch flag" adorning the latter, the gay and gallant union jack flying over the decks of the former—it is recorded, we say, that the auld admiral, forgetting in the heat of the engagement its mimic character, and giving way, for an instant, to all his habitual hatred and contempt of the Gallic enemies of Great Britain, made real war on the Lilliputian ship of the line, and, with one kick and one dread oath, consigned and sent it "to ould Davy."

THE WREATHS.

WHOM do we crown with the laurel leaf?
 The hero god, the soldier chief.
 But we dream of the crushing cannon-wheel,
 Of the flying shot and the reeking steel,
 Of the crimson plain where warm blood smokes,
 Where clangour deafens and sulphur chokes.
 Oh, who can love the laurel wreath,
 Plucked from the gory field of death?

Whom do we crown with summer flowers?
 The young and fair in their happiest hours.
 But the buds will only live in the light
 Of a festive day or glittering night;
 We know the vermil tints will fade,
 That pleasure dies with the bloomy braid.
 And who can prize the coronal
 That's form'd to dazzle, wither, and fall?

Who wears the cypress, dark and drear?
 The one who is shedding the mourner's tear,
 The gloomy branch for ever twines
 Round foreheads grav'd with sorrow's lines.
 'Tis the type of a sad and lonely heart,
 That hath seen its dearest hopes depart;
 Oh, who can like the chaplet band,
 That is wove by Melancholy's hand?

Where is the ivy circlet found?
 On the one whose brain and lips are drown'd
 In the purple stream—who drinks and laughs
 Till his cheeks outflush the wine he quaffs;
 Oh, glossy and rich is the ivy crown,
 With its gems of grape-juice trickling down;
 But bright as it seems o'er the glass and bowl,
 It has stain for the heart, and shade for the soul.

But there's a green and fragrant leaf
 Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief;
 'Tis the purest amaranth springing below,
 And rests on the calmest, noblest brow;
 It is not the right of the monarch or lord,
 Nor purchased by gold nor won by the sword,
 For the lowliest temples gather a ray,
 Of quenchless light from the palm of bay.

O beautiful bay! I worship thee—
 I homage thy wreath—I cherish thy tree;
 And of all the chaplets Fame may deal,
 'Tis only to this one I would kneel;
 For as Indians fly to the Banian branch,
 When tempests lower and thunders launch,
 So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife,
 And seek from the bay-wreath joy and life.

MATCH-BREAKING.

A TALE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

MARRIED people are often very fond of match-making, and wicked wits say, that they act on the principle of the man who, when irretrievably stuck in the mire, called to a friend to come and assist him, with the view of getting him into a similar situation. Old maids are remarkably fond of match-breaking, and the reason is the same; they feel that they are doomed to perpetual banishment from the temple of Hymen, and therefore are desirous of securing as many companions as possible in their exile. I do not dislike the old maid who is fairly turned of sixty; by that time she gives up matrimonial speculations for herself, and is not rendered miserable by the success of them in others; she betakes herself to cards, lap-dogs, and paroquets, accepts the flattery of a toad-eater if rich, or becomes the toad-eater herself if poor; she may be generally splenetic, but is seldom individually spiteful. The old maid of forty, or five-and-forty, however, is the very genius of mischief; she has not yet taken leave of the air, dress, and manners of juvenility; she has a lingering hope that she may be able to rival girls, which, nevertheless, always terminates in the sad certainty of being rivalled by them; and, next to the apparently inaccessible felicity of being married herself, she learns to rank the pleasure of spoiling the marriages of her young female friends. My business, however, is not to write a treatise upon old maids; but to relate the history of two of the class who were no contemptible and mean professors of the art of match-breaking.

Miss Ogleby was five-and-forty; she had been handsome when young, and might still have appeared to advantage had she condescended to wear dark silks, blonde caps, and tolerably-sized bonnets, to walk a moderate pace, and to speak in a moderate tone. Miss Ogleby, however, was bent on playing the light-hearted, gay, fearless, juvenile beauty; the hair of her wig was drawn back so as completely to display the marks of time on her forehead, her thin arms fully displayed, not their whiteness and symmetry, but their want of them, through gauze or book-muslin sleeves; she adopted a tripping, playful walk, which ill-assorted with her frequent attacks of rheumatism; and her voice, which even in youth was more remarkable for loudness than for melody, had acquired that sort of sharp, dogmatical quickness, which is more fit for cross-examining a witness than for any office to which a lady's voice ought to be applied; her eyes, which were black, and remarkably large and bright, lost all attraction from the bold stare which characterised them; her teeth were in tolerable preservation, and if two of the front ones were of a more brilliant whiteness than the rest, it is nothing wonderful that inconsistencies should sometimes exist in the human mouth, when we consider how many are continually coming out of it.

Miss Ogleby had tried unremittingly to gain a husband from the age of sixteen, but her large share of forwardness completely neutralised the effect of her small share of beauty; she had, besides, no fortune in her youth; and when the death of an aunt put her in possession of a few hundreds a year, her faded person and unfeminine manners prevented her from receiving proposals, except from decided adventurers, whose motives she had sufficient shrewdness to detect, and whose overtures she had sufficient wariness and self-denial to reject. Miss Ogleby took the round of all the watering-places, and then pursued the plan of Lady Dainty in the comedy, who when she had gone through all the complaints of the day-book, went all through them again: at length, she was induced to take a house in the pretty, cheap, cheerful country town of Allingham; a country town is a delightful locality for an old maid. Gossip is as avowedly the great study and pursuit there, as the classics at Oxford, or the mathematics at Cambridge; and Miss Ogleby soon qualified herself to take a first degree in the science: whether she took honours or not I will not pretend to say; I do not myself consider that the science of gossip has any honours attached to it, but I am quite ready to allow that a great many people are of a contrary opinion. Miss Ogleby's chief pastime now consisted in match-breaking, and she certainly organized her plans very well; she did not frown contempt on the young girls of her acquaintance, censure their frivolities, and repulse their civilities; but she eagerly sought their society, joined in their amusements, and rallied them about their admirers; she constantly avoided at parties the sofa where sat the matrons—she never approached the card-table either as player or spectator, but took her seat by the piano, or stood by the bagatelle-board, generally indicating her position by her loud laugh and ready jest. Notwithstanding all these juvenilities, people did not believe Miss Ogleby to be young, but they said that she was remarkably fond of young people; now in this conclusion they were wrong, Miss Ogleby was *not* fond of young people, but she knew that her machinations against them would work much better if she appeared as their friend than as their foe, and took her measures accordingly. If a young man appeared disposed to admire a diffident girl, Miss Ogleby would immediately attach herself to her side, take the conversation completely out of her hands, answer every observation of the innamorato herself, and, under the veil of great protection and fondness, contrive to make the retiring fair one appear as a child and a cipher; if, on the contrary, the lover was timid, Miss Ogleby would, in the very first budding of his inclination, tell him that everybody said his wedding-day was fixed, ask where the honeymoon excursion was to be taken, and petition for bridecake. If a man of wealth seemed smitten with a penniless beauty, she would tell him that she understood he had offered to settle ten thousand pounds upon her, but that the lady's friends stood out for twenty, and that she begged to give her humble advice that they would split the difference and make it fifteen; if a prudent, careful man of small income formed an attachment, she would, with the utmost simplicity, eulogise to him the liberal ideas and noble spirit of his chosen fair one; and as all these observations were made with the most smiling hilarity, and she was

always on excellent terms with the girls whom she depreciated, it was impossible to prove, or even to believe, her guilty of wilful aspersion.

Miss Ogleby had formed an intimacy at Bath with Miss Malford, another old maid : she began to feel a great want of a confidante and coadjutor, and therefore wrote to her friend, extolling the advantages and recommendations of Allingham, and pressing her to come and settle there ; a pretty and cheap house near her own was to be disposed of, and Miss Malford soon took up her residence there. Miss Malford was three years younger than Miss Ogleby, but she had not like her the advantage of having ever been handsome ; she was decidedly deformed, and her countenance had that elfin, shrewd expression, which frequently exists in persons so afflicted ; and although not more ill-natured than her friend in reality, she had the character of being so, because, being much cleverer, she had a greater ability of saying sarcastic things. Her property was enough to keep her in independence, but not sufficient to be an indemnification for the unloveliness of her person and disposition.

One "poor gentleman," however, who was rapidly advancing to the end of the London season and his own finances, wrought himself up to the desperate resolution of making a proposal to Miss Malford. Feeling that this daring measure required the protection of numbers, he determined to make known his passion in some public place. He accompanied Miss Malford to the Exhibition at Somerset House ; but, alas ! the beautiful productions of innumerable delightful portrait-painters smiled and shone around him on every side, and he felt he could not profane the atmosphere of such forms of loveliness, by applying any expressions of admiration to the little, sallow, frowning spinster, hanging on his arm.

The next attempt was at the Adelaide Gallery, and he was actually on the point of making a proposal, when his liege lady inadvertently expressed a wish to be electrified : it was instantly complied with, and the force employed being greater than she had calculated upon, her starts and contortions made her appear so much more frightful than usual, that she lost the opportunity of receiving a far more gratifying electric shock in the shape of an offer of marriage !

The third act of the comedy or tragedy, call it which you will, took place at Madame Tussaud's wax-work. The hesitating suitor had accompanied Miss Malford and two of her friends thither in the evening ; the grand room was splendidly lighted up, and a band was playing "Love in the Heart ;" but, alas ! love was not in the heart of the unfortunate young man, he did not "own the soft impeachment." Presently, however, he entered with his party into the "room of horrors ;" a faint lamp burned dimly ; he looked at Miss Malford, she had never appeared to such advantage, her complexion was actually only a faint shade of primrose when compared to the yellow waxen effigy in the centre of the room ; and although her head was very ungracefully set upon her shoulders, it boasted at least one great superiority to the ghastly heads around her, from the circumstance of its being on her shoulders at all !

The lady and gentlemen of their party quitted the room, and the

rash suitor was on the point of pouring forth his passionate protestations, when Miss Malford stopped him by beginning to speak herself. A lady is proverbially anxious for the last word, it would be well sometimes if she were not equally anxious for the first. Miss Malford poured forth such a torrent of spiteful, sarcastic vituperation, against the lady who had just left the room—and whose only fault was that her prettiness and amiability seemed likely to make a conquest of the gentleman who was her escort—that the feelings of the poor suitor underwent a sudden revulsion: he looked around the room, the quietude and repose of the yellow figure were quite refreshing after the display of very disagreeable vivacity which he had witnessed; and although the heads were divorced from their shoulders, those little unruly members, the tongues, had become silent and innoxious in the process. The gentleman led Miss Malford from the room of horrors, still likely to remain Miss Malford, and returned to his peaceable, though humble lodgings, not a “sadder,” but certainly a “wiser man,” than when he contemplated the desperate expedient of enriching and enlivening them by the introduction of a shrewish wife.

Miss Malford was deeply hurt by his secession; she now began to despair of making conquests, and formed her character on the model of Bonnel Thornton’s “mighty good sort of woman;” she interfered in the affairs of families—made husbands discontented with their wives—put variance between parents and children—got gay nephews and saucy nieces scratched out of the wills of rich uncles and aunts—domineered over servants—and lectured poor people.

After her intimacy with Miss Ogleby, however, she became convinced that although there may be much pleasure in mischievous actions in the aggregate, that peculiar branch, which consists in match-breaking, seems most decidedly cut out for the vocation of the old maid; and when she was once settled at Allingham, she devoted all her energies to that one single great point. I will not relate the number of proposed matches which these well-assorted friends nipped in the bud or the blossom, during the first year of their residence at Allingham; but will hasten to introduce my readers to a very pretty young lady, who had the misfortune of falling under their especial ban. Allingham was a town which, on account of its fine air, reasonable provisions, and frequent gaieties, was considered a very desirable residence by persons of genteel habits and small fortunes; and Mrs. Stapleton, the handsome widow of an officer, deemed it an advantageous spot for herself and her only daughter, Rose, to settle in.

Rose Stapleton was about twenty years old, and a complete personification of youth in her appearance and motions; perhaps I may be considered to have been guilty of tautology in this sentence; but I know many girls whom I maintain have never been young—who are, and always have been, destitute of the sprightliness, elasticity, and freshness of youth. Such was not Rose Stapleton; she was remarkably pretty; and her beauty, on account of its decidedly bright and juvenile characteristics, was likely to be peculiarly objectionable to the sight of an old maid. She had a profusion of rich sunny ringlets,

intensely blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and scarlet lips, and teeth so brilliantly white, that Miss Malford said they afforded an infallible indication of consumption; the figure of Rose, however, had nothing consumptive about it, being somewhat below the middle size, and inclined to a degree of plumpness which might have injured its girlish air, had it not been counterbalanced by the light and sylph-like agility of her mien. Rose had also a smile so very sweet, as to give reason to suppose that her temper was equally so. Mrs. Stapleton was generally considered and denominated a worldly-wise woman; but I am of opinion that she was rather injured by the phrase; she had none of the cold, calculating policy, which usually appertains to such a character. She certainly wished and expected that her daughter should marry a wealthy man, and the exceeding personal attractions of Rose did not seem to render such a hope at all unreasonable; but she took no particular means to secure her point, save giving smiles and invitations to rich men, and cool receptions and averted looks to poor ones. She did not carry her beautiful Rose to display "her buskins gemmed with morning dew" in the early promenade of Cheltenham, or to "wave her golden hair" in the stirring breezes of Brighton.

Rose Stapleton was not educated or put forward for display; she neither acted charades, nor shot at archery meetings, nor officiated at fancy fairs, nor attitudinized in *tableaux*—she was simply an engaging unsophisticated girl, with a lovely face, moderate accomplishments, and a fine temper. Mrs. Stapleton showed one proof of strict attention to her daughter's matrimonial interests, which she considered to indicate great shrewdness on her part, but which in my opinion was decidedly the reverse. She did not permit Rose to form a close intimacy with any of the girls among her acquaintance, but as she felt that it would not be desirable to have her unaccompanied by female associates, she readily accepted the overtures of Miss Ogleby and Miss Malford to exceeding sociability. Mrs. Stapleton argued to herself, with what *she* considered the tact of a woman of the world, "If Rose be surrounded by young and attractive girls, the attentions of any one disposed to admire her will be divided, or perhaps even alienated; now, Miss Ogleby and Miss Malford are excellent foils, and although they are worthy kind creatures, no man in his senses who is a good match, would ever think of offering to either of them; then they are both very fond of Rose, and will be sure to draw her out, and speak highly of her if required, for she is young enough to be the daughter of either of them, and of course is quite out of the question as a rival."

Poor Mrs. Stapleton, she little knew the instinctive hatred felt by an old maid for a young beauty; she was a thoroughly good-natured woman, without the least taste for mischief, and would just as soon have thought of amusing herself in breaking matches, as in breaking china.

Rose also gave full credit to the protestations of friendship which she received from the spinsters: she and her mother both rather wondered that two or three gentlemen, who had seemed greatly to admire her, had never made any serious proposals to her; but they little

imagined that the constant spying, the officious intrusions, and the sly inuendos of their two dear friends, were the real cause of the apparent coolness and dilatoriness of the lovers. Had Rose selected young and pretty girls for her intimate associates, they would have been frequently sought for by beaux, who would have been anxious to become their partners in the dance, or their escorts in the rural walk, and they would have been too well employed and too well pleased to watch and circumvent all her proceedings; but Miss Ogleby and Miss Malford were always at hand to relieve guard with each other; they acted, in fact, the part of complete *duennas*, but poor Rose never suspected them to be such, since she was unable to picture a duenna abounding in compliments, tender phrases, and fair speeches. One of the favourite amusements of the people of Allingham was to join in pic-nic parties to some secluded and beautiful spot in the neighbourhood, and these pleasure-parties were often productive of anything but pleasure to the old, rheumatic, and ailing. They were generally fixed a week or ten days beforehand, and therefore, as weather in England is generally rainy if it is particularly wanted to be otherwise, it was no uncommon thing to see the whole party set out armed with umbrellas, and followed by servants laden with wrapping-cloaks and box-coats. Sometimes they made their way through thorny hedges to the peril and destruction of scarfs, veils, and drapery; sometimes they pursued the path of a slippery declivity, not unfrequently achieving the whole distance from top to bottom in a minute, at the slight expense of a spoiled dress, or a fractured limb, and they then refreshed themselves after their fatigues by sitting with their legs doubled up under them, in the fashion of a Turk or a taylor, upon the wet grass, eating cold delicacies from plates sliding on their laps, and maintaining a useless conflict with the wasps who hummed around them, attracted by the good cheer in which they abounded.

Now Rose was eminently qualified to appear to advantage at these pic-nics; she had unrivalled abilities at scrambling—she wore no finery which it could injure her temper or her spirits to get spoiled—she scarcely ever caught cold—she had a natural grace, which prevented her from appearing awkward, even in the doubled-up attitude fitted to a pic-nic board—and her beautiful complexion could triumphantly defy the most searching ordeal of a bright blazing July sun: add to these recommendations those of an exquisitely turned foot and ankle, and my readers will not be surprised that the firm of Ogleby and Malford deemed it particularly necessary to act as a shadow to Rose on every pic-nic party, lest any of the young men who were in the habit of frequenting them, should be so struck by the charms of Rose, and the combined delights of country seclusion, spreading trees, cold chickens, and champagne, as to put their admiration into the awful and tangible shape of an offer of marriage. Once Miss Ogleby got a sprained ankle by rapidly following Rose down some rude steps cut in a rock, where a young officer in the neighbourhood was tenderly conducting her, and Miss Malford had a severe cold and sore throat from insisting on sitting between her dear Rose and the handsome attorney of Allingham on the damp grass,

although chairs and camp-stools had been provided for the seniors of the company. The kind-hearted unsuspecting Rose went constantly to sit with Miss Ogleby, and read to her, till the sprained ankle grew well, and she was indefatigable in her presents of lozenges and black currant jelly to Miss Malford during the continuance of her sore throat; she would have softened the hearts of almost any other adversaries, but match-breakers have no hearts of their own, and their greatest pastime consists in probing and tormenting those of other people. An event was now to happen which converted the envious ill-will of those ladies towards the blooming Rose, into decided and malignant enmity. Every town has its great man, and Allingham had a very great man belonging to it. Sir Peregrine Dalling, a baronet of old family and large fortune, had a mansion a little way out of the town; he was about fifty-five years old, had high spirits, a loud voice, and a strong constitution; he was fond of the country, fond of field sports, and especially fond of embellishing and improving his beautiful residence, and therefore had about as great an aversion as Hawthorn, for

“That region of smoke,
That scene of confusion and noise,”

known by the name of London.

A country town is generally full of ladies, who are keenly alive to detect every symptom of a marrying man, provided such man be possessed of sufficient fortune to render a marriage with him desirable; but, strange to say, nobody ever suspected the possibility that Sir Peregrine might be inclined to marry. I rather think that I can assign a reason for this strange dulness. Sir Peregrine had been a widower five-and-twenty years, and during that time no one had ever heard a whisper of his predilections or flirtations; now, when an old bachelor falls in love, and wishes to marry, no one is ever astonished; it may be supposed that he is anxious to ascertain the effect of a strange and untried state of existence; but when a widower has remained wifeless through a long period of years, it may reasonably be conjectured, either that the good qualities of his deceased partner have wedded him to her remembrance, or that her bad ones have affrighted him from encountering the chance of a second edition of them in the person of a second wife. Accordingly, nobody attempted to entrap Sir Peregrine as a husband, although all were delighted to receive his lavish civilities and hospitalities as the master of a large income, and a large house. His parties were numerous, and his presents abundant; he was a kind-hearted, generous man, and as he did not see through the characters of our two spinsters, and was pleased with their attentive and obliging manners to him, gifts of fruit and game, and drives in his carriage, were frequently at their command, and as they really believed him unlikely to marry, they spoke no more than the truth when they designated him as “an excellent neighbour, and a great acquisition to Allingham.”

One morning, Sir Peregrine called on Miss Ogleby, and after some nervous hesitations, and divers twitchings of his hat, actually confided to her that he thought of again entering into the matrimonial state.

Miss Ogleby, who, to do her figure justice, was so upright as to be on the continual bridle, now bridled still higher; she bit her thin pale lips to make them look red, shook the long gold ear-rings in her ears, and artlessly sported with a drooping side ringlet of her wig; she could not doubt that his intention referred to herself.

"The object of my choice is your most intimate and highly-valued friend," pursued the baronet.

Miss Ogleby loosened her hold of her ringlet, and ceased to bridle; she bit her lip, however, more violently than ever; her most intimate and chosen friend was Miss Malford: could it be endured that her sister match-breaker should slyly have secured such an excellent and splendid match for herself?

"Dear Sir Peregrine," she said, "my very heart aches for you; Miss Malford has certainly forced herself into some degree of intercourse with me, but I do not know any one calculated to make a worse wife; her person is that of a malevolent old fairy, and her actions are not far different; she is the terror of her servants, whom she starves, suspects, and insults; the horror of the poor, to whom she never gives a shilling, her donations entirely consisting of lectures on the expediency of living on oatmeal and red-herrings, and the facilities of bringing up a family on ten shillings a week, and a perfect spirit of discord among her friends and acquaintance, who can trace most of their quarrels and misunderstandings to her mischievous instigations. Do, Sir Peregrine, consider twice before you place your happiness in the charge of such a woman."

"My dear Miss Ogleby," said the baronet, drily, "you give yourself needless pain. In respect to Miss Malford's bad qualities, I may reasonably be allowed to suppose that they must be counteracted by some powerful recommendations, else you could never be induced to indulge her with so much of your valuable society; but whether her qualities be bad or good can be of little consequence to me, except as a common acquaintance. I am on the point of endeavouring to gain the hand of another of your intimate friends, Rose Stapleton."

Miss Ogleby for a wonder was completely silenced by the excess of her consternation; had she been committing treason to her faithful and guiltless friend, Miss Malford? had she been exposing herself to the evident ridicule of Sir Peregrine? had she deprived herself of the opportunity of speaking against the vanity and levity of Rose, and the worldliness and cunning of Mrs. Stapleton? It was all too true; and while she was attempting to find some form of words, by which she could repair her unfortunate mistake, Sir Peregrine gaily smiled, bowed, and said "Good morning!" and the awful bang of the street-door informed her that he was gone to proffer wealth and honour, conservatories, ice-houses, green-houses, pineries, &c. to the little insignificant Rose Stapleton. Sir Peregrine, having a natural turn of mind for the ludicrous, and not being so enthusiastically in love as to deem it necessary to look pensive in the matter, actually laughed to himself as he pursued his way down the High Street. He had not intended to call on Miss Malford, but now the prospect of a repetition of his late amusement induced him to do so. He knocked at the door of the "malevolent old fairy," and was admitted.

"Miss Malford," said Sir Peregrine, I have just been calling on your charming, animated, and, I may add, lovely friend, Miss Ogleby. The cause of my visit I will not hesitate to own to you, her chosen intimate; in fact, I am convinced she will herself be able to inform you of it. For some time it has been my intention to marry again, and—and—" Sir Peregrine hesitated as if labouring under embarrassment, but Miss Malford had already seized on the idea he meant to convey; her habitual frown was increased three-fold, and her sallow complexion assumed a tint of deep yellow.

"Marry Miss Ogleby!" she exclaimed; "oh! Sir Peregrine—do not allow yourself to be so grievously deceived in a woman, whose face and manners are equally artificial and made up. You speak of her beauty and animation—she is a complete piece of mockery in both; the secret of the former is hid in the recesses of her toilette boxes; and as for the latter, her forced hysterical giggle is about as similar to the light-hearted laughter of youth, as the tones of a cracked hurdy-gurdy to the notes of the mounting lark; she is a sort of flying-fish, hovering between the old and the young, and disowned by both, and the affectation of juvenility which she displays in her dress and manner might excite our pity, were it not converted into contempt by the knowledge that her apparently superabundant spirits and hilarity, in reality, mask a dreadful temper. If you must marry a gay showy woman, Sir Peregrine, although, for my part, I think you had much better select a steady, well-informed, sober person, I would rather advise you to choose a wife who actually possesses the charms and vivacity of youth, than one who presents a melancholy withered caricature of them."

The violent phillippics of Miss Malford and Miss Ogleby against each other may be accounted for when we consider that they were very intimate friends; and it is immeasurably more provoking to behold an intimate friend called to honour than a stranger. The authoress of "*Our Village*" observes that "juxta-position is a great sharpener of rivalry," and this is seen in places as well as in persons. Brighton abhors the dulness of Worthing, and Worthing is scandalized at the dissipation of Brighton. Ramsgate used to be horrified at the vulgarity of Margate; and Margate, to retort on the stillness and formality of Ramsgate; but now, thanks to cheap steam-boat fares and the absence of pier-dues, Ramsgate rivals Margate in its promiscuous company, and they must both submit to bow their heads, "like a lily drooping," beneath the aristocratical sneers of Broadstairs. Hastings dilates on the unfinished buildings and uncomfortable aspect of St. Leonard's, and St. Leonard's satirizes the narrow streets and dingy lodging-houses of Hastings. In the same way, it is unspeakably trying to the temper of the generality of ladies to behold a cousin or particular friend contract a very advantageous marriage, although a mere acquaintance may form one much more so, without occasioning anything beyond a momentary thrill of envy and dissatisfaction.

But all this time Miss Malford is violently fanning herself with an immense antique green fan, and Sir Peregrine is maliciously suffering her to remain in suspense. At length he spoke. "My good lady,"

he said, "I never told you that I had been making an offer of marriage to Miss Ogleby, nor have I the least intention of doing so. I have the highest respect for your good sense and judgment," (here Miss Malford took off her spectacles, cleared her brow, and tried to look very amiable,) "and I am therefore most happy to tell you that I am going to do what you have recommended, namely, to unite myself to the reality of youth, beauty, and vivacity, instead of the mockery of them; by this time to-morrow, I hope to be the accepted lover of Rose Stapleton."

Sir Peregrine again performed a quiet exit, and Miss Malford was left, like her friend, to the torments of regret and mortification. Sir Peregrine, meanwhile, proceeded to Mrs. Stapleton's house, begged a private audience with that lady, and solicited in due form the hand of her beautiful daughter. Mrs. Stapleton was very much surprised and pleased; she assured the baronet, with truth, that he might rely on her consent and best exertions in his behalf, but she could not pretend to answer for Rose; and with some difficulty she prevailed on him to leave the house without an audience with his fair enslaver, since she felt aware that a little (or perhaps not a little) preparation, argument, and expostulation, must be expended on Rose, to induce her to receive the baronet as favourably as a young lady, possessing a dower of two thousand pounds, ought to receive a gentleman of seven thousand a year, who offers *carte blanche* as to settlements.

Rose and her mother had a long conversation that evening, and the result was creditable to both. Rose forcibly, but calmly and respectfully represented to Mrs. Stapleton the extent of the sacrifice which she should be making in accepting a partner for life so disproportioned to her in age, and so uncongenial to her taste, as Sir Peregrine; she professed herself happy and contented with her present situation, and promising never to marry without her mother's full consent and approbation, entreated that she would kindly suffer her in this and every other instance to exercise the privilege of rejection.

Mrs. Stapleton made some faint attempts to excite the ambition of Rose to be mistress of two carriages, a train of servants, and a service of plate; but the alternate tears and smiles of her beloved daughter prevented her from expressing herself with any severity, and a kind, courteous, but decided refusal, was conveyed to Sir Peregrine the following morning.

Next to the pleasure of accepting a baronet Mrs. Stapleton felt that the honour of rejecting one was to be reckoned, and she could not resist the temptation of calling on her friends the spinsters to relate the triumph of Rose's charms, and to deplore Rose's romantic determination of only marrying for love. They were delighted with the intelligence. Rose Stapleton's matrimonial prospects were still capable of being marred—she was not at present to be raised above the reach of their malice; besides, they felt no doubt that Sir Peregrine would resent her refusal of his proposals as warmly and deeply as an elderly gentleman usually resents the refusal of a juvenile beauty, and that the gaieties and festivities of the Hall would henceforth be withheld from Mrs. Stapleton and her daughter—no trifling deprivation, when it is considered that Sir Peregrine was frequently

in the habit of ranking stylish young men among his visitors. He was fond of the society of the young and cheerful of his own sex, and he never found any difficulty in obtaining it, having a capital pack of hounds, good preserves of game, a cellar of fine old wines, and a potent worker of culinary wonders, whom Miss Malford very delicately and scrupulously designated by the title of a *male* cook. Sir Peregrine, however, did not gratify the ill-nature of the spinsters by any indulgence of his own. The refusal of Rose was couched in terms of such gentleness, sweetness, and gratitude, that he was angry with himself instead of her, very candidly settled in his mind that he was "an old fool for his trouble," and that Rose deserved a much better husband. Accordingly, after a few embarrassed interviews, everything went on in its usual track, and the intimacy between Sir Peregrine and the Stapletons was neither more nor less than before the loss of his heart and the refusal of his hand took place. Sir Peregrine felt rather mortified that he had in the exuberance of his hopes confided the secret of his attachment to Miss Ogleby and Miss Malford, since he doubted not that they would industriously publish his disappointment through Allingham. Accordingly he determined to be beforehand with them, and related everywhere their misapprehension of his meaning, and their calumnious strictures on each other, in so jocose and humorous a style, that people forgot to laugh at him in their eagerness to laugh at the discomfiture of his confidantes. The spinsters were greatly annoyed at the publicity which this story gained. Neither of them much minded the knowledge of her friend's perfidy and double-dealing, for they rated their friendship for each other at precisely its real value—a bond of mutual convenience, and a means of enabling them more readily to annoy and mortify the rest of the world. Accordingly, as soon as they found out that they had nothing to fear from the rivalry of each other, they became as dear friends as ever, but they could not bear the idea that the whole town of Allingham should be as well aware as themselves of the slender and worthless tie that united them, and, like most persons fond of ridiculing others, they were keenly susceptible of ridicule in their own persons. They did not suspect Sir Peregrine of having been the circulator of the story; for they imagined that he would feel very tender in touching on the subject of his rejection, which was so closely connected with it; accordingly they imputed the whole of its publicity to Mrs. Stapleton and her daughter, and vowed revenge against them. Mrs. Stapleton, poor woman! with all her imputed worldliness, had no plans and manœuvres on her own account which they could hope to baffle; her peace of mind could only be reached through that of Rose, and a dozen times a day did the match-breakers wish that they could see Rose Stapleton warmly and devotedly attached, and have the felicity of placing insurmountable obstacles between herself and her lover.

About three months after these events a young man of the name of Saville, of pleasing person and gentlemanly, although rather shy and distant manners, came on a visit to Sir Peregrine. In Saville's early life there was nothing either interesting or eventful; his family was respectable, but far from rich, and at an early age his friends pro-

cured him a situation in the India House, where he devoted the bloom of his youth and (literally as well as figuratively) the light of his days, to a series of dull monotonous duties, receiving the remuneration of a small income, which, however, had the recommendation of increasing ten pounds every year; and those who have known what it is to be many pounds the worse at the end of the year, may allow that there is some satisfaction in the certainty of being even ten pounds the better. Saville also had received a few lifts from the deaths of his seniors in the course of twelve years, and at the age of thirty had an income which his friends considered a very pretty one; but he pathetically replied that it was not enough to marry upon, and as thirty was a very suitable age for marrying, it was a pity that he had not an income to match with it.

If I were inclined to digressions, (and, by the bye, I am naturally very much inclined to them, although I exercise my self-denial in keeping the evil propensity in subjection,) I could make a digression of several pages on the subject of the phrase "an income sufficient to marry upon." It is just as difficult to define as that other mysterious phrase, "a lady of a certain age." I once knew a young lady (portionless moreover) who made a great merit of her condescension in accepting the addresses of a gentleman with three thousand a year, because, she observed, she was remarkably fond of a town life, and although three thousand a year was a pretty income for the country, it would be a paltry stipend in London! I also read in the biography of a very excellent man, a love-letter which he addressed to the lady to whom he was engaged, in which he prudently warned her that, as their united incomes would only amount to fifty-five pounds a year, she must not set her heart on the vanities and luxuries of life. There are many intermediate gradations on which I could enlarge, but not to keep my readers in suspense, I will inform them that Saville's income at the time of which I am speaking was exactly four hundred a year.

Saville was not particularly popular with the ladies; although his feelings were warm, his manners were reserved; and although he was sensible and well-informed, he was deficient in off-hand conversation and showy accomplishments. A certain Miss Anna Maria Riley, however, the sixth of a family of ten unmarried daughters, won his heart, and received his attentions most kindly and favourably—told him that she could never love but once, and had never loved before—that she was an excellent manager—that she despised money—that she had no wants, and that she thought four hundred a year a very ample income. Saville was enchanted at her affection, moderation, and disinterestedness, and the relations on both sides had been spoken to on the subject, when suddenly a wealthy portly citizen, knowing nothing of what had happened, proposed for Miss Anna Maria. She wrote an immediate answer of acceptance to him, sent a farewell letter to Saville, telling him that she had resolved on sacrificing herself for the good of her family, and immediately drove to a fashionable milliner's at the west end of the town, where her nine sisters ordered nine blue silk dresses and nine white satin hats, decorated with nine forget-me-not garlands, and where she herself ordered—more things than I will

weary the patience of my readers by enumerating. In one respect she was consistent; she had always told Saville that she despised money, and no one who witnessed her lavish expenses at the milliner's could have doubted the fact!

Saville rated the loss of this unfeeling, mercenary girl at a much higher value than she deserved. He had a serious illness in consequence, and when he recovered, betook himself to the monotonous labours of his vocation, fully resolved to forswear "the light that lies in woman's eyes" for ever. An unexpected event, however, was to occur. An eccentric distant relation of Saville's died, and bequeathed to him the whole of his large fortune. Anna Maria had been some time married, otherwise she would undoubtedly have owned the omnipotence of her early love, even at the church-door; but Mrs. Riley overwhelmed him with invitations to family-dinners and carpet-dances in Guildford Street, and told him that Mary Jane, her seventh daughter, was far prettier, cleverer, and more amiable than ever Anna Maria had been, and that it had always been her own private opinion that Mary Jane was ten times better suited to him as a wife. Saville, however, resolutely repulsed the advances, not only of Mary Jane, but of fifty Fannys and Louisas of his acquaintance, who appeared resolved to atone for all their former coldness and indifference by the extreme of attention and kindness. He absolutely blushed for the whole sex, when he was oppressed by the invitation-cards and kind looks and speeches of the mothers and daughters who, a few months before, had shunned him as a nonentity or cut him as a detrimental. He felt a thorough contempt and distaste for them all, and was only anxious to get out of their way. He had given up his situation in the India House, and therefore had no tie to London, and felt much tempted to accept a warm invitation to stay at the country seat of Sir Peregrine Dalling, to whom he had been introduced at a friend's house. Accordingly he wrote to the worthy baronet, telling him all his circumstances and feelings, and all his dread of mercenary and husband-hunting beauties, and earnestly requested that he would never mention to any one at Allingham the secret of his newly-acquired wealth, or the resignation of his situation, but would simply introduce him as what he lately was, a young man who had been labouring for twelve years to gain four hundred per annum in the India House.

The baronet laughed heartily at the delicate and nervous susceptibility of his young friend, but promised secrecy, and as Allingham was a hundred miles from London, and Saville was not in a rank of society to have his changes of fortune and situation chronicled in the newspapers, it appeared likely that he would enjoy his wish of being considered as a poor man by the "womankind" of the neighbourhood.

HOT BATHS, THEIR EFFECTS AS PREVENTIVES OF DISEASE.

BY RICHARD BURKE, M.D.

THE employment of hot baths, upon which medical advice is now so rarely sought, and as some suppose, required, is a subject upon which some useful popular observations may be offered. To account for the narrow limits within which they have been absurdly confined by vulgar prejudice, either as remedial agents in the removal of disease, or preventive ones, in maintaining the healthy functions of the skin, is a question of some difficulty. Few, if any, of the unmedical public, view them in any other light than that of luxuries. To a certain extent they are so, but they have additional claims to our attention, as some of the most valuable means we possess of keeping up a healthy cutaneous exhalation, upon the constant and never-ceasing action of which, depend many of the functions of organic life. All agree that they are luxuries; but if the medical man go a step further, then they instantly part company. The public idea of medical agency is derived from substances only, which make powerful, sensible impressions, as Hunt's or Morison's pills, and regard as mere placebos, those whose operation is insensible.

If we consider the extent of secreting surface which the skin presents, and reflect upon the quantity of fluid lost daily by transpiration, which Lavoisier and Seguin have shown to be about six pounds four ounces and six drachms, in twenty-four hours, we may form some idea of the value of hot baths in maintaining the healthy functions of cutaneous exhalation. A reference to the difference between the solids and fluids of the human body, will aid us much in this, the latter being to the former as about nine to one. This has been ascertained to a degree approaching mathematical accuracy. An eminent French physician placed a dead body, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds, in an oven, and found, on reweighing it, after being exposed for many days to a very high temperature, that it weighed only twelve pounds. Travellers have described the lightness which bodies exhibit, that have been placed for any time in the burning sands of Arabia.

The skin of the human body has been described as consisting of three distinct structures or layers—the cuticle, cutis, and rete mucosum. This last was first demonstrated by Malpighi; but later anatomists have been unable to discover it in any but negroes, in whom it is the peculiar seat of colour. The cuticle is the outermost, insensible in structure, varying in thickness in different parts of the body, and is produced by the cutis, which nature intended it should protect from disagreeable impressions. It is perforated by a variety of openings for the secretion and passage of the hair, and through which some allege cutaneous absorption takes place. During health the cuticle is observed to throw off a scurfy matter, which, when the

body is kept clean, generally escapes our notice; but which, if allowed to accumulate by neglect of bathing, soon produces some of the worst forms of cutaneous disease.

The cutis is the particular tissue upon the healthy condition of which depends the separation of the perspirable matter of the blood, any interruption to which is soon followed by disease of one kind or another. Whenever we find the cutaneous secretion allowed to accumulate, the little openings of the cutaneous follicles become dark, and the skin presents a mottled appearance inclining to black. The functions of this membrane are many, and of great importance in the preservation of health. It secretes the perspirable matter, and preserves and supports the cuticle, is concerned in the supply of the sebaceous follicles, and gives support to the hair.

With these brief remarks upon the membrane which covers our bodies, and the important functions which it performs, I shall now allude more directly to some of the advantages arising from the employment of hot baths, and their influence upon our system, through the medium of the skin. I have already shown the gross amount of loss which the body suffers by transpiration. If by any neglect we allow any accumulation of uncleanness to collect on this membrane, and let us be ever so attentive, much will accumulate, which we may fairly consider as other than healthy exhalation; the pores which are destined to carry off this fluid become obstructed, and this excrementitious matter is either thrown back upon the system, or becomes a local irritant where the interruption to its egress exists. Let us suppose even a partial suppression of this transpiration, and limit it to a few ounces daily, and with thousands who have never enjoyed the luxury of a hot bath, this is below the average, and sum up at the end of a month, to say nothing of years, the gross amount of excrementitious matter thus forced back upon the circulating fluids of life, and the wonder will be, not that we see so many miserable objects around us wherever we turn, but that people enjoy even tolerable working health, which is the medium standard of this large city. This matter, no longer able to exhale through the skin, by reason of the obstruction which has been allowed to accumulate on the surface of our bodies, is forced back upon the circulation, deteriorates the nutritious fluids of life, disturbs the absorption along the alimentary canal, the kidneys, liver, and other important organs become affected, structured disease sets in with all its frightful sequels, and the unhappy sufferer is henceforth consigned to his pill at night, and draught in the morning, to which, for his few remaining years, he is indissolubly wedded. That this is no air-drawn fancy, will at once appear, if we consider the motley substances which pass off from our bodies by transpiration. Thenard, in his analysis, states, that whatever form the perspirable matter assumes, it is composed of water, acetic acid, muriate of soda, potash, earthy phosphate, oxide of iron, and animal matter, together with an oily matter, and carbonic acid.

It is said that Egypt enjoyed an immunity beyond all other countries, from the disease, asthma, which has been ascribed to the constant use of the bath; and Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans owed nearly all their robust health to bathing, in the winter using hot,

in the summer cold baths. The wisdom and humanity of the Oriental legislators and philosophers, was in nothing more conspicuous than in the rigour with which they enforced the use of baths. In this way they neutralized, in a great measure, many of the evils which the absence of some of our modern luxuries must necessarily have created. We are not yet sufficiently acquainted with all the functions which a healthy skin performs. It may be an exciting texture for the elicitation of a certain quantity of fluid, totally independent of the concurrence of external agents, as we know the urinary and other organs are.

Baths are used in a state of health, for the purposes of cleansing the skin, so as to facilitate the exhalation of perspirable matter; sometimes too, as a means of refreshing the general system. To lay down any degree of temperature which would be an universal standard, would be absurd, until we can first equalize the universal constitution of man; but, in general, we may consider that degree of heat as the most suitable, which on each individual produces an agreeable impression over the entire frame. Here every one is supplied with an infallible thermometer—his own feelings. If it produce a painful sensation, it is an unerring proof that it is ill-suited to the system. Pain is a kind of watch or guardian, which nature has set over us to warn us against the application of things injurious to our well-being. There are many whose ideas of hot baths are regulated by the height to which the mercury rises in the thermometer, and who consider the range from ninety-six to ninety-eight as the average height. To people of robust warm temperaments, this may feel hot, but to another class it would certainly feel cold. With the latter class, the best thermometer is their own comfortable sensations, for whatever be the degree of heat, only one of two sensations can occur, heat or cold.

That hot-baths are useful only when a copious perspiration is required, is a popular, but vulgar error. It is true we find them ordered, in combination with sudorific medicines, to promote their action; but this is only one of the many uses to which they may with advantage be directed. We have all, at one time or other experienced their refreshing effects in warm weather; but which, by a strange mode of reasoning, is ascribed to the increased perspiration which they are supposed to occasion. A more philosophical explanation is understood to be, that the effect of a warm bath upon the tissues of the body, is to relax and expand them—a state unquestionably easier than that of tension, which always induces fatigue; for, however relaxed and exhausted the system may be by warm weather, there is always a degree of tension necessary to keep up muscular action in the business of life. In particular states of body, the relaxing power of a hot bath acts indirectly as a tonic, by restoring the healthy play of functions. It is not going too far, perhaps, to suppose the body may derive some support from the bath, for its action is in a degree a-kin to sleep. Bruce states in his travels that he found the hot bath refresh him more than the cold.

The first sensation on going into a hot bath, is that of an agreeable heat, diffused over the entire surface of the body, which is soon

communicated to the internal organs ; the blood, and other fluids, become expanded, the skin is relaxed, and throws off its excrementitious particles, the action of the heart and arteries is slackened, and a state approaching sleep ensues. Many functions are performed with increased activity. Cuticular absorption is augmented to such a degree that the body is found to acquire an increase of weight by remaining some time in a hot bath. Falconer says that the absorption is as much as forty-eight ounces in an hour. That substances enter the system when dissolved in the bath, hath been frequently proved, and detected in the several excretions.

Every age, sex, temperament, and variety of constitution, may derive benefit from a prudent use of the hot bath. Nothing restores so quickly the tranquillity of the nervous system in particular states of excitement. Its duration must always depend on the condition of the person taking it. If it be not warm enough, and the person do not remain long enough in it, that general relaxation is not established upon which depends, in a great degree, the tranquil state which I have already described ; for on first going into it, there is a gentle stimulus communicated to the surface which extends inwards, so that unless we remain in the bath until this subside, we derive but little benefit from its employment.

Baths have so often been prescribed, and the time for remaining in them so short, that there is some excuse for the neglect into which they have fallen. I have sometimes been inclined to look on hot baths as a kind of holy well, brimful of some *aqua mirabilis*, into which the unhappy patient pops, to come forth with the rapidity of a harlequin, *alter et idem*, exclaiming, as the man in the French play, "Il doit être bien bon parceque je n'y comprends rien." It is needless to say that, taken in this way, little good can be expected. There is, however, danger on the other side, and we must take care that, while avoiding Scylla, we do not run into Charybdis. Our neighbours, the French, direct them to be continued as long as an hour. There are few cases, I think, where such a course can be safely pursued. The evils resulting from this course are many—great debility attended with a sinking, loss of appetite, and a disturbance in the intellectual functions. In the bath we experience none of these, and for this reason : the excessive heat gives increased expansion to the blood, which, by its stimulus of distension, in addition to its other properties, keeps up the vigour or action of the system, which is aided considerably by the inclined position, and renders us insensible, whilst in the bath, to the great loss sustained by transpiration ; but on emerging from the bath we soon feel it. The blood, by the action of the cold air, is instantly compressed in volume, and no longer able to keep up the action which, before its loss by transpiration, it had done. In this way they are powerful sedatives ; but if the sedative effect be the only object sought, we have other and more powerful means. By some they are directed for the removal of certain deposits from the skin, by others to keep up a free passage for cutaneous transpiration. I am strongly disposed to believe that baths, by simply cleansing the skin, perform a more important part in the economy of life than is generally supposed. Every one knows that human life cannot be maintained

without atmospheric air. Its effects are produced, as is commonly supposed, in the lungs, by parting with its oxygen to the blood, which in return gives off carbonic, either as an educt or product. In addition to this, may not the air in contact with the surface of our body act an important part here? Edwards has shown that fishes live by decomposing the air in the medium in which they float, and when there is no longer any oxygen, they raise their mouths above the surface of the water, and swallow a certain quantity of air, which, passing along the membrane of the alimentary canal, acts through that membrane on the blood, as if it had acted on the blood in the ordinary way. The mucous membrane of the alimentary canal differs from the cuticle, or external covering of our skin, only in the greater solidity of the latter. A more intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of life in the lower order of animals, would show us that the application of atmospheric air to the surface of our bodies is more intimately connected with the complex phenomena of life than is generally imagined. In some of them respiration is so imperfect that it is impossible to account in any way for the action of air which is so necessary to existence, than through the medium of the skin. Edwards has shown that frogs and salamanders carbonize air by their surface, and that when the lungs are removed they live indefinitely in aerated water, but if no air be allowed access to the skin, they then die. In this way turtles and lizards, even when the heart is removed, live a long time by the action of the air on their surface.

There is little doubt but a proper attention to the cleanliness of the skin would greatly mitigate the severe form which the almost annual epidemics assume amongst us. In this view I am supported by the prevailing practice generally combining diaphoretics under one form or another. When positive cutaneous disease does not exist, or where we do not require a powerful diaphoretic effort, simple ablution in hot water is all that is absolutely necessary to maintain the healthy cuticular transpiration, but the charms which medicated waters exercise over even enlightened minds lead to the belief, that until questions of this nature, upon which so much of the real happiness of society depends, are placed in a popular form before the public, it must be content to take up with that share of health which nostrum-venders choose to dole out.

BLOCKADE OF THE ISLAND OF CURACOA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES."

EARLY in the present century the Hon. John Murray was entrusted by the vice-admiral commanding in chief on the Jamaica station with his Majesty's frigate *La Fortune* and two eighteen-gun sloops, in addition to his own frigate *La Franchise*, for the purpose of capturing the island of Curaçoa, then a Dutch settlement, lying off the Spanish Main, and which the commodore pledged himself to subject to the British crown in a given space of time. It was my good or ill fortune (I have hardly made up my mind which) to be first lieutenant of one of these sloops. The proclamation of blockade was made in the *Jamaica Gazette*, and notice given to brother Jonathan that any vessels found within a certain distance of the island would be subject to capture; but this did not check the philanthropy of our Yankee friends, who could not brook the idea of people being starved on compulsion, and very charitably used every means in their power to counteract our cruelty by sending them provisions at five hundred per cent. increased cost. Commodore Murray, finding that the strictest blockade did not effect his purpose, and that the governor and his garrison, with true Dutch obstinacy, chose to live on without showing the least symptom of surrendering to his Majesty's forces, now adopted the novel mode of landing a destroying party, from fifty to one hundred men, generally commanded by the first lieutenant of one of the squadron, with orders to burn everything intended for human food, shoot down all kinds of cattle, leaving the glorious sun to complete the work of spoliation; and to cross the island in the most rapid manner, by seizing all the horses in our line of march; and part of the squadron moved round to re-embark the destroying party after they had accomplished the good they had been sent to do. The Dutch boor of a governor could not see the humanity of these proceedings, and wilfully shut his eyes to the advantages to be gained in becoming part of the great British empire. He, with unparalleled impudence, denominated our gentle proceedings the acts of buccaneers, and informed our commodore that he would hang up on Fort Amsterdam, as a pirate, every Englishman caught in these destroying parties.

The following night the first lieutenant of *La Fortune* with his party of lambs, being busily employed in this work of destruction, were surprised by the Dutch commodore, at the head of his flying camp, about one hundred men, selected from the crews of their frigates in the mole, and kept encamped in the centre of the island under this active commander, for the express purpose now effected. Our party, only half their number, flew to their boats, leaving thirteen of their rear-guard prisoners, in the hands of their exasperated enemy. As no doubt existed of Mynheer the governor fulfilling his humane determination of making the innocent pay the penalty of the guilty, I was

ordered away at midnight, with fifty men, under the guidance of a Dutch renegade, named Horsica, to seize all the principal men I could catch, to answer with their lives for those of our captured men. The first estate pointed out by that most exemplary traitor, Mynheer Horsica, was surrounded by our men, and a seizure of ten horses effected, upon which we mounted the officers and worthy guide, forming a small body of cavalry. The master of the mansion, with his wife, were declared to be in the town of Amsterdam. The house was of the superior order; and the mate of the *Fortuna*, who most probably was seeking plunder, with great glee informed me, that in a small room he had discovered three young ladies, daughters of the owner, endeavouring to secrete themselves. With the utmost speed, knowing the tender mercy of my lambs, (something like Colonel Kirk's,) I hastened to save them, and found the two younger sisters clinging to their elder ones, apparently about seventeen, and all of them in my eyes beautiful, half dressed, and frantic with terror. I saw some rudeness had been offered by the gazing and armed ruffians around them, and ordered them to draw up outside the house, in marching order, at the same time desiring Mr. Smart, the aforesaid mate, to put himself at their head. To this he demurred, and proposed the ruin of these unfortunate innocents. With some difficulty I disarmed the monster, and caused him to be bound to the back of one of my mounted sailors. The poor girls, who had fallen with fear at the angry altercation and clashing of naked sabres, now crawled towards me, and on their knees watered my hands with their tears, bestowing many kisses on them. It is one of the few good and redeeming actions of my life, and to which I have often, in the hour of peril, turned with pleasure, that I used my best endeavours to soothe the terrors of these pretty innocents, and left them, as far as regarded us, in security and comparative happiness.

Horsica, whose angry passions were roused by the escape of the master, to whom I judged him no friend, advised, and in some measure commanded me to fire the house and out-buildings; but in the frame of mind I was then in I would sooner have burnt myself, and with considerable pleasure, his ugly carcase, whose visage would not have disgraced the devil, displaying all the bad passions supposed to originate in that important personage. "Close your files and move forward in quick time." And with Horsica I rode to the head of our cavalry. He advised a rapid movement on the next house, a large farm-establishment, from which we put in requisition twenty more horses, with the respectable farmer and his two manly sons.

Morning dawned, and displayed our grotesque cavalry, for all the sailors had mounted, and were not contemptible horsemen. We had eight Dutch prisoners and Smart, the mutineer, to guard, with the dread of the Dutch commodore and his flying camp. Horsica said, a burgomaster, highly respected and of great note, lay on our route to the boats, and if we caught him the lives of our captured seamen were safe. "Here is his mansion," pointing to a good-looking house not far distant, and we closed upon it at a hard gallop.

"Surround the house, and let no one pass," called I to my mate, and with Horsica and two seamen rode through a very pretty garden

to the outer door. To repeated raps from our pikes, an upper window opened, and the head of a female, somewhat in a disordered state, was thrust out. To Horsica's peremptory demand for instant admission a scream of fright from the demoiselle was our reply.

"Time presses," said Horsica, "force the door,"—and a post was instantly torn from its situation and propelled with great violence, as a battering-ram, against it; three sturdy blows—bolts, bars, and hinges gave way, and Horsica, with myself, and two orderlies, burst into a good-sized room, or hall, the bottom of which was composed of handsome Dutch tiles. As we had naked sabres in our hands, with pistols in our belts, it was very natural that the half-dressed domestics should fly in all directions; but Horsica intercepted an old woman in her flight, and on pain of instant death compelled her to point out her master's bed-chamber. Her exclamations and entreaties not to enter were in some measure ludicrous. Horsica explained to me that she said her master, Mynheer (*something*), had brought home a fair young bride from Amsterdam only the previous evening, and urged upon us the impropriety of entering the bridal chamber.

"Call to him, Horsica," said I, "to come forth, and surrender himself."

"And lose him, for our pains," said the ruffian, as he threw himself with violence against the door, that acknowledged his power by giving a free entrance.

A tall genteel-looking youth, in the act of arming himself, met my view. He was agitated and pale, dropped the sword he was drawing, pointed one hand to the bed, in which lay his bride, and raised the other with an air of entreaty to Horsica. I caught a glimpse of a fair hand and arm, throwing the sheet over her face, as unable to bear the view of armed men in her bridal chamber. To the young Dutchman's demand of what we wanted, Horsica replied, "*Himself*, as hostage for the lives of thirteen English seamen, held by the governor under sentence of death, according to his proclamation."

"I am a non-combatant," said the youth, "and not answerable for the governor's conduct."

Horsica pointed to his military accoutrements. "It is the militia, merely to enforce order, and protect us against our slaves." Horsica said fiercely, "This is trifling! Secure him with the other prisoners."

And as our stout orderlies proceeded to bind his arms behind his back, his lovely young wife, conquering her sex's fears in the extremity of her distress, threw herself at Horsica's feet. He roughly repulsed her, and pointed to me, as the nominal commander. I never yet could resist gentle woman's pleading eye, and least of all then, that I saw this lovely girl at my feet, her light auburn tresses partly shading the beauty of her strongly agitated and heaving bosom, her blue eyes fixed on mine with such an imploring look of anguish, and entreating for mercy: I did not understand the language she uttered, but the soft voice in which it was conveyed went directly to my heart, while the natural grace of her movements, *graceful because they were natural*, her unaffected terror, conquered by her affection for her youthful lord, spoke eloquently without words.

"Horsica," said I, in strong agitation, "I cannot consent to the slaughter of this interesting creature's youthful husband."

"And yet you will to the murder of thirteen of your countrymen. I will not accompany any other party commanded by a boy—this business requires men. If this man is liberated, I shall instantly return to the commodore, and tell him that the tears of a woman are estimated more than the lives of your comrades."

This uttered in a harsh tone checked my romantic feelings, particularly as I was fully alive to the importance of the prisoner. "Then," said I, "speak in a consoling tone to this afflicted girl. O that I could make her understand me!—Say, her husband is in no danger, and will be tenderly treated," and I took her fair hand to call her attention to Horsica. What he said I know not; but the tones it was uttered in grated on my hearing, and produced a wild hysterical scream, with a frantic movement, to clasp her husband. The orderlies, who had bound the youth's arms, would have repulsed her, had I not called out in a loud tone, "*Monsters, desist!*" and I hastened to unbind his arms, with which he clasped his beautiful and youthful bride.

"Oh, *myn Godt*," said Horsica, "the boy is mad!—seize, and bind *that prisoner* to the *stoutest man that rides*," and drawing near me he hoarsely said, "Will you load your soul with the murder of thirteen comrades, disobey your orders, and lose your commission for a woman?"

I felt the good sense of this remark, though it grated harshly on the excited state of my mind, and I closed my hand on my eyes to shut out this cruel scene. The devoted and affectionate girl was in an instant at my feet, embracing my knees, and watering my hands with her innocent tears, and I shamed my manhood by letting mine fall on her lovely head. The infernal hideous voice of Horsica, "All is ready," roused me to my duty, and as I tore myself from her grasp her maddening shrieks harrowed up every tender feeling in my heart, and pulling my hat over my eyes, I sprang upon my horse, and ordered a forward movement in double quick time. We reached the boats, that fortunately had just touched the beach, in time to prevent the fierce attack of the Dutch commodore's flying camp, whose vanguard hove in sight as our rear-guard re-embarked. I threw myself into La Fortune's barge with the prisoner, Smart, who came ashore in her as her officer, and now, with his arms bound, faced me from the bow of the boat. He maintained a dogged and sullen silence, which accorded well with my frame of mind. As Horsica had urged on me the necessity of shooting the horses that had rendered us such good service, and some angry altercation ensued, the whole of the prisoners under his charge went off to La Franchise in the commodore's barge, the young burgomaster, looking peculiarly mournful at parting with me, his only friend. Arrived on board La Fortune, Captain Vansittart inquired with great surprise the cause of his mate's degradation, and on my explaining his conduct, expressed the greatest horror and detestation.

"Wait till we have made sail,"—for the signal was flying on board the commodore, to hoist in the boats, and make all sail;—"and I will

teach him a lesson that he shall long remember. Mr. Evans," addressing his clerk, "disrate Mr. Smart to landsman," and to the first lieutenant—"When the signal is obeyed turn the hands up for punishment, and I will give that monster five dozen."

I afterwards heard he punctually performed his promise. I begged for the jolly-boat to drop me on board *La Franchise*, for I felt most anxious to interest the commodore for my young friend, the burgomaster. This request was complied with, and I stepped on board *La Franchise* as she bore up for Fort Amsterdam, having directed the *Rein Deer*, by signal, to cruize to windward of the island.

THE EXECUTION.

So many years have elapsed that memory's log does not enable me to describe precisely the person of the Honourable John Murray, (whose sister, Lady Augusta, was married to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex,) but I remember well, that on entering the cabin of *La Franchise*, a tall slender gentleman, much emaciated in person, and looking in extreme ill-health, rose from the easy-chair, in which he had been reclining in his dressing-gown, and with courtly address answered my bow, saying, "You are the officer, I presume, who commanded last night's party on shore."

I again bowed, (affirmatively;) he resumed his seat, and motioned me to take one near him.

"I am far from well," said he, "and very weak, which must be my apology for any seeming rudeness."

This was unnecessary, for a more finished gentleman, with polished urbanity and suavity of manner, it had never been my good fortune to meet.

"From Horsica's report, I judge your feelings were *too* susceptible for the irksome duty imposed on you."

"I hope, Captain Murray," I rejoined, "that I carried your intentions into execution in the most lenient manner that circumstances would permit. Horsica's advice appeared to me to spring from the disposition of a demon; and I feel assured, not only from your appearance, but from the high character for humanity you bear, that were you, sir, in my place, you would have acted in a similar manner."

He replied, "At your age I should. My remarks are far from intending to convey any censure; on the contrary, I highly approve of the feelings you evinced, and have liberated the youngest of your prisoners, on his promise to put the burgomaster's and other letters in possession of the governor in two hours. I have also addressed him, with official information, that those the fortune of war has placed in my power shall be hanged in sight of Fort Amsterdam, at the hour of noon, that is, should but one English prisoner suffer death in accordance with the proclamation the governor had communicated to me."

"O sir! would that you had been pleased to have made the youth-

ful burgomaster the messenger, perhaps it might have saved from madness a lovely and most interesting female. Had you witnessed the agony of this picture of innocence and youthful beauty, as with clasped hands and streaming eyes she knelt at my feet, and with all the devoted and intense affection of woman's heart, implored for the safety of her youthful husband. Captain Murray," I pursued, "had the world's welfare depended on his death, you would have liberated him."

The commodore here leaned his face on his hand, which prevented me from reading his mild and benignant countenance; but I saw, from the excited state of his nerves displayed by his agitation, that he was strongly affected; and being warmed, I went on to state the unutterable misery and agony of grief that she was now suffering, concluding with the following appeal.

"Captain Murray, I have faintly portrayed what I have seen; but for your future peace of mind, and for your soul's sake, harm not that young man's life."

The commodore raised his head with a slight look of surprise, sighed very heavily, and motioned me to ring the bell. He seemed near fainting, and his servant presented a restorative draught. He again bowed to me, which I construing into dismissal, rose, and with a low obeisance retired, heartily glad that I was not loaded with the same heavy responsibility that preyed so much on his susceptible mind.

I found the squadron under a crowd of sail, standing for Fort Amsterdam, distance three leagues, with the exception of the Rein Deer, who had hauled her wind, and with tack and half tack, took short boards to windward of the island, to watch our American brothers. Accosting a fine young man, who was officer of the watch, I asked if it was his opinion, from his knowledge of his captain, that he could have the heart to hang up eight innocent men.

"I have no doubt of their execution, should a single Englishman die by the governor's order, even if Murray's heart broke in witnessing it."

"It will be an act of hellish cruelty," replied I, "and call down from just heaven the vengeance of the Most High upon all the aiders and abettors in this most direful tragedy."

"I do not see, sir," said the young officer, "how the commodore can abandon thirteen men to a shameful death for obeying his orders. He is a humane man, an excellent officer, and one of great determination; he has worn out a strong constitution in blockading this abominable island, and, in my opinion, is seriously ill."

The lieutenant was right. Captain Murray died in ten days, evincing, in the agonies of death, his love for his country, by ordering his body to be buried in a sand-bank off Curaçoa, well knowing that his frigate could not be spared to convey it to Jamaica.

"Can I see the prisoners, Mr. Fleming?" approaching the first lieutenant.

"Undoubtedly, sir; show the officer to the Dutch prisoners."

And I descended to the gun-room, where they were surrounded by sentinels, and attended by the chaplain, who addressed them in the

French language, of which the burgomaster had sufficient knowledge to make himself understood. They all looked worn down by mental suffering; and as the burgomaster placed a lock of his hair in my hands, he earnestly made me promise to have it conveyed to his young and lovely bride, with information that his dying thoughts should alone be fixed on her whom he hoped to meet in another and a better world. I wanted comfort myself, therefore had none to bestow on him, poor youth! but ascended the deck in time to see this smart frigate furl her sails, come to anchor, and square her yards, making the signal for the squadron to do the same in close order. A shot from the mole, and one from the fort, proved us to be just out of reach of fire, but near enough to observe all passing on Fort Amsterdam, where the Dutch troops were drawn up in military parade, with the English prisoners in the centre of their square. The Dutch governor and his staff were on horseback in the fort, and masses of people congregated about it. All eyes turned on the British squadron, as they displayed the flag that had braved the battle and the breeze. The commodore hoisted a white one at the fore, and fired a gun; his gig then left the frigate with a truce flag in her bow, and a lieutenant in full uniform, bearing letters to the Dutch governor from Captain Murray, and his prisoners. As the Dutch boat received our truce-flag, our commodore, followed by the squadron, struck his flags and pendant half-mast, as mourning the necessity, and made the signal for the boats, manned and armed, to attend the punishment of death. At the same time eight yard-ropes were rove, and the carpenter's axe and hammer might be heard fitting the platforms over each cat-head. Shocked at these preparations, I obtained their jolly-boat, and returned on board my own ship, where all eyes were turned on the Dutch governor, upon whose fiat depended twenty-one lives. They had erected two triangles, on which lay a beam with thirteen halters displayed. The Dutchman and his staff, with spy-glasses, were keen observers of the squadron; and our commodore, with great tact, put his ships in mourning, tolled the bell as a passing knell, and ordered his bugles to play the dead march in Saul; and as they sounded mournfully over the calm bay, a shrill and piercing shriek was heard from the graceful person of the burgomaster's lovely wife, who with frantic energy embraced the governor's knees, and piteously begged for mercy on her husband. He must have been harder than adamant to have withstood this heart-broken and drooping flower. I saw him raise her, and order the gallows to be taken down. The prisoners were marched to the mole, and embarked in a large Dutch boat; and as she pulled for the commodore, La Franchise resumed her flags at the mast-head, dismissed all appearance of mourning, and the crews of the squadron, that were clustered like bees in the rigging, simultaneously cheered;—and I felt as if a mountain had been removed from my breast.

AUNT KATE'S FIVE NIECES.

"Who was Aunt Kate?"

"A very respectable lady, of a certain age."

"A certain age!"

"Don't interrupt me. Of a certain age—"

"But what age is *a certain age*?"

"Why, the age that a lady can never remember, and her friends never forget."

"O then, my dear fellow, now I know a thousand like Aunt Kate, of that same most certain, yet uncertain age; but her other peculiarities?"

"She was handsome—even to her last day she retained the bright flashing eye that in youth swam in kindly feeling, but that in later life pierced with its scornful disdain, the fine cast of features, the finely chiselled lip, and the perfect arch of the eye-brow—all beautiful while softened by youth and gentleness, but too Romanified in the rigidity of that *certain age*. In fact, Aunt Kate's aspect affected the mind painfully, handsome though it was."

"Handsome then she was?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And rich?"

"And rich."

"And, O miracle! single?"

"Single."

"Unravel the mystery."

"I will. Her youth was spent in a perpetual struggle with poverty—is not that the true gladiatorial strife? The freshness of her spirits wasted like the bloom of the flowers that perish on the altar of some hideous idol. You know how beautiful are some of those blossoms whose fruits are deadly poison. Aunt Kate's heart was full of trustful affection—what of that?—what do men care for hearts or affections? They require something more solid—letters of credit—bills on Mr. Henry Hase—lacks of rupees—golden ingots—and such things. Aunt Kate had none of these—she had her youth, her beauty, her hopes, her freshness, her feelings, her warm and generous feelings. 'Trash!—what man of any sense cares for such frippery? Poets may tell you that these are the gifts freshest from the hand of Deity.—Fools! they are perishable things at best, while the good that men carve out with their own hands—honours, wealth, rank, and station—these may last a man's life. Youth—beauty—feelings—they are bubbles, glittering in the sunshine, but shivering while you breathe."

"Very pretty things, for all that."

"Well, time will pass on, whether it be at the rate of a gallopade or minuet. Poor Aunt Kate found herself alone—*her youth had left her*. She looked in her glass, and wrinkle upon wrinkle, written in legible lines, answered her '*gone*.' The silver hairs glittered through

her dark tresses, and in no very mysterious hieroglyphic confirmed the word '*gone*.' She had reached a *certain age*. Cabalistic words!—epitaph of youth and hope!—she had passed the Rubicon. The opposites of the strongest passions are very nearly allied with Aunt Kate—to cease to love was to begin to hate."

"To hate?"

"Yes—even to hate. Think what injuries she has received. You forget that every unrepaid feeling is a debt—every unrequited affection an injury. That was an era in Aunt Kate's existence—she suddenly and unexpectedly inherited great wealth. If you have ever watched the events of life, you will have been struck with the frequency with which our wishes are granted when we have ceased to wish—our hopes when we have ceased to hope—success when it is valueless—pleasure when it no longer pleases. A few short years before, and wealth would have bought Aunt Kate happiness—it would have bought her friendship, love."

"Nay! nay!"

"At least the plated ware, and she would never have found out the difference; but I told you that she had passed the Rubicon. Her eyes were now opened, and she cast away from her, and for ever, the dreams, and the wishes, and the fond affections of her youth."

"Then, after all, she was rich, handsome, and unmarried, and my wonder returns: what were men doing to let her remain so?—men who all, present company excepted, worship the golden idol?"

"O it was not the fault of the men—they all immediately found Aunt Kate to be very charming; but she had sense and memory, and it was not a few honied words that could counterbalance the bitter experience of years of wasted feelings and affections. I could not tell you the withering score of her rejections—does not the richest wine make the strongest vinegar? Even the very lovingness of her nature turned into hatred—hatred, not of an individual, but of our whole race; and Aunt Kate vowed that none of our ungrateful gender should ever fatten on her rich beeves."

"Are they to be buried with her?"

"No! she has done better than that, for gold can be exhumed as well as buried. She has left them to her five nieces, on one sole condition."

"And that——?"

"Is that they never marry!"

"Ah! On pain of forfeiture—to whom?"

"O of course to be divided among those who keep the conditions."

"But supposing that all violate them?"

"Scarcely a possible supposition; but, then—why, then to me, my dear fellow, as the next of kin. What will you give me for my eighty thousand pounds' expectancy?"

"It is worth speculating upon. Come, let us calculate the chances of your five descents."

"I prize it at a peppercorn. Tell me, Charles, if you can, if you know one man in this commercial age, willing to sell himself to the bondage of the matrimonial yoke, without a remuneration. If you

know such a one, call him a phoenix—unique ; but for finding five such fools !—I trust that this age of refinement could not produce them.”

“ You put the case disagreeably. Is there disinterestedness in the world ? ”

“ None. A word without a meaning—at least the meaning only to be found in the dictionary.”

“ If the ladies heard you——”

“ They have no objection to a sceptic. But, even if five such supernumeraries of the earth could be found, do you think those five girls would find an equal folly to match them, and buy a new plaything, and a new name, at the price of Aunt Kate's solid thousands.”

“ You scorn the word. I would say they might be so ‘ disinterested.’ ”

“ Fah ! I am sick of the word.”

They parted—Frederick Harrow went whither he would, it is no business of ours. Allen Hyde did the same thing, but we shall take the liberty of following him.

Allen Hyde went to his chambers. He spent three quarters of an hour in arranging his curls, and tied on five cravats before the bow pleased him. He then left his chambers, muttering to himself, and drawing on a pair of the most delicately-fabricated kid gloves.

Still we can follow—delightful privilege of our pen—dare we say so ?—are we not omnipotent ?

Half-an-hour's ride took our hero out of the smoke, and the noise, and the eternal traffic of the town. Then came the cheerful chirruping of birds, the sweet smell of flowers, and the unspeakable deliciousness of the pure air, and, finally, Hyde entered a little garden, a perfect treasury of lilies and of roses.

The garden contained a little cottage, the little cottage possessed (O wonder !) a window, which happening most conveniently to be a French one, our hero wended towards it.

In the centre of the room into which Hyde thus unceremoniously intruded, stood a round rosewood table : on this table was a trellised basket, upheaped with flowers, and over it was leaning a fair young girl in deep mourning, with long silken auburn curls hanging over her neck and shoulders, revelling in arranging that wilderness of sweets. Her cheek outblushed the rose which she held in her hand at the moment she became sensible of his presence.

“ For me ? ” said Hyde, as he laid his hand upon the one that retained the flower.

“ That is for mamma ; she loves a rose-bud dearer than a ruby.”

“ And why not for me on the same grounds ? ” said her visitor ; “ if *loving* made the right of *having*, there are more things than this rose-bud would be mine. And that is the truest as well as the most beautiful point in theology, which teaches us that to *love* is to *have*.”

“ Pray do not talk to me either of law or metaphysics, but tell me when you arrived.”

This is always the first question a woman asks, because by it she measures the “ how many horse-power ” of her own attractions.

"Think of the shortest time in which I could reach you, and that will give you the date of my arrival."

"Do not say pretty things to me. I am weary of them."

"Do you then permit so many to be said to you?"

"I can show you, sir, that I do not, by interdicting yours."

"You have grown prudent," he replied, with some bitterness. "I submit."

It did not seem that this *prudence* was received as compliment, or at all like the pretty things which gave rise to it.

"*Prudent!*" repeated the fair lady with some emphasis, and a slight tone of reproach, and a little tremor of the lip.

"Is it not a desirable virtue," he asked, "especially *now*?"

"Ah! you are thinking of poor Aunt Kate's legacy."

"Of which you were certainly thinking too."

Cecilia de Grey did not reply; but she lifted up her pretty blue eyes to Hyde's face with the look of the meekest and most ill-used creature upon earth.

"Nay, it was natural—most natural—was it not?" he said.

"It might have been to you—not to me—not to me!"

"But, Cecilia, my dearest Cecilia, is it unnatural to hesitate between affluence and humility—between Aunt Kate's legacy and the love that can offer you little besides itself?"

"Unnatural to hesitate between a little dross and an imperishable jewel!"

"Generous, disinterested, and *my own*!"

It will not require any extraordinary depth of observation to discover that Miss de Grey's share of Aunt Kate's thousands was not worth much purchase money: but Cecilia loved roses, and a cottage, and Allen Hyde, better than anything else in the world, and better than all put together. We leave her, therefore, to her bad taste, to introduce our readers to her four cousins.

It was morning—fashionable morning—with the four Misses Warrender. They were all occupied: ladies now-a-days are aware that it is unbecoming to be quite idle—it does not show the body to advantage—the hands, the eyes, the attitude, are like dead letters. And then, too, it is a presumption against the mind.

So the Misses Warrender were all occupied: Jemima was winding netting silk from off the whitest hands in the whole regiment of Blues; Caroline was writing the sweetest of poetry in the finest of albums; Georgina was teaching impertinence to her parrot; and Elizabeth was making coarse charity flannels.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Jemima of Captain Waring.

"Have you heard the news? How tiresome this knot is!"

"The news! O no!" indolently responded the captain. "I am tired to death with being eternally asked for news. It is so abominably fatiguing to have to tell long tales. Every lively creature on the wrong side of five-and-twenty asks for news. You are not yet old enough. And, after all, what is news? Why the most common-place things done by the most common-place people. Marrying, and dying, and all that."

"Marrying!" said Caroline, lifting up her soft eyes from the pink leaf of her album, "do you call that common-place? The interchange of feelings! the union of souls!" Caroline thought her sensibility and enthusiasm had carried her too far. She cast down her eyes, and either blushed, or tried to do so.

"Dying!" said Elizabeth, stopping her needle in the middle of a stitch,— "dying! it does not become us to speak on the subject with an improper levity."

"Twaddle! Polly," cried Georgina to her parrot; and "Twaddle!" responded the parrot to Georgina.

"This tiresome knot!" cried Jemima, and "This tiresome knot!" echoed the captain, as he tried to unravel it by a still further entanglement.

"But this news," resumed Jemima, resolved to tell it. "I did not ask you to give, but only to receive."

"Ah! that makes all the difference. The one is less trouble than the other, and therefore far better."

"O! who," exclaimed Caroline, again lifting up her eyes from the paper, but this time casting them up to the ceiling, "O! who that had felt the joys of a generous sensibility vibrating through his heart, would say, *could* say, that it is better to receive than to give? O Captain Waring!"

"If Captain Waring were old, and had the rheumatism, and wanted flannel waistcoats, he would not say so."

"Twaddle!" cried Georgina to her parrot of course; and "Twaddle!" responded Polly to her mistress.

"Caroline is in the seventh heaven, and Elizabeth only in the third," whispered the captain to the fair lady who was winding silk.

Jemima smiled: a whisper always implies confidence: the whisper and the smile were both confidential.

"I must tell you the news whether you will or no," resumed Jemima. "You remember Cecilia de Grey?"

The captain shook his head. It is always a compliment to one woman to have forgot another; and the deeper flattery if the forgotten one be a beauty too.

"You must remember?"

"No."

"What! not a white-faced girl in a white frock, with long dangling curls?"

Jemima was something of a brunette, and wore her hair *à la Grecque*.

"A fair, soft complexioned girl," said Caroline, who knew that it was generous to praise a sister beauty, and to show that she could admit a rival near the throne, with sweet eyes and luxuriant auburn tresses."

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain," said Elizabeth. She had none of the deceitfulness to answer for, and she went on stitching flannel.

"Twaddle!" cried Georgina; and "Twaddle!" cried the parrot.

"But you *do* remember?" said Jemima.

The captain took the trouble of shaking his head.

"But you knew that we had such a cousin?"

The captain contrived to remember so much.

"And that she was to share with us in that odd, cross legacy of Aunt Kate."

The captain nodded.

"Well, what do you think she has done?"

"Can't guess."

"Got married."

"The captain *was* astonished, and too naturally to be able, on the moment, to hide the impression."

"Now I must make you remember the gentleman. To begin with his name, Allen Hyde."

"No."

"A tall supercilious young man—a barrister."

Another shake of the head.

"Quite a beau—almost a coxcomb."

A shake.

"Wore lemon-coloured gloves, and his hair dressed."

The shake.

"Always flouting the women and scorning the men."

Another shake.

"Holding up disinterestedness as mockery in the one and affectation in the other."

A shake of the head from the captain, a sigh from Caroline, a groan from Elizabeth, and "Twaddle!" from Georgina and the parrot.

"Hated sentiment and sensibility: a perfect utilitarian. I shall always for the future judge people by their opposites"—(simpleton! not to have done so before,)—"and called love rhodomontade. Now help me to abuse him, you, who are the very knight errant of the tender passion. Is he not a wretch?"

"For his theory or his recantation?"

"O for the treachery of his theory. You see it was all finesse to hide his real sentiments."

"Whatever be his sin, it is too much trouble to abuse him, especially as he has punished himself."

"How?" exclaimed Jemima, in a tone of alarm.

"By acting contrary to his better judgment. All such folly punishes itself. A man of the world, much less a lawyer, ought not to act like a fool. I have no pity for him."

"Like a fool!" repeated Jemima, in accents of real and unaffected alarm, and pale with the agony of true womanly feeling,—"like a fool!"

"Yes, like a fool," repeated the captain; "has he not married a woman without a sixpence? What man of common sense would do that—and for her?—why, they are a pair."

The captain knew that he had arrived at a climax: at that point people ought always to retire—he knew that likewise, and retired.

The fatal clue rolled from Jemima's hand, and she fell into hysterics. It happened that very day that she met at dinner a clerk in her father's counting-house, who had been invited as an act of especial grace. He sat by her at table: she had often coquetted with him in

the absence of higher interests, and he had frequently thought that the few thousands she would inherit from her father would be a pretty beginning for him in the world, and that the connexion might lead to his name being added as a junior partner to the firm: but Aunt Kate's legacy had crushed his hopes. There was something, however, in Jemima's manner to him on this day that revived those hopes. A fortnight after, Jemima sent cake and cards tied with white ribbon and a silver string to Captain Waring. She had married on purpose to do so. Is this unnatural? O no; revenge is sweet, especially to woman; and even in the paroxysm of this, her worst passion, she is so wholly unselfish as to be regardless if the evil she intends for another recoil a hundredfold upon herself.

There was of course great consternation among the Warrenders' five hundred dear friends, and the whole train of relations, near and distant, both in blood and space. Opinions varied according to the respective characters of those who held them, but the loudest in justification of her sister's conduct was Caroline. She who usually spoke in the softest of soft voices was now loud and vehement in her defence. How wisely and how disinterestedly had Jemima chosen! What were guineas in the hand compared to generosity in the heart! How brightly could love lighten the cottage hearth—how sweetly could it twine flowers round the windows—how delicious to hear the song of the nightingale among the branches and the briars—no, no—we mean among wild roses and wreaths of woodbine! &c. &c. Who, after such an exertion of sisterly eloquence in the cause of sisterly love, could doubt of Caroline's disinterestedness, although a few forsaken thousands should revert to her—of course quite contrary to her own inclinations.

Caroline was leaving the opera: she was melancholy. She had been listening to Grisi's passionate melody of grief, and was almost blinded with the flashing of the Duchess of ——'s diamonds.

"Your ladyship——," said a young man to her, with a low obeisance,—"I beg ten thousand pardons; I mistook you for Lady A."

He hurried on. Caroline felt a slight pressure of the arm. She knew that her companion was reading her thoughts—she blushed at the consciousness.

"Will you be Lady B.?" asked the low voice of the companion at her elbow.

Caroline hesitated. She thought that Lady B. sounded as well as Lady A.; and she knew that the gentleman who offered her the title possessed some uncommonly splendid diamonds. The woman who deliberates, &c., &c. It was true that he who could invest her with these fine things was old enough to be her grandfather, and ugly enough for every purpose of agriculture; but then, diamonds and a title!—She accepted them. She lost her share of Aunt Kate's thousands—no; she bought with them diamonds, a title, seven thousand a-year, and a husband. Certainly Caroline made a good bargain. And what got the gentleman? A pretty and young wife, and that was all that he wanted. Human nature again.

Our heiresses were sadly diminished. There were only left our old friends Elizabeth and Georgina. Elizabeth went on making flannels and vowing that she would never marry, and what was more, everybody believed her; for Elizabeth, though now rich in other inhe-

ritances, had missed the birthright that her sisters eminently shared—beauty; so her heart grew daily more and more narrow as she found herself without objects to call its affections into play, until at length it contracted all into self; and the world called her by all the ungracious names which single blessedness is distinguished by; thus ignorantly, as it always does, mistaking the effect for the cause.

Georgina, left to take the field alone, laboured incessantly in her vocation—pleasure. She had no end, no aim, no hope in view, but the simple indulgence of the passing hour, the passing caprice, the passing passion. Aunt Kate's legacy, now so enhanced in value, seemed to place an insurmountable barrier between her own lot and the usual lot of women. So she indemnified herself with the most innocent flirtings, which, as all the gentlemen well knew, or believed, that it must stop short of matrimonial purgatory, they very freely indulged her in. Now Georgina had a dear friend whom she professed to love with all her heart, notwithstanding that she was younger, perhaps handsomer, and certainly poorer than herself, and more than all, was on the eve of marriage. Now if we cannot take liberties with our friends, with whom can we take them? So Georgina flirted more unmercifully with her friend's intended than she had ever flirted before; so much so, that he began to experience the sensations of waltzing, and his fair one to look and to feel most uncommonly sentimentally miserable.

It so happened that the more wretched the bride elect seemed to be the more elated appeared the spirits of the bridesmaid elect: in this inverse ratio things went on for some time. At length the fair and gentle girl, for both she was, roused herself from her dismayed grief, and tried, by all the innocent wiles and the endearments of little kindnesses, to win her wavering treasure back again. Could Georgina suffer this—could she be thus triumphed over? No; she dressed out her face in its richest beauty, and her lip with its brightest smiles, and as her friend's eye grew dimmer, and her step heavier, and her lip sadder, he, the ingrate, turned more and more frequently from the sadness of the one to the joyousness of the other, until he unhesitatingly asked of Georgina the price of his utter treachery. Georgina hesitated—it was a great price to pay: he threatened to return to his allegiance, and she paid it: *it was the price of power.*

Are these things possible? O very possible! Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand amongst us are ruled by passion and not by principle. We are but weighing these passions against each other.

A last glimpse at the cottage of our first friend, and then farewell.

Cecilia was at that cottage-window: she was counting the minutes. Hyde had not come. Break an hour's promise in love! Ah, but this was in matrimony.

He came. Cecilia's anxious eye read in his countenance some strange unwonted feeling. She laid her hand upon his arm and looked up in his face beseechingly.

"Yes, dearest, you are right: something has happened."

"I hope nothing evil?"

"I hope so too. Cecilia, Aunt Kate's legacy is ours. Elizabeth has been long privately married."

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.¹

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH," "GENTLEMAN JACK," &c.

CHAPTER V.

MANY are the men who have faith in dreams; but there are even a few so desperately unhappy, as to have trust in dreams. Of this small but sorrowful number, our hero—*late* Lieutenant Ramsay—was one. Consciousness revisited him. Alas! in what condition? Manacled hand and foot, the gore yet slowly oozing from the half-cut, half-contused wounds in his neck and forehead, which he had received when struck down, stretched on some wet, hard substance, and in utter darkness, lay the former possessor of the royal commission, the gallant and accomplished descendant of one of the noblest and most chivalrous families in the kingdom. On first awaking from insensibility, he closed his eyes once more, muttering "A dream, it must be some horrid dream." Still the more blessed reality, for which he hoped, came not. He heard the indistinct hum of voices, and tread of feet above his head, and one by one memory supplied each painful link in the heavy chain which bound. His late trial—that of his opponent—the varied award made to either—his receiving his appointment to the merchant brig—his passage on shore—the landing—the closing round him of the press-gang—the pleading of his exemption—the base act of infamy, of oppression, that destroyed the only evidence of his immunity—the flashing of swords around his head—the death-stroke and thrusts his desperate arm had wielded—some sudden pain, and then a vacancy, which darkness and despair filled up. Doubtless he had been carried on board the frigate; but surely, in such a case, they would have taken him to the cock-pit for his wounds; or since he was to be in irons, have placed him on the main-deck. Could it be possible, then, that he was not on board the frigate? He listened. No, he distinctly heard the noise of the ship's company on the lower deck above him—the rippling of the water alongside—and, by the motion, he was not only on board a ship, but a ship at sea, though in calm water. Where could he be? With difficulty, from extreme faintness, loss of blood, and the irons which bound him, he began to examine the hard substance on which he then lay.

Scarcely had he begun to turn over the hard heaps beneath him, than the truth at once flashed upon his mind. He had been thrust into the coal-hole, the common receptacle for every culprit among the worst of the seamen, and which, on board a frigate, is sometimes made to do the duty of "the prison" on board ships of the line. While reflecting with indignant thoughts on this mean outrage, he heard some one essaying to cast loose the padlocks that confined the

¹ Continued from vol. xx. p. 382.

hatch of his horrible dungeon, for nearly filled with the firewood of that hot climate, it was necessarily swarming with cockroaches and vermin, and doubtless, had it been carefully examined, a scorpion or two. As soon as the hatch was removed, the serjeant of marines and master-at-arms appeared, one of them calling out, "Below there!" It was not until the hail had been several times repeated that the prisoner's voice gathered strength sufficient to be heard in faint reply. On being told to rise and get up to the lower-deck by the notched perpendicular beam which served for a ladder, Ramsay found himself so utterly unable to move, that his visitors were obliged to get a lantern to descend to assist him. As soon as the light made its appearance in this dismal place, the cockroaches and other horrors, that had been attracted by the warmth of animation to crawl over him, now ran frightened to their cover, while the prisoner, with a shudder and a groan, fainted once more.

Arrested immediately after the *rencontre* with the press-gang, he had been brought on board insensible, and in that state thrust down into the coal-hole without the assistant-surgeon being allowed to examine one of his wounds; there he remained, happily for him, insensible until the following morning. Even the rude hearts of those now bent over him, accustomed as they were to scenes of tyranny and oppression, could not subdue the emotions of pity and remorse that arose within them, as they beheld the condition of a gentleman to whom, but a short time since, every one looked up with respect. "A sad business," muttered the serjeant, as he bent over Ramsay's body, and held the light of his lantern in his face. The master-at-arms shook his head. He was the superior officer of the two, and in that ship of universal oppression, none knew better than himself how ready her captain was to descend to the base act of espionage, and listening to one malcontent for tales of another. Even the ominous movement of the head was in him an expression of great force, and the serjeant groaned in reply. The result of this consultation was, that the latter ascended to the lower-deck, and by means of a tackle, and a pair of slings, the insensible body of the lieutenant was hoisted on the lower-deck, and the assistant-surgeon sent for. During the process of restoring animation, a message came from the quarter-deck, desiring to know why the master-at-arms did not produce the prisoner.

"Go up to Captain Livingstone," said the assistant-surgeon, "and tell him that unless I am allowed to attend to the state of this patient's wounds, I will not answer for his life."

On hearing this, the worthy captain replied, with many oaths, that the assistant was never required to answer for anything of the sort, and that the prisoner was to be forthwith produced upon the quarter-deck, dead or alive.

This was intelligible language indeed: there was no mistaking it. The master-at-arms ordered four stout hands to meet him with a spare hammock on the lower deck, and once more repaired below. Ramsay had once more returned to life as he arrived. In spite of the assistant's urgent remonstrances, his patient was laid in the spare hammock, and so carried to the presence of Captain Livingstone. The latter no

sooner beheld his victim than he poured forth a torrent of abuse and oaths, and demanded, how he dared resist the king's warrant.

Ramsay feebly replied, as captain of a merchantman he was exempt from its operation.

"You, you scoundrel! who should make you captain of a trader? Where's your appointment?"

"You'd better ask the villain who tore it up."

"Who, sir, do you mean by that name?"

"The mate."

"Dead men tell no tales, sir, as you know, you scoundrel! though I hope to hang you for his murder, yet how should he be able to tear up that which you, a close prisoner, never could have been able to obtain? Who got it for you, sir?—tell me that."

But Ramsay was not a likely man to commit his friend; so closing his eyes, as if he had once more relapsed into insensibility, he replied nothing to the oaths and threats so plentifully showered over him; till Captain Livingstone, in a fury of despair, ordered him to be taken below, and his name enrolled on the ship's books as landsman, and in the quarter-bill as among the mizentop-men. This being the utmost that his present vengeance could wreak until the re-established health of the prisoner should allow him to wreak it on his person as well as mind.

In the night which had elapsed since the seizure of Ramsay one or two important changes had been made in the ship. Fearful that the whole measure of his revenge could not so easily be obtained upon the prisoner while the same ship contained the daughter who was so much attached to him, Captain Livingstone had put that young lady on board a frigate, who was to bear them company, and who had on board the captain's wife, a lady, in every way a desirable companion for his motherless girl. In order, however, that she might not feel the loneliness of this fresh arrangement, young Livingstone made a temporary exchange into the same ship. This, moreover, had the additional good effect of seeming to result from a feeling of delicacy on his part touching the late court-martial—a sentiment he was about as likely to trouble himself withal as was Mr. John Ketch of Newgate.

Fully trusting in her lover's having had skill enough to baffle his persecutors, it was not until some days after his capture that her wretched brother communicated to her the afflicting intelligence. He did it after mature deliberation, hoping that she would feel her lover to be thereafter far too deeply degraded to rise again in her esteem. He knew little indeed of women to make so erroneous a calculation; but he lived long enough to reverse his opinions. The wound which he had received in his brutal office, though not a dangerous, was one of the most disagreeable he could have received. Up to this period he had not been without considerable belief in his own supereminent beauty of countenance; but a man with half of his nose cut away! even he could not help reflecting it would have been *some* drawback to Apollo.

One other change still more deeply affected our hero than either I have already mentioned. Captain Livingstone, though without absolute evidence, was perfectly convinced in his own mind that the sur-

geon alone could have procured for his friend Ramsay the appointment as merchant captain; and on the surgeon he was resolved, in some substantial shape, to let the whole weight of his revenge fall at the earliest moment. As these thoughts passed through his mind it seemed to him that the present was the most propitious time. The doctor, imagining his ship would not sail till daybreak, was yet cracking, as he thought, a jovial glass on board the flag-ship. What should prevent his taking an early start, and leaving the independent vagabond behind? Every *one* else was on board—every *thing* else was on board:—excellent thought!—and the doctor might whistle for his traps.

In less than an hour the frigate was at sea, the doctor left behind, and Ramsay, now without one single friend, left to the iron mercy of his enemies. The first matter that he gave for their employment was the burial of the dead he had made for them the day before. On the succeeding day his irons were struck off, and though still exceedingly weak, the captain ordered him to be sent to his duty. His remonstrances against the injustice of his impressment were treated with scorn, only equal to that meted out to his own person. He saw that his only resource was to bide to the storm, and bide his time. Meanwhile, every device on which the vilest ingenuity could fasten for his torture and degradation was put in practice. In watch, and out of it, he was constantly made to sweep the quarter-deck, polish the brass belaying-pins, carronade monkey-tails and screws, and, in short, no contrivance was allowed to slumber that might lower him in his own respect, and debase him in that of the ship's crew. The latter had seen him, however, in action, and other trying moments of peril and difficulty. They knew his courage to be invincible, his seamanship to be unimpeachable, and his honour as bright as his sword. These feelings never could, by any tyranny, be bowed into contempt, but in its room was bred a deep, insatiable feeling of hatred towards the oppressor, and sympathy with the oppressed, which was doomed, in due time, to bring forth a terrible harvest. Wherever it was possible they voluntarily relieved him from many of the low duties imposed on him to perform. At first, the greatest part of the crew, whenever they addressed him, touched their hats, and said "sir." This was severely reprimanded on the quarter-deck, and all that was left for them was to give him place in silence. With equal judgment and knowledge of human nature, Ramsay, in his turn, never made any of the men his associates or confidants, and, though always kind, never for an instant appeared to forget his full consciousness of his own station. For a long time no artifice was left untried to bring him into a scrape, that would form a pretext for the only indignation and outrage to which he had not been subjected—a flogging. But so perfectly was Ramsay master of his profession, so guarded in all his acts, the effort was in vain. However disgusting—however low—however arduous or trying the duty enjoined, it was always done. It was clear he was playing some deep game, which the captain the more feared that he was unable to comprehend. But he had set his diabolically cruel heart on flogging him—at once accuser, counsel, judge, and jury, the prisoner had but slight chance of escape.

It was evident to Captain Livingstone that he would not obtain his object by his victim's own misconduct. But this mattered little; he must now change his tactics. The morning after coming to this conclusion, an order was issued that the captains of tops should themselves be responsible if any of their men were behind-hand in reefing and shifting topsails, &c. &c. The next evening fault was found with the main-top-man, and well it might be so, for one of the after-guard, a new lad, wholly ignorant of the duties of a seaman, had been suddenly shifted into that division of duty. His name was Martin. His bungle had put the whole top behind-hand. In coming in he had nearly fallen off the yard, and for this the captain of the top was dismissed, and Ramsay appointed in his place. Ramsay, whose keen eye could at once see through this paltry measure, declined the honour, and was told to be absent from his post if he dared. There was for him no escape. The first night of reefing sails Martin was not allowed by Ramsay to lay out on the yard at all, but to conceal himself in the fore part of the tops. The main-top-men were the first to do their work, the sails went up, and no one was the wiser. The next night, as Martin got up the puttock shrouds, and was about to repeat the manœuvre, Captain Livingstone called on him by name, and thus, at the word, he was compelled to lay out. In the midst of taking in the reef he lost his footing, and falling head over heels, came dashed upon one of the quarter-deck carronades a senseless corpse. The captain, who was standing on the next gun, stop-watch in hand, to time the men, looked down upon the shocking spectacle for a moment, and while the bleeding mass still palpitated in the last death throes, coolly said, "See how the blackguard quivers," and then went on with the duty. The main-top-men, unfortunately, could not take a brother shipmate's death quite so coolly. They got flurried in their evolution, and the maintopsail yard was hoisted to its full altitude just four seconds after the appointed time. No sooner were all hands piped down, and the watch called, than the master-at-arms was summoned to the captain.

"Did you want me, sir?"

"Yes, master-at-arms, put Ramsay, captain of the main-top-men, down in the black-list."

"Sir?" said the master-at-arms, doubting that he had heard correctly.

"Damn your deafness!" thundered the captain, stamping on the deck; "put Ramsay down in the black-list, sir, for four dozen to-morrow forenoon at seven bells. Officer of the watch, let that carrion," pointing to the mangled corpse of Martin, "be sewed up in its hammock, as soon as the assistant-surgeon has seen it, and swab the deck;" leaving his hearers very doubtful whether their captain were most a man or a demon. The brutal savage then walked below.

PROSE SKETCHES.¹

BY A POET.

THE entrance to the far-famed Valley of Cluse is through a mountain-pass, where the overhanging and imminent cliffs almost touch each other ; buried, or rather *inlaid*, in the profound hollows of their sides, lies the village of Cluse. I never saw so extraordinary an appearance. The wintry storms would sweep over the craggy summits, and miss the village altogether ; and not a wreath of smoke would be driven back down their chimneys ; but their long winter days must be spent in that Cimmerian darkness which Homer seems to think more than balances the tranquil lives of its natives. Then, on emerging from the darkened streets, opened the romantic vale of Cluse, in all its wildness and in all its beauty ; and from that moment, which was early morning, until night-fall, neither my eye nor my imagination was for one moment in repose. Majesty rests on one side of this valley, where the eye rises up to the grandest precipices, splitten into every wild and fantastic form—into every variety of novelty ; while Beauty sleeps on the opposite range, where, with the Arve hurrying between them, the mountains swell upwards, covered with pines, into the very clouds ; both forming, at every succeeding opening of the passes, the grandest sweeps of circles or amphitheatre.

But on which points should I first rest of the galaxy of attractions which are sown so thickly along this lovely valley ? How I wish that I could convey to you—that I could make you *feel* the greenness, the freshness, and the richness, of the woody knolls which are thrown among the rocks, which crowd along the roads, and which hang obstructing the very paths of the torrents ! Or, that I could send to you, unwithered, a few—a very few of those noble Alpine flowers which here are lavished so profusely, and which so entirely “ waste their sweetness on the desert air ; ”—and yet not so, for one blesses them as one passes, beholding them, every now and then, starring the more than emerald green of a thousand little vales and nooks, which steal half-hidden on the eye ! But I soon found that the precipices which overhung the road assumed a most peculiar appearance ; the horizontal strata lying along their clefts often resembling ancient castles. One point, in particular, I remember, where I saw all the towers and loop-holes so developed, that I was completely deceived by the appearance. I frequently saw galleries and peristyles arched with lofty roofs ; this was chiefly round the grotto of Balme, which is only noticeable from the view—the rest is nothing. It is from hence that the shrunken Arve is best traced along its windings ; a very artery of a body which was once so powerful. How different from the time when it once filled the whole valley which is now but an accumulation of its deposits, for wherever the earth is opened sand is found ; where it wanders on, buried among its pebbled shores, like a

¹ Continued from vol. xx. p. 305. Digitized by Google

silver thread. How different from what it was when rushing down from the Alps in all its terrible power, it cleft its passage through the very heart of these mountains, and hurling down part of the walls of the Salève, threw itself headlong into the now tranquil depths of the Lemán ! All has been quiet for ages, but the pages are written here around me, and the Salève bears impresses which cannot be mistaken. How true it is that

“ Quenched volcanoes, rifted mountains,
Oceans driven from land,
Isles submerged, and dried-up fountains,
Empires, whelmed in sand ;
What ? though her doom be yet untold,
Nature, like Time, is waxing old.”

The Cascade of Arpenas is fancifully pretty : a narrow streamlet, falling from a prodigious height, loses its power before half-way down, and feathers its waters away into air ! After making all the steep banks round them one living emerald, it again collects itself, and, after many an obstruction, lights safely down at last.

But what visions of dignity and of beauty have I not seen here this day ! all of which I had hitherto so dimly pictured forth, so faintly imagined. How nobly the mountains rise confronting each other, and yet, how the beautiful valley lying between them, softens every sterner impression away ! How, while looking up at them, I *felt* their altitude ! and when I saw huge masses of rock everywhere hurled below—some lying over crushed pines—some pitched into great depth, half-way down, and there fixed—and some cleft into the very centre of the Arve, which raved round them in vain ; and when I saw the gaping hollow in the heart of the mountains from which those ribs were torn, I felt, standing underneath, that sense of danger, that awe mixed with fear, which is the true source and the effect of the sublime. But this was not half my enjoyment—far otherwise ! I was among the lesser Alps, and I saw that eternal sort of communion which they seem to hold with the clouds. Why, for an enthusiast who loves to dream or think away his days, what food was there here in watching the fantastic and ever-changing combination of shape which they make ! now floating round them—a shroud, when in shadow, a drapery of glory when glinted on by the sun—now, rising over them, like volcano-smoke, and now hanging round like a toga round the broad breast of some ancient Roman ; or leaving their peaks separated and islanded in the air ! For my part, I could spend whole days in watching these fantasies,—and why ?—because they would amuse the mind from thoughts perhaps still more unsubstantial. But to him who really seeks for higher, for more impressive inspirations—what aspect more sublime can he dwell on than a mountain robed in clouds ? At the first glance, the mind invests it with a feeling and a sense of the sublime, half created by association, half by reality. The isolated mountain, standing apart, with its crown of mist, itself inspires the impression—even from its very isolation. But do we not ally it to our memories ?—do we not think of the Chaldeans of old—of the clouds and the darkness on Mount Sinai, when on its summit

the prophet stood before his God? Yes—the mountain itself symbols and shadows forth two of the chiefest attributes of its Maker—yes, isolation and power!

How well have the Alps been called “The Palaces of Nature!”—they are so: but palaces in ruins, for no one can stand among them, and not feel the truth of the remark of the historian of Nature, that they are the wrecks of what she was when in her prime. It is this consciousness—innate, I had almost said, which so awes and subdues; we *feel* the truth, but, like other truths equally sublime, how can we expound it?

For myself, I seemed, at last, though among the lesser Alps only, to see visibly before me the very monuments left by the waters of the Deluge; their very form and pressure, when they “made a sop of all this solid globe” before they rolled back again to their seas.

This profound valley suggested itself to me as one of the most solemn aisles of Nature: the alpine summits, on each side, forming the arches and the pillars, overhanging and leading on to their great central minster, Mont Blanc, the altar-piece of God, rising far, far above them all, and hiding its whitest, purest curtains, in the very profound of heaven!

I was roused from these reflections by the road making a sudden descent, and opening upon—but it *must* and shall have an entire letter to itself.

The road suddenly turning down a gentle declivity to the level space of the valley among the gorges, unfolded one of the loveliest scenes on which the eye ever reposed—it was the fairy Lake of Chéde. It lay immediately by the road-side, a stream of little length and of less breadth, but of most delicate proportions. It formed the half-segment of a circle, as it winded, shelving off on either side, round rich delicious mossy banks of gradual descent, and of a green which no emerald could rival, crowned at intervals with beeches, and with tall poplars in their fullest foliage, and with wild apple and plum-trees, and wreathing vines, half veiling, more than hiding, among their twining branches, grey moss-covered fragments of rock, hurled there, perhaps, ages ago, from the amphitheatre of encircling mountains, which, clothed to their very summits with dark pines, seemed as if they guarded the lake, lest

“The winds of heaven
Should visit it too roughly!”

But then the water!—that element at all times so beautiful, how more than beautiful was it here! So pure, so shallow, so utterly transparent! reflecting every minutest pebble beneath—every tree, even to its smallest leaf, and every flower, and they were crowded joyously together, to the crisped water’s edge. The delicate crocus of palest purple, the water-lily, and the little star-like gentian—there they were! glassing themselves in all their rich tangled luxuriance and careless profuseness, forming, as it were, the resting ringlets round the transparent eyes and forehead of the lake!

I was so entranced with the beauty of the whole that I did not per-

ceive how the bed of the water was formed of a thousand different mosses, and of sands of the most bright and vivid colours; some perfectly golden, some of intensest green, and some of an azure more blue

“Than that of heaven’s own tinct.”

I ought to have a pencil dipped in light to give you the faintest idea of the beauty of this many-hued stream, which was tinged with their every reflection—or my words should be turned *into* colours—would they were so!—but no—for then they *must* disappoint you, while, in appealing to your imagination, my failure (by flattering it) will not be so easily perceived.

There the lake lay before me, trembling like a floating veil; or, as if Iris herself, in a forgetful mood, had carelessly thrown there her rainbow robe, which had melted again into water! There it lay, and I—a very Epicurean in imagination—delighted myself with drawing from it a thousand fantastic combinations. It was the very glass of Tranquillity—the type and emblem of everything quiet and resigned—of a dream, of a subdued but cherished recollection—that secret green spot which every one guards in the inmost recesses of the heart, watched fondly over by Memory, and softened by time and by distance!—or, it was the earliest, freshest morning, or the quiet, closing evening, of a human life! I felt, while gazing on it, that no fairy ever tripped on softer banks by moonlight—that no naiad of Grecian romance ever by a lovelier streamlet untwined her golden hair!

And then the warm, rich sunlight lay full upon it! (how much do Nature’s fairest charms owe to this sole source of all life and of all beauty!) drawing out and enhancing every hue, dappling the grassy banks with gleams almost of glory, and lending the mossy greystones a softer lustre and the flowers a gayer hue; nay, the very leaves seemed to feel its influence, and the song of the happy birds came out more joyously. I looked upwards, and all was deepest azure; around, the pine-mountains were softening their rugged features in the water, and, towering far above them all, and looking down over them, rose the snow-capt Alps, adding a background of sublimity which had else been grand: nay, even Mont Blanc himself reposes at times his awful forehead in this loveliest of earthly mirrors. Spring, on her first coming, could throw no fresher beauty here—could shed no softer green. But I could not help picturing you, walking on its banks—

“When around thee lying
Autumn leaves were dying!

as Moore says, in that truest, tenderest, and best of all his songs. How beautiful here would be the fading glories of autumn! when the dark pine hills round would be tinted into deeper softness; when the green of those rich banks would be mellowed, and when the trees would hang over them, shedding down the golden treasures which they were unable more to bear, while the silvery clouds would sleep on the water in the day, and the evening star raise her crystal lamp over it all, while folding in the curtains of the twilight!

For me, I lost all self-consciousness while absorbed in the scene; it had created in me the feeling of the beautiful which else had slept.

I have been a pilgrim to many a nook of retired and of quiet beauty; but I never saw an equal to this. I never saw a spot in which I more desired to rest, and to dream away this little life, with some one whose sentiments could respond to mine—I never saw a spot where I could more wish sober age to steal gradually upon me, like the evening—where I could more wish to lie down when the last scene was dropped, and the drama of life over; for surely death would lose something of his terrors, when reposing in a place so pure, so quiet, and so profound!

The sense of the beautiful had attuned all my feelings to its own harmony; and how quietly, and almost reverently, I turned away from a nook, which I had so hastily and inadvertently approached! I left it to its own tranquillity, wishing that such might at last be mine. The genius of the place had entered into me, (my belief in such impressions is unbounded,) and I stole away full of its inspirations.

“Qui n’a pas rêvé à l’aspect de cette sauvage nature, ne pourra jamais comprendre la puissante influence des hautes régions. Le monde, qu’on n’aperçoit plus qu’en perspective, se montre dans son vrai point de vue; à mesure qu’on s’en éloigne, il diminue d’importance comme de grandeur.”
—*Lettres sur la Suisse.*

And here I must pause for one moment—for I would mingle *confessions* with impressions. From my earliest recollection, the appearance of a rock, or a crag of any sort, has always had a mysterious attraction for me. Half almost of my life has been spent under them, wherever I could find them, either by the wood, on the plain, or by the sea-shore. I wish that I could analyze the feeling which thus awes and yet attracts me. I think it proceeds from the innate consciousness which one seems to have of their antiquity—of something coeval with duration itself: one seems to see absolute parts of the primeval world rising before one; their grey, venerable fronts seem the dateless monuments of ages long—long gone by!—the skeleton and ribbed remains of a wrecked world. And then, perhaps, one allies to them the classic associations of our boyhood; the Titans piling Pelion on Ossa; and there is always a sort of pride in us which allies itself, rather with opposition, in right and wrong; and what are rocks and crags, but the records and the battlements of elemental wars?

Every truist uses the terms “awful crags,” “tremendous rocks,” from, I suppose, the idea of danger immediately connected with them, and justly. This idea has caused one of the very sublimest passages in any poetry, ancient or modern, and by a poet who has had, at last, his fame—an example (little as he wrote too) that the true poet should never despair. I allude to the “Ode to Fear,” by Collins.

“Danger—whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix’d behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form!
Howling amidst the midnight storm:
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep!”

In these few lines are every adjunct of the sublime employed; greatness, uncertainty, darkness, and terror, which last sentiment is absolutely felt in contemplating the image of the closing couplet—it is a challenge which no painter has dared to accept.

How one's mind, for instance, rises, and keeps pace with the storm! and what a fierce joy we prove as its energies rise to our own! (What a mysterious connexion is there between our kindred elements—between the physical and the moral world!) And when the sea throws its heaviest breakers on the shore, how we *add*, as it were, our energies to theirs? 'Tis thus in gazing on bald and antique crags; we ally ourselves to their power, to their antiquity, and, above all, to their resistance, in which we feel a pride.

Am I obscure to you? not to myself, I assure you: and, believe me, the *real* poet, (who is the Vates, the prophet of nature,) will fully understand me—it will be the test whether or not he be inebriated.

For my part, I never gaze on mountains without feeling a crowd of sensations, which to sit down and to coldly analyse, would be to divest of half their beauty. Yet some are for ever present; and the first sentiments which naturally present themselves, are our own transient being, when contrasted with their eternity. Even this feeling is more soothing and elating than sad; for do we not, from our immortal natures, ally ourselves awhile to all glorious objects, in art, as well as in nature, becoming, as it were, a portion of themselves? a portion of their beauty, of their grace, of their expression, and of their power? So do we feel while gazing upon mountains. That thirst and longing which the ardent mind ever feels after immensity and immutability, is, when standing before them, half satisfied; for, in them we recognize tangible objects, points of rest: and when the mind is strained and exhausted with its efforts, they are the gigantic steps it reposes on, which drew it first towards heaven.

It was on the mountains that religion, among the Chaldean shepherds or sages, first had its birth, and descended, fountain-like, to the plains, to water and to refresh the earth. It was on the mountains that Moses received the law of God, and beheld, visibly revealed, his burning symbols; and it was to the mountains that our Saviour retired when he wished to commune with the great Father of all alone!

We lend all our own sympathies of loftiness and of sublimity to that which has created and magnified in us their impressions. While stedfastly gazing on them, we feel our breasts become gradually filled: our thoughts and memories concentrate themselves. We think of the sunsets, and the storms, which have so everlastingly fallen on their sides; the myriads of generations that have watched them with fear, or with love; and that all are passed away, like those storms, and so will pass away for ever!

We remember them as the parents of the clouds, of the fountains, and of streams that refresh and revivify the flower-haired earth, for ever young and ever flourishing; the gates that let out the waters of the Deluge, and the pyramids that withstood the revulsion, though rent, and splintered, and broken; telling us thus, with more than voices, how they once bowed to a power greater than themselves!

And, finally, while awe pervades us, as we reflect the deeper, while our eyes ascend them, rising like altars, or vapouring clouds before us, we behold, as it were, Truth, visibly manifested—they *appear* to us—what they *are*—

“The visible hand-writing of the Almighty on the everlasting wall of nature!”

It was twilight when I left St. Martin, approaching nearer every step to Mont Blanc, which once only, during the day, had looked down through his clouds upon the valley of Maglan. On ascending the steps of the ravine of Savoy, all beauty was left behind—its very impressions were lost before the awful and sublime scenes which almost immediately opened before me. The hewn road was cleft upon the very edge of the mountain, overhanging an abyss whose depth was *felt*, not seen, by the immense distance from where the Arve, raging at its bottom, sent up a thin blue vapour, which steamed curling along the tops of the pines and the pinnacles, which hung down its sides. Nothing could be more inspiring than the impressions conveyed while listening to the ravings of the waters beneath, and while watching the steam of the conflict—“the sweat of its great agony”—rising up, and gradually dimming the scarped sides, and the blackening firs of the opposite mountains! I never saw anything so striking, so impressive, as their appearance: dashed, at intervals, with groves of pines, some withered, some rent through by lightnings, or avalanches, some half-falling, torn asunder; many lying on the steeps, midway: they looked like a troop of condemned spirits—while the bare and naked precipitous sides of the mountain-range, swarthy with red, and with pale metallic colours, the impresses of former fires, imaged forth the very walls of Pandemonium. The grey and ghastly whiteness of the boles of the pines contrasting so strikingly against the masses of sable foliage, against which they almost gleamed, gave a wild and witch-like appearance to the whole scene! I felt excited to the utmost pitch: for I had never conceived anything so awakening; indeed, the mountain-masses blackening up to the stars, and closing in upon me—the steam floating up their sides, the raving of the waters answered by the hoarse winds, the utter solitude of the place, and the pronounced feeling of the danger of the road, from the uncertainty, and from the darkness, all united to raise my mind to a high and corresponding tone. The darkness deepened every moment, and symptoms of a storm became manifest; for, at intervals, I heard the approaches of thunder, and pale flashes of lightning fell faintly among the gorges. We hurried along over watercourses, and along the very edges of dangers: I dimly saw at times the ghosts of glaciers, “apparent *diræ facies*.” I grew exhausted, and anxious; and I felt, as you may well imagine, a real joy, when I saw in the distance the red and welcome lights of Chamouni.

A depression of spirits, a *grande tristesse*, as the French call it, hung on me, like an incubus, during my whole stay at Chamouni. Was it the *air*, merely, that so affected my porcelain clay? or was it secret sense that I had come too late—that though young I was old in feeling—that the heyday of the blood was over—and that a

profound sense of—no matter what? *All* I know, is, that when I withdrew my window-curtain, and saw the Alps before me in their eternal snows—when I saw them hanging imminent, “candied with ice,” over my very windows—when, on opening the curtain, I saw the Glacier du Boisson rushing down the Alp, yet motionless, a hanging river—when I saw its dazzling whiteness lying on the eternal green of the valley, I felt no elevation, no spring to meet it, no heart, no life—I felt nothing of that wild delight which I had once pictured forth. Was it, indeed, that hope deferred does, in very truth, make the heart sick? I think, for the moment, that it was; for I felt as if its healthful tone were gone for ever, and that I despaired of ever regaining it; and then a bitter sort of anger rose against myself for feeling all this. The *cause* of all was—I was fatigued from yesterday: in short, I descended to breakfast in no enviable frame of mind. I preferred, then, what I generally shrink from—a table-d’hôte. I joined it; and what will not society effect on misanthropism? The high spirits of those who had returned from dangers—the ardour of others anticipating them—the mixture of languages—the weather-beaten looks of the guides—the cheerful faces of friends, all combined to draw me from myself. I selected a middle-aged and intelligent man as mine, with features expressive of thought and of character. I seized a baton, and was immediately on my way for the Montanvert, the Mer de Glace, and the Jardin.

The conversation of Victor Simon, the name of my guide, for a time, interested me: his uncle was guide to the justly celebrated Dr. Saussure, the first who scaled Mont Blanc, and this chain of Alps, scientifically; and who devoted his whole life to their illustration. I inquired how long Cachet le Grand, the most daring of his guides, had been dead; and, to my extreme surprise, he assured me that he was still living. I desired him on the morrow to take me to the chalet, near the source of the Arve, where the old man still resided.

I was in no frame of mind for further talking, and giving him the advance, I gave myself up to all I saw around me; for every step was acquiring a deeper interest, each moment was communicating feelings which might never again return. As one approaches the heights, the uniformity which pleased from below, gradually vanishes. The white veil lessens, rocks rise in every direction, and the softer green disappears. Shapeless and gigantic masses of ice banish all feelings of the beautiful, as first seen from the distance. Impressions of desolation, of chaos, and of destruction, crowd on the mind: and the imagination pausing, rests in pensiveness, for what could it imagine beyond? It submits each moment to have its faculties enlarged, and to feel its powers created anew. While traversing a wilderness of shattered pine groves, of craggy ruins, and of autumn leaves, each feeling was awe, each step was thought, each sight was inspiration. How could it be otherwise? If I raised my eyes, heights inaccessible towered everywhere before me under every aspect of sublimity of form; if I looked round, I saw ruins hurled from them, plunged blackening in the ground; and pine-trees scattered about in every species of annihilation; while, at every step I took, the red and discoloured leaves toned and accorded with the whole.

THE CANADA QUESTION

WHAT NEED MINISTERS FEAR

BY A LIBERAL MEMBER OF THE ENGLISH BAR

"Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat."

HORACE.

THE period has at length arrived when the thoughtful can no longer remain silent with honour, nor the indolent continue in their indifference with safety. So many are now interested in prophesying defeat to the hopes of our party, that the question which heads this article becomes one which every well-meaning Liberal should boldly put to our opponents: and in so doing, not less confidently challenge our own fears, than distinctly define our own intentions.

At length has commenced that war of opinion foretold by Canning. We could well have entreated for Great Britain a happier destiny, than the witnessing its origin within her own empire, and that through the unnecessary revolt of a misguided colony. But it is for the puerile and the weak to lament misfortunes. The privilege of the great in mind is to bear, and to repair them.

In our own humble efforts towards this, the only laudable end that is left for Englishmen to pursue, we will be guilty neither of the falsehood of lessening the public calamity, nor of the folly of under-rating the foe with whom we have to contend. We admit our misfortune to the utmost extent. The rebellion in Canada is a national calamity in its fullest sense, while the majority of the insurgents are men likely to be determined foes; for composed as that majority is, from among a primitive, a simple, and a hardy peasant race, whose better feelings have been entrapped to the perpetration of a fratricidal bloodshed—fired by the imagination of public wrongs, whose amount has been grossly exaggerated for the ends of private ambition, their courage will be in proportion to their virtue, and their obstinacy to our difficulties in undeceiving them.

We have now looked the enemy fully in the face. The strength and the weakness of the cause are both known to us; but dismay is the last feeling that such a knowledge and contemplation can inspire. As people of sense and feeling, we must all deplore the event: we can allow to the timid also, some emotion of alarm. But it is for us who compose the Liberal party to perceive that our cause is the one which it will most retard. Still though the abstract statesman may acknowledge some temporary perplexity as to the nature of our future policy towards this unhappy colony, not a shadow of a doubt can remain as to the course which ought, at present, to be pursued.

* In the articles we insert from our correspondents, we are not, of course, to be considered as doing more than affording an opportunity for the expression of their sentiments.—EDITOR.

The path by which to arrive at this is very short. Perplexing statements, and a confused story of a thousand matters, we leave to those who would mislead. Upon whatever footing it is attempted to place this rebellion, by whatever vague charges and evasive sophisms the wrongs of Canada may be interestedly swollen, there is but one just mode of legislating—that is, ON PRINCIPLE. This solemn question must then be answered, Are we, or are we not, to admit this principle, the most vital and important ever mooted in a civilised country? *Is the neglect of the governing party a sufficient justification for the sanguinary violence and armed insurrection of the governed?*

If it be so, then, and then only, can the insurgent Canadians be abetted. But if it be not so, the imperative duty of government is to step instantly and boldly on the field with remedial measures for past grievances in one hand, and such a force on the other, as shall at once crush every resistance to lawfully constituted authority for the future.

This, then, is a self-evident proposition—and in few words may be stated thus. The rising in Canada is either right or wrong—if right it must be upheld, if wrong it must be punished. We have now to examine which of these two terms should be most properly applied to it. Passing by the numerous high authorities, from Coke downwards, that would in a few lines decide the wide proposition above stated, we will descend even to the most lenient practice of modern days, and show in what results its recognition would terminate: and how far it would be consonant with all the proceedings of the mother country, when popular rights have been invaded and contemned at home.

A section of our party lately thought fit to hold a meeting at the Crown and Anchor for the denunciation of ministers in relation to Canada, and for the encouragement of a most delusive hope that the insurgents in that colony can be borne out in their violence. For many of the speakers on that occasion we hold feelings of regard: we cannot forget their past services in the field of reform, in which we were brother-labourers; and we still cherish, in common with them, many views of further amelioration, which nothing can destroy but the continuance of such intemperance and want of judgment as that meeting displayed. But of this more anon.

To ascertain the worth of a principle, we must carry it out to its point. If, then, neglect be a justification of violence, where would such a principle end? Let us take, for example, a respectable man who has been reduced by unavoidable misfortune—one, for instance, of the numerous buckle-makers said to have been ruined by the adoption of shoe-strings by George the Third on his going to return thanks for his recovery at St. Paul's—or one of the still greater number, involved in the disastrous results of Peel's sudden change in the currency. Let us suppose such a one driven to begging in the highways, and unable, as must too often, alas! be the case, to find either credence for his tale, or relief for his wants. In his extremity he applies to a magistrate or a parish officer. Should these be in the least degree cold in their duty, or doubtful in its discharge, the remedy is at hand.

Violence is to supply his wants, and that our laws have misnamed robbery. The punishment of this, therefore, is a further wrong, and from this he defends himself by blood, and is a murderer. Colonel Thompson or Mr. Hume return from some meeting to their homes. Disturbed by the inconsistency of a mob auditory, should they, in the ill-nature of the moment, be unjust or neglectful of the regard due to their household, their domestics take the liberty of applying to their reason the *argumentum baculinum*. The butler knocks down the colonel, and John, or Thomas, as the case may be, urges the honourable member for Kilkenny around his own drawing-room by the well-applied energies of the toe. Again, the suitor who goes into a court morally, ay, and we will even add, rightly, convinced that his cause is a just one, has the misfortune of producing a timid or disreputable witness, and the jury are so neglectful, that they will not believe his evidence. The suitor's cause is lost, but still there remains to him the justification principle. So he wreaks his vengeance on the judge, or assaults the counsel, or ruins one of the jurymen, who may happen to be in his power; even if his "just" ideas do not lead him towards the monarch as the fountain-head of his injury.

But perhaps it may be said, that these illustrations are far-fetched, fanciful, or ridiculous. What was the story of Bellingham? He was an injured, a wronged, a ruined man, driven to the verge of madness by the neglect that had been allowed to rest upon his own claims, together with the imperative demands made upon him by a family he was unable to support. Thus urged, he deliberately murdered the prime minister, to whom little or no blame could be attached. But if the neglect-justification be a right principle, then was Bellingham no assassin, but he himself murdered by the laws of our country.

Can Mr. Hume or Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Leader or even Mr. Roebuck, or Colonel Thompson, assert this? If so, farewell to every species of legislation. The making of laws is but a hypocritical waste. Property—more than held in common—must soon become *spolia belle*, or the right of the strongest; life itself consequently be held on the same uncertain tenure as wealth, and the last excess of freedom prove the first access of slavery. Finally, such a principle would bring us into direct collision with one of the most indisputable axioms of the British constitution—that *no man shall take the law into his own hands*.

We admit most distinctly, as in the case of Bellingham, that much individual hardship may be encountered. But public principles are of still higher moment. The disregard of these leads to the distress and ruin not of one individual, but of many—not to the confusion of one nation, but of all. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum* is capable of two widely different translations. It may, in all probability, be at this moment issuing from the lips of the *far off* Papineau, as the distorted excuse for a violence he has been so material in exciting—so shy of heading. But we can afford from Sallust a much more appropriate sentence for that gentleman's digestion, "*Lingua quam manu promptior.*" The cowardice of his conduct must have derogated sadly

from the persuasion of his eloquence. He will now, we think, be able to convince few, that for the sake of what *he* calls "justice" the whole political atmosphere of a great country should be convulsed and overcast. They will, we think, prefer the reading of their own sense—that it is better for a part to suffer than that principle be endangered which is necessary to the existence of the whole.

We have now to contrast this conduct of the Canadians with that which we have ourselves invariably pursued under similar circumstances. We will begin with our own times. Are we already so far removed from the reign of the boroughmongers, as in any degree to have forgotten the deep and burning sense of wrong, oppression, and cruelty impressed on our minds by the course that they pursued?—their unnecessary and exterminating wars to extinguish a volcano that, after all our lavish expenditure of blood and money, rather consumed itself away than was by us put out?—their ceaseless calls for supplies! supplies! supplies! impoverishing the nation to benefit none but themselves? Is our ingratitude to the Whigs so black, as already to have consigned to oblivion that load of taxes from which their labours and efforts, and theirs alone, both in opposition and in office, have relieved us? Has our sacred warmth and energy in the cause of reform so rapidly evaporated, that, with a falsehood and fickleness more becoming an Athenian than a British public, we have failed to remember to whose long life of one continued warfare its final and glorious achievement was due? More than all: can we ever cease to pride ourselves less on the conquest we obtained, than the mode in which its honours were won? How did we get through that astonishing struggle? Not by an armed resistance to the law!—not by shedding the innocent blood of our hapless fellow-countrymen, whose mode of earning their bread happened to be temporarily different from our own, or to place them for the time in obedience to the executive. Not so. Our cry was for our constitution; and each step we took towards its repairs was strictly in accordance with its spirit. How formidable were the legions of that host with which we had to contend!—All that self-interest, wealth, or power, could urge against us. Yet, with injuries so great, that scarcely any in this kingdom could be worse, did *we* find in our bosom *no* patient spirit of heroism, that led us to endure everything but the reproach of righting ourselves by the wronging of others?—and this even in the mother-country which had the interest of no parent state to consult? In answer to such a query, we need only refer to the long lapse of years that have successively rolled away between the first mooted of Reform in Parliament and its final, and (happier still) its peaceable, accomplishment—a period verging on a century, and considerably greater than the whole existence of Canada as a British colony altogether.

Can it then be possible, that any of our party who contributed to this truly great consummation can have so far thrown aside the spotless armour they had proved, as to uphold the conductors of a strife thus diametrically opposed in principle and nature to our own? We are lost in surprise! and we sincerely hope that reflection and remembrance will yet come to aid them in reconsidering their views.

By the side of the great question of Reform, carried by the steady

and legal, and *therefore* irrepressible, progress of public opinion, how many similar triumphs may we not record? Throughout the whole of the wearying contest for Catholic Emancipation, what has been the ceaseless adjuration of O'Connell? That his countrymen would abstain from any and every act of violence, and content themselves with that unceasing but lawful demand of their rights which would, and did, at length lead to the concession for which they prayed. Can Canada show any wrongs like these? Passing over the redress of innumerable minor grievances, similarly obtained, we arrived at the Revolution of 1688. Can anything be a greater reproach to scenes of violence and blood than the peaceful manner in which the sovereignty was removed from the possession of one monarch, who was unworthy of it, to that of another in the same family, to whose safe keeping its high authority could be confided with security? Regard, on the other hand, the influence of the opposition principle—the mock assumption of the name of liberty by the puritans. Putting out of view the practical prosperity of the kingdom, which was dependent on the intrinsic circumstance of Cromwell's personal abilities, could anything be more execrable and detestable than the whole state of our unhappy country at that period? Religion a disgusting mask—freedom a bye-word—art and literature the martyrs of fanaticism. The national character appears to have suffered as perfect a departure from all that before distinguished it, as the scenes of blood then so lately enacted, have differed from everything that has since followed them. With these feelings, therefore, none can dissent more entirely than we do from Colonel Thompson, as to what he terms the “substantial act of justice” done at Whitehall. However potent and just a nation may be, in exiling a chief-magistrate, who has plunged them into bloodshed, like Charles the Tenth of France, yet we are bound to bring no man to trial for his life before a court illegally constituted—be he either a sovereign or a peasant. The death of Charles the First, therefore, was a murder perpetrated in guise but defiance of justice,—a blot upon our history effected by the disregard of that axiom in favour of which we are writing—in favour of which the whole volume of our history speaks in a tone that cannot be mistaken.

From this, in sober truth, we cannot fail to learn that constitutional wrongs are always to be repaired by constitutional means, provided that the firmness to endure them be equally united with the firmness to resist, and the appeal throughout be made, not to the sword, but to the law.

So much has been said of Colonel Thompson's allusion to “the crick in the neck,” that he must long since have been heartily ashamed of it. We will therefore only add, that if anything could induce upright and reasonable men to disown a party to which they may, notwithstanding, have been consistently attached through life, it would be the tolerance of vulgarisms such as this—appealing to no passions but the worst, and redolent of the vilest taste at best. Turning, however, for a moment, from the precedents of our own country, let us look at our neighbour, France. What formed the deepest reproach ever brought against herself?—what raised the direst enemies to the enjoyment of her liberties?—The revolting cruelty and violence of

her first revolution? Again, what glory most redeems that period of blood, and has won for her later struggles the unqualified respect of the whole world? The moderation that followed the Revolution of The Barricades.

With unlimited power in their hands—their bosoms still torn by the slaughter of many of their dearest relatives and friends—no arm was raised in vengeance on the infatuated bigot who had levelled the sword of one brother at the throat of another. With a feeling of magnanimity that has done more for the better fame of France than all her thousand victories, they allowed the monarch in their grasp to experience no part of their power but its mercy, and afterwards, from the exercise of this noble virtue, gathered greatness and generosity sufficient to pardon even those who were officially responsible for his misdeeds.

This leads us to attempt the definition of that period of executive outrage, when only the assumption of arms and violence can be justified on the part of the governed. When edicts have been promulgated in manifest violation of the constitution of a country, and its rulers have proceeded to enforce these illegalities by an application to the sword—the case may then become one of self-defence; and thus arose the Revolution of the Barricades. Was this the case in Canada? Far from it. Governor after governor had been sent out with a view to use every justifiable conciliation. The strongest sympathy for every right cause of complaint had been repeatedly shown by the inhabitants of the mother-country, engaged as they have of late years been in struggles of their own. The Parliament at home were in the midst of measures calculated to restore tranquillity, when a party of those who consider themselves aggrieved, rise in acts of treason, and become the first shedders of blood. Liberals as we are, we feel that the stronger our attachment is to real liberty, the more forcibly are we impelled to condemn, even while we deplore, such conduct. Than this nothing can be more calculated to bring suspicion and reproach on all our efforts, however moderate or reasonable. What sensible man can venture forward as the advocate of popular rights, if, while the argument is yet upon his lips, his clients, from a supposition of neglect, are to break forth into open rebellion? Viewing the question, then, in whatever light we may—affording to the colonists the full advantage of unquestioned wrongs—we cannot see that government has to fear the slightest reproach for coming to the only resolution that remained for its adoption. That the insurgents in Canada have placed themselves in the position of rebels without any sufficient excuse for such an outrage, there can be no doubt; and while the mother-country is bound to remedy to the utmost every real grievance, so is it equally her duty, in a manner as decisive and rapid as possible, to crush in its bud a bloodshed that may lead to every mischief, but little possible benefit.

Startled as we have been at the very different view of the case taken by Sir William Molesworth's section of the liberal party, in which we had always hitherto been inclined to include ourselves, two questions now arise before us. What effect will be produced on the public at large by that section continuing to abet the Canadians? and what is

the limit of liberality at which we propose to pause in the march of reform at home? These two queries appear to us to be so intimately blended, that the answer to one must inevitably comprehend that to both.

The recent declarations of Sir Francis Burdett had given so severe a shock to ultra-liberalism, that all who really mean what they say—if there be any such class in the country—may well begin to define in their own minds the exact bounds of the political creed which they profess. Among this number we are weak enough to confess ourselves; we believe that our confession is original, and we know that it requires no ordinary courage in the making; still we think it a good example to set, when so many are interested in confounding liberality with rebellion, and it may prevent much loss of character, and still more disappointment to the people, if it prove to be well followed up.

Mr. Wakley, amongst his other professions, includes the abolition of the laws of primogeniture; Sir William Molesworth declares also for universal suffrage. To our minds little good seems to be derivable from the attainment of either of these changes, for we can neither belie nor dignify them by the title of reforms. On the contrary, we conceive that the former would entail evils on the country, for which it would bring no equivalent good. The latter, we regard, it is true, as a great blessing, when bestowed on a people sufficiently educated to appreciate it, but still a privilege in no way rendered desirable by the present condition of the lower orders in Great Britain. While Sir William's section confined themselves to triennial parliaments, the vote by ballot, and a reasonable extension of the suffrage, we went with them most gladly. An address, by the writer, to one of the most liberal constituencies in Great Britain, is lying before us, founded on these data, and to these we still adhere—we still hope to see, as the actual fruits of such measures, those practical benefits of legislation, which are now rather to be found in the dreams of the philosopher than the experience of the statesman. From the working of these we are yet sufficiently sanguine to anticipate enactments which shall provide food and labour for every industrious man in the kingdom—to all their children those inestimable blessings of education, which can alone fit them for the discharge of political trusts—and to the various departments of the state in succession, that just and reasonable improvement, which has long been rendered necessary, and would then become obtainable.

Will the present proceedings of the ultra-liberals tend to hasten this desired fruition? We much doubt it: on the contrary, there are hosts of our enemies eager to seize on every indiscretion. The fact of, an illegal rising in our colonies meeting with the imprudent encouragement of this party at home, will be interpreted by our foes either into a desire to overleap the limits of the constitution, or a want of due acquaintance with them. For unjustly drawing such an inference, even the best and steadiest Liberals will then be more anxious than able to condemn them. Suspicions of a more serious nature will rapidly gather round our future intentions, and a schism far more important than any which has yet occurred will divide our ultras from the rest of our party.

But the government of the country must proceed, happen what will. If by thus denouncing ministers unheard, and refusing them support at a momentous crisis, they are driven into the arms of those Conservatives, from whom they are now divided more by an imaginary than an actual line, to whose conduct but their own can the ultra-liberals impute this undesirable issue? Surely this, if no other consideration, might induce them to pause in the course they are pursuing. But, giving to the Molesworth section the fullest credit for sincerity and honour—believing their late demonstration to have been based on an enthusiasm praiseworthy in its origin, however wrong in its direction—still do they purpose to themselves *no* limit? Suppose universal suffrage to have been granted, and the law of primogeniture to have been abolished, do they imagine that this can be the ultimatum? Having passed the Rubicon, will they stop at the Po? Do they imagine that no still greater liberal will arise, to outbid even them? They need not ask the question twice. The popular voice will then have become so unduly powerful, that for the sake of its plaudits numbers will arise in such quick rivalry that they must either urge forward to their own ruin, or fall immeasurably and unavailably behind in the race they themselves began.

We are confident that many men are at this time pledging themselves to measures from which their better sense dissents, merely from a want of that determined moral courage necessary to say—We will advance to this point and no further. For us, we have already said that we only value political reforms for the practical benefits they bring, and when we shall have obtained the bounds we have already defined, and obtained therefrom the good that we anticipate, we shall then be ready fearlessly to advance to the uttermost point that the united welfare of the three constituent parts of the empire will admit. If Sir William Molesworth's section wishes to do more than this, we are certain that the great majority of the Liberals neither are, nor will be, parties to their efforts. But if, as we believe, they mean to be content *within* this area, then do they most seriously injure the cause of all, by not proceeding with more circumspection—by not endeavouring rather to assist the ministry in turning to practical account advantages already won, than idly straining towards mere political privileges that only breed dissension among ourselves, and give the mocking food of delusive hope to those who are famishing for want of the actual aliments of life.

To nourish our vanity with the high-sounding titles of patriots and liberals may, indeed, be very pleasing. Little, however, will such terms have been deserved, if they who are crying to us for bread receive nothing but a stone, and the fish of our gift form only a serpent. Yet can any better denomination be given to the suffrage that should be awarded to one unable to ensure the daily pabulum of life? or subscribe the name that designates him? to say nothing of reading, far less reasoning on the laws, to the forming of which he would thus be made a party? When truths like these are so evident—when towards our humbler fellow-countrymen a greater desire is shown to intrust with power, than to fit them for its future exercise, men of a more phlegmatic temperament may well question either

the discretion or the sincerity of our extreme reformers. The affairs of Canada have, however, brought them to such a point that they must either be content to review some part of their opinions, or stand so isolated and alone, as to have lost the power of carrying their own measures, without gaining anything but the ability to endanger the reaping of any harvest from those which, with their good aid, have been already passed.

We now once more approach our starting point. What have ministers to fear? Provided that they are true to themselves, and firm of purpose, we cannot apprehend for them any greater danger than many which they have already vanquished. But the "bold and resolute" of Shakspeare must not for an instant be forgotten. Their line towards Canada is clear, and forms a difficulty only requiring vigour and justice, tempered with mercy. If to this be added such measures of actual benefit and good to the people as are within their power to grant, the ultras of our party must soon see how great a detriment, and how slight a gain can in any way accrue to them from a vain following of that "denunciation," which we cannot help pronouncing as premature.

In our next we may endeavour to show what are the actual "measures of benefit and good to the people," which we contemplate. For the present, we content ourselves with humbly presenting to the consideration of our brother Liberals the remarks we have here cursorily ventured to offer. Misrepresentation of our ultimate designs has been a powerful weapon in the hands of our enemy. That alone has drawn, or driven to their camp, many, perhaps timid, but still most influential adherents, who once buckled on their armour, and fought the good fight. Public speeches may be misrepresented in a thousand ways, and tortured to as many ends, in opposition to the views of those who uttered them. But the liberty of the press has ever been the palladium of true freedom. Revolution and anarchy are attributed to our motives in unnumbered shapes. There shall at least then exist, to the contrary, the written evidence of one of our party, however humble; and while it proves the adherence to those principles of enlightened government that formed part of the lessons and admiration of youth, shall also bear testimony to its ceaseless pursuit, under such necessary exercise of discretion as will simultaneously preserve the prerogatives of the Crown, the privileges of the Peers, and lastly, but far from least, the rights of the People.

February, 1838.

CAVENDO TUTUS.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.¹—No. V.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MICHAEL O'LOUGHLIN,
MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

"My conception of a perfect judge is this—he is a man who, in advancing through his long career, has, by observing the conduct of others, obtained a thorough knowledge of vice and injustice, without ever suffering the slightest taint of either to appear in his own soul."—PLATO DE REPUBLICA.

BEFORE I proceed to investigate the character of the subject of our present memoir, I have to remark that the selection of each is purely accidental. I have been influenced in my choice by no fixed rule, or any secret disposition to estimate the political or professional value of those who have preceded, at any higher price than those who are to follow. They have been taken only as the materiel for portraiture was more accessible, not from any superiority in talent or acquisitions. My only test was accident. If I were influenced in my selection by any other motives—if I were to depict the remarkable men of the Irish bar, each in his degree—on no satisfactory grounds could I postpone so long the distinguished lawyer who at present dignifies the Rolls Court, and renders it luminous with a light of his own making. He has filled too ample a space in the history of the bar to assume an inferior rank to any of its members, however able or eloquent. But I must claim a further indulgence, and hope the subsequent explanation may be as satisfactory as the first. In the sketch of Mr. Holmes, I stated that Mr. Shiel's vivid pen having abandoned its successful progress, I would take up the torch where he had laid it down, and with a power, however inferior, bear it through that meritorious portion of the Irish bar which he had no time to clothe with the purple light of his genius and eloquence. He was hurried away from his interesting pursuit to a more grand and swelling scene—he laid down the pen to arm for a generous battle. In the frenzy of political war he had little leisure for the meditations of the closet. The last, I believe, he touched, was the present Master of the Rolls, then simple Mr. O'Loughlin, and, notwithstanding his adjunct of Honour, I shall, for the sake of briefness, call him by his less distinguished name, until the ermine compels me to be more respectful. In that portrait, there was much truth and fidelity; but there were also manifest traces of inconsiderate precipitancy. He was too busy in preparing his own character to occupy the foreground in the great national picture, to devote much time to an inquiry into the characters of others. Certain qualities he dashed off with clearness and elegance—but it was only a dash—indicating little of his habitual keenness and reflection. While over the canvass, labouring perhaps under the influence of some eloquent roulade which he was to fling out in the afternoon at the Corn Exchange, he

¹ Continued from p. 40.

suddenly threw down the pencil; and thus, like the Greek artist and the foam, we are indebted for the sketch more to chance than to study. Mr. O'Loughlin does not appear there in that fulness and elevation of character, which his subsequent life so amply realised. Then he had only emerged from the musty existence of a junior practitioner, his reputation was limited to the circle of the courts. He had not yet assumed the lofty post of a great officer of the crown—he had not yet been instrumental in purging the law of thick impurities, and making the well of justice flow undefiled through the land, healing and cleansing with its pure and pleasant waters—he had not yet attained the character of a skilful and useful senator—he had not yet taken his seat in the Court of Exchequer, the first Catholic Judge since the revolution—one of the most important events in the history of his country, neither had he yet presided in that court where one of the greatest of the sons of men once sat before him—John Philpot Curran. All these ingredients, of such paramount consequence in filling up the groundwork of his character, were then in futurity. Mr. Sheil knew him only as a smart and sagacious lawyer—prompt in a point of practice—the successful impugner of a bad plea or insufficient affidavit. His unrivalled dexterity in starting objections, or splitting of hairs in legal argument, was a fair ground for observation; but he reached a nobler elevation after, to which we shall attempt to trace him. His name will live in history as the first judge of his religious persuasion for more than a century.

In the spring of 1825, when I was yet a boy, my father had some business to transact at the assize in T——. I was, unluckily, to give some trifling testimony in his behalf: and whenever the dismal thought of appearing before the terrible administrators of the law, in all the awful solemnity of peruke and ermine, recurred to my mind, my heart sickened, and my courage fell to zero. The fearful moment at length arrived, and we reached the clamorous and busy town just as the cracked trumpet of a sheriff's bailiff announced the rapid advent of the justices in Eyre. The judicial pomp passed by, and when I darted a quick glance at the venerable magistrate inside, before whom I was shortly to render an account, I was seized with the convulsive trembling of a tertian ague. Our attorney was well-known in the district—one of a class of men now almost extinct in Ireland. Generous and hospitable in his habits, if he gained all he could, still he spent all he gained—whatever his right hand helped to accumulate, his left, conversely, helped to lavish. In the practice of his profession few made more blunders, yet withal few had more success—if he made mistakes, he also contrived to see questions in their true aspect; and though the national characteristic of bull-making found in him a genuine representative, and often set the court in a roar, the matured experience, which lay concealed beneath that erring exterior, often carried his point. On Mr. O'Loughlin he looked with a mixture of admiration and reverence—the “little counsellor,” to distinguish him from “*the* counsellor,” Mr. O'Connell, was, in his estimation, the only real incarnation of all legal knowledge since the beginning of the world; and Mr. O'Loughlin reciprocated his affec-

tionate manner in terms of the utmost familiarity. Of course he must be counsel in our cause. We were to be at his lodgings the following morning, and great was my anxiety to behold him to whom I trusted for the shield of his protection in the disastrous hour when all the terrible forms of the law were to encompass me, and to extract a ray of consolation from his countenance. He was sitting at a table piled with tape-bound papers, and a few law-books—he was then reading one, at which I contrived to take a sly peep—I remember it was Selwyn's "*Nisi Prius*." Being the first law-book I had ever seen, the name made a strong impression on my mind. The kindness and sweetness of his manner at once laid firm hold of my sympathies. I told my tale of woe—he smiled at my apprehensions, and consoled my fears with the promise of his support; and when he assured me of the benignity of the bench, and the indulgence from the bar, that I was likely to experience, my courage once more stood erect. Little did I then think, as I gazed on his firm and good-humoured countenance, reflecting all the amiable qualities of his mind, together with the solid cast of his understanding, that at some future day I should attempt a portraiture of his character. His figure was small, but compact and firm—indicating a capability of compassing a larger amount of exertion than bodies more muscular, and possessed of more apparent physical power. His plump and ruddy cheeks were absolute symbols of health. The hours of watching and patient study—gathering gold from drossy volumes—which pale the countenance and darken the lustre of many an aspiring look, seemed to have in vain exerted on him their decaying influences. His bright blue eye continually sparkled, and gave his face a playful and juvenile appearance, while his bony and unruffled forehead, broad and high, looked conscious strength and serenity. He was then about that period of life when the extremes of youth and age meet, the sweet simplicity of one with the ripened observation of the other; and yet there was a glowing and youthful freshness about him, which seemed to defy the intrusion of advancing years. You could not have looked a moment on him without being attracted to him by the silver cord of sympathy—such a generous play of cheerfulness in his countenance—such winning condescension in his manners—such warmth and affection in all he looked and uttered! With all I was so penetrated as to abandon without hesitation the distrust I harboured for all the gentlemen of the long robe. I disliked them by anticipation. The fatal hour at length arrived, and I stood on the terrible table "like a reed shaken by the wind!" I looked despondingly around—and, alas! the comforter was nowhere to be found—he was busied in the criminal court. The cause proceeded: whatever testimony I had to offer was scarcely concluded, when I was assailed on the left with the tones of a harsh, shrill voice, that almost cut me in two—they ran through me like lightning; and whatever faint energy I mustered from the poor consolation of the direct examination, fled, like a phantom, at the first question of Mr. Woulfe. However, as he proceeded, he gradually ceased to be as terrific as he at first threatened, and softened down into comparative mildness, though I never could dissociate the most bitter severity from the fiery glance

of his small, deep-sunk eye, and the intense shrillness and volubility of his language. Happily he abated into a humorous vein, and very soon limited his questions exclusively to my acquisitions in school-learning. To his interrogatories in Latin, I replied with considerable promptitude, though I cannot vouch for their classical elegance or grammatical accuracy; in all probability they did not smack much of the fragrant purity of Sallust or Cicero. Judge Jebb smiled—the court laughed—I rallied with the universal merriment, and in the meantime Mr. O'Loughlin luckily arrived to witness my proficiency in classical knowledge, and threw down a gage for me to encounter the learned counsel opposite in mortal combat. Mr. Woulfe, however, declined the fray, and shook me by the hand. The case was then argued, and after a hard struggle, Mr. O'Loughlin succeeded.

It may be alleged, and with some show of truth, that the circumstances I have now mentioned, might be safely omitted without offering any material injury to the subject; but such facts, however trifling or minute, although they may encumber the progress of the reader, and divert him a moment from the main object, yet are not without their utility. Incidents in themselves of no general interest or importance, when considered in one light, are of essential service—they form the true developement of character. "*Ex minimis fit scientia*," is as true of this as of any other knowledge. The whole is attained by an investigation of the component parts; and is the intellectual or moral constitution of a man to be known without marking those circumstances which, in my opinion, are the true index of either? With Roger North, "I fancy myself a picture-drawer, and aiming to give the same image to a spectator as I have of the thing itself, which I desire should be represented here: for instance, a tree, the picture whereof of the leaves and minor branches are very small and confused, and give the artist more pain to describe than the solid trunk and greater branches. But if these small things were left out, it would make but a sorry picture of a tree. Biography is, as it were, a portrait or lineament, and not a bare index or catalogue of things done, and without the how or why becomes jejune and unprofitable."*

Mr. O'Loughlin received his early education in Ennis, in the county of Clare, at one period the great depôt which supplied the university with the soundest classical erudition, and rivalled, in literary produce, the far-famed Kerry itself. Clare, too, boasts the enviable pre-eminence of having contributed more largely to the rank of the Irish bar than any other shire in Ireland. Its pretensions to that elevated distinction I shall not at present canvass, but certainly the professional success of the subject of our memoir did not detract from its boasted distinction. He entered Trinity College as pensioner, where I could not learn that he particularly distinguished himself, notwithstanding the classic atmosphere which his boyhood breathed. There he formed an intimate acquaintance with Baron Richards, Mr. Sheil, and some other eminent men, all of whom formed an intellectual and social circle, which, throughout their subsequent career, continued unbroken. It is proper to observe, that report states the cord of friend-

* North's Life of Lord Keeper Guilford.

ship not to have been drawn so tight between him and Baron Richards of late years as before; if rumour speaks truth—and her merchandize is less often truth than falsehood—the cause of the untoward separation is attributable to the claims advanced by each to the vacancy in the Rolls Court—the former asserting his right because of a more lengthened public service, and a solicitude, as Roman Catholic, to purge himself of the conscientious qualms which the administration of justice in the Court of Exchequer daily created—the latter on the ground of superior fitness, as well as a generous conviction that he had devotedly adhered to the government, and maintained its principles when they were attempted to be shaded by the frowns and sarcasms of an illiberal bench and scoffing bar. The claims of both were powerful—between them I shall not attempt to decide—but the result, which is said to have terminated in the rupture of an attached and protracted friendship, is to be deplored. The youthful habits of Mr. O'Loughlin were inclined to mirth and good fellowship, yet he “never topped the mode,” but always showed a firmness and solidity beyond his years. Too modest to be remarkable, he was content to remain in the back-ground, known only to a few, who rewarded his amiable manners and bashful demeanour with sincere attachment. He could not usurp assurance in the province of shame-facedness, and borrow effrontery to sustain the assumed character of ill-fitting boldness. Almost a boy in years, and in the pure simplicity of his mind, he was called to the bar, unprotected against the casualties of professional life by the splendour or sufficiency of his private fortune. In this he was not singular—Lord Kenyon lived on sixpence a day—Hardwicke appeased a craving stomach on the rank viands of old law reports—and our own Yelverton, one of the noblest and most gigantic minds on the records of eloquence and legal science, was compelled on more than one occasion to allay his appetite with a simple crust and water. Poor Curran humorously boasted that he was called to the bar with no living possession but a pregnant wife: now whether Mr. O'Loughlin had this possession at that particular period, and so could sympathise keenly with his illustrious predecessor, I cannot determine; but as it fared with other great men, he discovered in that alteration of his condition the first great motive to exertion. From the day he made a practical disavowal of single bliss, he prepared himself with vigorous energy for a rapid and onward march. Nothing was to be considered as done, until he planted his banner in the heart of the Saburra. He forthwith toiled with assiduous vigilance; and if his labours were unrewarded for a season, his habitual cheerfulness and complacency never abandoned him. A white-headed youth, with a countenance continually in smiles, was observed day after day, in a front row in some of the courts, devouring equity or law from the oracular lips of the bench, and consigning it, until wanted, to the recesses of an ample note-book. Rarely was he missed from his accustomed place, and by that laudable perseverance, he obtained a complete knowledge of that subtlest and most shadowy department of law—the practice of the courts. But while he cultivated the practice, he also prosecuted the theory with a closeness that savoured of enthusiasm. He

often consumed the night-cruise in exploring its mysterious depths and started afresh with the first light of morning to renew the inquiry. Every barrister of eminence must, of necessity, be an early riser—he cannot wade through the contents of a ponderous bag with efficiency after a day of exhaustion and fatigue in the clamour and confusion of the courts. Overnight much will remain to be done—and what has been done the memory can with difficulty retain—it requires renewal. In the morning, when sleep has refreshed his system, and the faculties have acquired freshness and strength from repose, he proceeds to business with ease and energy. But Mr. O'Loughlin did not await the stirring incentive of fifty-guinea briefs to shake off the allurements of slumber—"his morning haunts were where they should be, in his study—not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring. In winter, often ere the sound of the bell awake men to labour or devotion—in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good works till the attention be weary, or the memory have its full fraught."* From the very commencement he laid it down as a governing rule in professional life, to be in communion with the sage doctors of the law at five o'clock, and from that rule he has very rarely deviated. When he had not even a motion of course to make, and when, in aftertimes, the weight of his blue bag almost resisted his strength, he was equally in his study at the appointed hour. Ignorance he considered the progeny of Sloth, and without a vigorous repudiation of that fascinating sorceress, the former was likely to find a firm footing. But with all this abstinence from luxury, he nevertheless blended positive Sybaritism—he submitted himself every morning to the delicious torrent of a shower-bath. Some, however, contrary to our opinion, would consider that matin ablution anything but sybaritic for at least six months in the year. He usually "put in" four hours of intense application, and after, sat quietly to breakfast, though at the imminent peril of having his reputation as a man of business blasted by the malicious tongue of some intruding solicitor, who had just returned from North George's Street, and seen the model of a true man of business in another eminent barrister, who refused the temptation of a hot chop in the parlour, for a hard crust and a cup of cold coffee in the study. And all to be deemed a man of business! Mr. O'Loughlin, too, could sit down to dinner like ordinary mortals, and spend a reasonable time in convivial conversation, not

"Shaking his head at Murray as a wit,"

but listening to the pleasant tale, from a friend, of one of the old Irish lights whose flashes of humour, gibes and jests, were wont to set the table in a roar; and tell another himself in turn of Curran or Keller, Lysaght or Bushe, or perhaps of Bethel and Blucher†—all this he

* Milton's Apology for Smectymnus.

† The names of Burke Bethel, and his famous steed Blucher, called after the famous general of that name, are familiar as household words to an Irish ear. His quips and blunders, for he was not less expert at one than the other, are like the atmosphere we breathe, in every society we take them in. Whoever is anxious to

could do without impairing his character as a man of business. I have heard of a barrister, particularly addicted to hilarity, who was anxious to carry "Behold a man of business" as a frontlet between his eyes; and the sagacious course he adopted succeeded to the full extent of his wishes, and the repletion of his bag. "My very dear friend," accosting an attorney, at the same time fondly inserting the fore-finger of his right hand in the top button-hole of his dear friend's coat, "you shall dine with me to-morrow—no apology; excuse, pray excuse this parole invitation; a man of business, *you* know, cannot afford time to sit down to write them." And so he went the round of the hall to muster the requisite number of attorneys—few were the refusals, for like men in general, they too are tempted with hot joints and cold claret. He received them all with a delighted smile, of course quite happy to see so many dear friends together. Dinner ready—all is good fellowship—the host calls for a bumper—makes a long speech in praise of that honourable profession whose members surround him—drinks all their healths, and turns his glass on the table. He is proposed in turn, and raised of course to the seventh heaven of eulogy—"Hip, hip, hurrah!" His reply is overpowering—"Friends, entirely too good."—Suddenly he looks at his watch—"Bless me! a quarter-past eight—excuse me for a few hours—business must be done—a heavy cause in Chancery to-morrow—a dozen motions in the Rolls—the Master's Office—the Chief Remembrancer's"—all this mighty mass of coming toil he had not yet looked into—and the truth was he had nothing to do. His prudential maxim was, If you have nothing to do, affect to have more than you can do. He calculated well on the credulity of the world; and his sagacity, with the useful co-operation of good dinners and good wine, soon raised him from the appear-

provoke a good laugh, at the dinner-table, an admirable earnest for a second invitation, comes with a fasciculus of Burke's *bon mots*. Many of them are of a very racy character, if true, but we suspect it has fared with the owner of Blucher as with Swift—he is made accountable for humorous sayings he has never expressed, and curious feats he has never accomplished. Once a wit and your store vastly accumulates—say one good thing—you are made the owner of twenty. Burke is a true lover of the *cuisine*—he would rather sit in consultation with a synod of Udes, "on the light of each day's life," a good dinner, than direct the destinies of empires, and put up with "homely fare." His mode of self-invitation is worthy of record—"My dear fellow, why do you never call to see me?—seldom at home though—dined last week with my old friend P—k—tt. B—s—h—e, too, was there. Excellent stories. You would delight to hear 'em. I'm *disengaged to-night*." To another he recommends himself in language somewhat more mysterious, but generally not misunderstood—"Never seen your mahogany—told 'tis beautiful." But of Blucher, who is the subject of more stories than the war-horse of Alexander, and knows his rider just as well. When Burke takes a "rural feed," as he terms it, for his foraging expeditions are numerous, Blucher may be seen on the Rathfarnham road, starting from side to side to preserve the poise of his venerable master, who unconsciously gravitated earthward. Once poor Blucher fell sick, it is said, from too much soft food; and Burke carried the tale disastrous to Chief-Baron O'Grady.

"Well, Bethel, what news?"

"Bad news—very bad news," quoth Burke; "Blucher's off!"

"Poor fellow!" said the Scarron of the Irish bar, with a malicious smile, "did you try any remedy?"

"Everything possible—bleeding, physicking, veterinary surgeons—in fact, everything. O'Grady."

"Burke, you forgot one thing—did you try oats?"

ance into the solid character of a "man of business." What he and many more accomplished by dexterity and cunning, Mr. O'Loughlin effected by industry and knowledge. For several years, however, his lot was no exception to the general rule of slow progression. Many a weary day he passed over, before his probation was done, but he bore it all with a light heart and cheerful spirit; if not "passing rich with forty pounds a year," he was content with what it afforded, and went eagerly to work, day after day, with that harmony of temper which an annual return of some thousands may be fairly expected to produce. Never tortured by dejection, or looking on the unprofitableness of the past with despondency, and despairing of the hopes and triumphs of the future, he awaited, with a philosophic patience, the emergence of his star from the clouds and mist which obscured its brightness. The opportunity at length arrived, and he took the tide at the flood. There is in the life of every man a moment to lose or gain which gives a colour to all his future existence—the truth is an old one—the experience and observation of the world confirm it. I have known some who might have laid the foundation of their fortune firm by taking advantage of slight occurrences, but ignorance or weakness, or both, darkened their understandings—the occasion passed away—too late they discovered their unhappy error, and now they sit in the shadow of despair, hopeless of the hope of the future.

Mr. O'Loughlin's fortune is connected with a remarkable incident in the life of Mr. O'Connell. In a cause which involved considerable property, he was retained, with Mr. O'Loughlin as junior. The day of trial came on in the King's Bench. A dozen times the court echoed to the cries "Call Daniel O'Connell, Esq.;" but Dan was not forthcoming. He then informed the court that his senior counsel happened to be engaged in a very unfortunate circumstance, which prevented his appearance there on that day. (He had gone to fight with D'Esterre, and the melancholy issue is too well known.) He then applied for a postponement, because of his senior's absence, and his own inability to argue so important a cause; but the bench was peremptory—deaf as adders to the repeated remonstrances of the junior; he was desired to begin. And fortunate for him was that judicial inflexibility! He now beheld the first streak of light in the opening of the cloud—all depended on the ability with which he was to conduct that case. Opposed to him were some of the ablest lawyers at the bar. Opposed to them was a beardless youth, unnoticed and unknown—a Troilus encountering Achilles!—Such were the disheartening odds. But he quickly gathered up his energies—looked for a moment or two on some notes on the back of his brief, and commenced. His modesty, and extremely juvenile appearance, operated strongly on the court; they listened to him with marked attention, and cheered his progress with nods of approbation. He had, however, more than youth and modesty to recommend him to their favour. He astonished bench and bar alike by his clear and prompt exposition of intricate facts, divesting the statement of all surplus matter, and putting prominently forward such facts only as were important—by the masterly skill with which he connected them—by the strong and searching principles of law, which he skilfully applied to them—and

by the process of reasoning, orderly and logical, with which he wove out of the whole a tissue of brilliant argument of two hours' duration. Such an unexpected exhibition of power surprised the court, and they complimented him in terms as flattering as they were merited. The Tribonians of the inner bar caught a Tartar, instead of a calf, as they fondly anticipated. Even Mr. C—p—r unpursed the edge of his right eye, which ever had a most fascinating tendency to winking, and looked serious a moment. The case occupied the attention of the court for several consecutive days, and he fought alone. Mr. O'Connell was too much occupied with the distracting consequences of that fatal fray to devote any time to his briefs. The reply devolved on Mr. O'Loughlin, and it far surpassed his first effort in power and learning. The "native hue" was brushed away, and with increased confidence he acquired increased strength. He had now weighed anchor—"the ship was cheered, the harbour cleared," and he was fairly afloat. Warmly did Mr. O'Connell congratulate his young friend; thenceforth a strict friendship ensued between both, an intimacy which proved of inestimable service to Mr. O'Loughlin through his subsequent career; and it must be a pride and consolation to the former, that his influence strongly contributed to bring the qualities of the latter to distinguished maturity. Now that he had made the first movement, he went on, gradually picking up odd briefs and guineas therewith. The heaven of a future state, and the heaven of a huge bag, lawyers can reach only by degrees; but he caught the breeze sooner than others; in the eye of the wind he stretched forward, year after year adding to his fortune and reputation. At length he became firmly entrenched in business, and bade defiance to accident, standing in the front rank of the Catholic bar, of whose influence in the late struggles which agitated Ireland, and the reaction which that convulsive movement produced on that portion of the bar, it may not be deemed unnecessary, though somewhat digressive, to speak a few words.

Since the admission of Roman Catholics to the legal profession, the bar reckoned among its members of that persuasion some of the very ablest men as lawyers and orators that Ireland produced. On the withdrawal of the penal provisions they swelled rapidly in number—rivaling their more experienced and law-favoured Protestant brethren in ability and industry. At the close of the last century, the relaxation of an oppressive code enabled the Roman Catholics to connect their interests more closely with the country, and the result was a large landed proprietary—the same influence swelled the ranks of commerce—a segment of the Catholic population, active and industrious, soon formed an important portion of the trading community. With the extension of Catholic interests, the Catholic bar swelled in strength and power, and being deprived by unconstitutional restrictions of the just fruits of their learning and integrity, they soon began to look with jealousy and surprise on the obstacles that impeded their progress to well-deserved honour. The poisonous trail of the old serpent was still visible over Irish institutions—that noxious policy which, with one hand, raised the favourites of a faction to dignities, and with the other smote down the favourites of a whole people, was yet in full operation and vigour. There was only one access to the temple of honour—that lay through the porch of treason to Irish freedom. The

Castle was the Triphonian cavern, from which men came out metamorphosed into traitors and conspirators against their country—vicious principles were compounded with the sweet pills of office—the former must be swallowed with the latter. Servility and intrigue were the sure precursors of success, while a humiliating vassalage promised to be the permanent condition of able and worthy men, who scorned to kiss the purple, and preferred the cause of truth and right to the impulses of an unholy ambition. The same ungenerous system was in plenary force through the land—the old and veritable maxim “*Servorum non est respublica*,” was the principle which influenced England, and the constitution enjoyed by Ireland was one of terror and exclusion. Oppression was like the call of wisdom in the stately language of Solomon—“She crieth aloud; she uttereth her voice in the streets, on the tops of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the opening of the gates.” But a change at length came over the Catholic spirit. The whining murmurs of the Board ascended slowly—its leaders, consisting principally of members of the bar, too long accustomed to whisper discontent to their own ears, were afraid to assume the haughty tone of manly independence, or speak out in the firm language of men “who would be free”—but that whisper, low and spiritless as it generally was, produced good results—the people began to knit together—they got a glimpse of the vast power springing from united energies. That was the first step in the march to victory. Dissension dissolved the Board, but the spirit it awakened never slept. From 1811 to 1823 there was a solemn pause—it was only the windless calm that augurs the coming tempest. The dissatisfaction of the Catholics again rose with their own growing importance and the manifest neglect with which government treated their own and the general pretensions. At length they broke silence, and put in motion the springs of a moral confederation, unexampled in the history of the world. The old lullaby was no more—the voice of supplicating misery assumed the bitter strength of indignation—a noble self-reliance was preferred to a ruinous and shameful repose. Their cry was “Impartial Right,” and on their banner was blazoned the language mortal to faction—“A nation is for all, not for a few.” All the qualities that command success were brought forward into active operation—all the sound sense and matured understanding which could control and direct the current of popular force—all the splendour of genius and talent, which illumine and almost hallow a public cause, presided over that political combination. Its influence bound the land like a vast chain, which often vibrated with the shocks of an electric eloquence. The consummate prudence with which it was conducted was equal to the unparalleled power it acquired. The voice of the people, without the Association, like a mighty sea—their constructive voice within it—countless meetings—remonstrances—petitions—all told the mighty pulsations of the national heart. Legal science and professional experience restrained the public fury within legitimate limits—discretion moderated, but did not cool, their passion—the furnace was kept to a high temperature. In that school, the young Catholic barrister was taught the principles of a science, which turned to the advantage of many who had learning and industry to

support that connexion with the people, which the provincial proceedings of the Association afforded; but unfortunately it proved detrimental to many more, who were content to sacrifice their future prospects for the glare of an evanescent renown. The rapture of an applauding assembly has an irresistible influence over ill-regulated minds. The scene at length terminated. All the means of power to oppress or awe, legislative rigour, was in vain resorted to. Ireland had outgrown her old timid apprehensions of authority, and a new science of politics became indispensable to a new people. After a six years' struggle freedom was tranquilly obtained; the Catholic stood on the same constitutional pedestal with his Protestant fellow-citizen—the bar threw open its long-closed portals, and pointed out the richness of its silk and ermine to the man who had the power to command them. Exclusion died the death of a traitor. Faction clenched his teeth and grinned at the proud triumph of Equality. Brigands no longer infested the high road to honour. The first ripe fruit of that noble tree was the rapid succession of elevations which finally placed the subject of this memoir in the position which he now occupies. But to return. After emancipation, a new career opened itself to Mr. O'Loughlin. Up to that period his practice was considerable, afterwards its augmentation was rapid and extensive. He had always been the petted favourite of Mr. O'Connell. Whoever caught the sunshine of his smile shared also in the favour of the people, and in the more substantial good derivable from that intimacy. Mr. O'Connell regarded him with the affection of a brother, and was always solicitous for the promotion of his interests. In one respect they differed—his influence was never sufficiently powerful to attract his pupil to the active pursuits of politics. Whether his modesty was paramount to his inclination, and his diffidence too strong for his desires, or whether he acted on the suggestions of the prudent interrogation, "Is it not better to eschew politics and pursue my profession, than lose the latter in the profession of the former?" I cannot assert; but certain it is, his walk through life was tranquil, undisturbed by the contentions, and untouched by the envy arising from agitation. When Mr. O'Connell closed his active career at the bar, he was in the receipt of a large income—no man ever realised more, perhaps, in the practice of the law-courts. Seven thousand a year, according to his own testimony before a committee of the House of Commons, was the rich reward of his great, unrivalled powers. On his return for Clare he chose the high road of parliamentary for professional honour. Many heavy cases remained on his hands, to which the bustle of that period did not permit him to attend—these he committed to the knowledge of Mr. O'Loughlin, and I have also heard that he wrote strong letters to all his attorneys to transfer their favours to his friend. This appeared to be complied with, at least the huge increase of his business since 1829 might fairly warrant the inference. This was the second epoch. The first was one of continuing progression—the second of professional permanence. Throughout the former he worked by gradual ascents to the point of perfection—in the latter he fixed a durable trophy of his success. All that the intellect and labour of one man could accomplish, he had to discharge, and he did it with effect.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STORMING OF THE DUTCH CAMP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES."

CURAÇOA.

THE signal to heave-to was flying in La Franchise, and our second luf. brought on board the following order:—

"It being the intention of Captain Murray to attack and disperse the armed force under the Dutch commodore, now encamped in the interior of the Island of Curaçoa, you are hereby required and directed to select your quota of men and officers from those who may volunteer, according to the subjoined list; the whole to assemble on board La Franchise, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and pikes, an hour after sunset this evening. (Signed.) J. MURRAY.

This order obtaining publicity, roused all the valorous ambition contained in his majesty's sloop; and the whole of the company, from captain to cook's boy, volunteered on this important occasion. Our chief, who did not want personal courage, went to the commodore to tender his offer, as commander of the party, but with the utmost politeness he was informed that my gallant friend, Fleming, was already selected, in hopes he would render as good an account of them as he had done of the Fykefort. This wounded Captain Mac's pride, and he returned with his naturally sweet temper rather ruffled, finding me inspecting the party I meant to command.

"It is my intention, sir, to place my sloop's party under the command of the second lieutenant, and he will consequently select his own men." Thus venting part of the spleen engendered by his mortification on me. At sunset the squadron made sail to close the shore, with the signal to follow the commodore's motions. Now darkness covered the face of the deep, and we all hove to, hoisted out the boats, and mustered in the attacking party, who were the *élite* of the ship, and had been busily employed grinding cutlasses, sharpening boarding-pikes, and selecting pistols with good locks well flinted, each sailor wearing on his sword-arm a broad patch of white canvass sewed to his jacket, as a distinguishing mark. The whole landed at nine P.M., and were marched off the beach by companies, La Franchise and La Fortune's marines forming the van, with an advance of four, under a stout sergeant of that corps; this man was immoderately fat for a sergeant of marines, and it convinces me growing fat depends more on the temper, than feeding of the animal, whether it walks on two legs or four. Upon the fat sergeant's making out the encampment of the Dutch, he retreated on the main body, who were advancing in, and with caution.

"Did you see the advanced sentinel?" said Lieutenant Fleming.

I crept near enough to shoot him dead, but dared not risk the noise.

"Can you seize and gag him without alarming the camp?"

"No; though the fellow seems to have neither ears nor eyes, the space is too open to cut him down, and he would not die without a squall."

"Officers to the front;" and they collected round the commanding officer. "Now, Mynheer Horsica, describe the position of the Dutch commodore, and what we have to encounter, that we may shape our measures accordingly."

"All the officers," said Horsica, "with the company of the Kenny Hasler marines, sleep in, and garrison, a good sized farm-house, built of stone, and tiled. It can only be fired from within; nothing combustible without, except the street-door, which is African oak, and to which a flight of stone steps, eight in number, lead. On each side of the door stands a brass six pounder, loaded with grape and cannister, and the encampment of the remainder of the men is in rear of the house. I will creep forward and shoot the sentinel, and let the report of my musket be the signal for the assault."

"Gentlemen, you have heard Mynheer Horsica's detail and plan of attack. I approve of every part *but shooting the sentinel*. The marines must carry the house and field-pieces; the sailors, equally divided, will move on the wing of the marines, and rush upon the camp. The whole will move forward in double-quick time at the sound of Horsica's musket. Till then advance silently on the sentinel." And the storming-party walked with the greatest caution till they could see the poor sentinel, who, unsuspecting of immediate danger, incautiously paced his lonely round. A slight disturbance in the nearest bush-wood caused him to bring his musket down to the charge, and my informant (our second luf.) was near enough to hear the click of cocking his piece. Horsica, whose ears were open, paused in his stealthy pace, and, tiger-like, crouched in his lair, while his alarmed opponent strained his sight to penetrate through the darkness of night. Finding all still, he hummed the fag-end of a song, and resumed his beat. The blood-thirsty Dutchman again crept on, and our party moved slowly towards him. The sharp report of Horsica's rifle, the piercing cry of agony, and convulsive spring of the sentinel, with the British hurrah, were all simultaneous with the desperate rush on the fortified house and camp. The surprise was most complete and successful, and resistance, except in individual instances, faint. The captain of marines of the Kenny Hasler rushed half-clothed to defend the street-door, and was encountered by one of our marines, who brought his bayonet to the charge, and ran up the steps for the purpose of thrusting him out of the way, in doing which he stumbled, his hat flew off, leaving his bare head exposed to his adversary's sabre. The captain was a very powerful man, and with his huge sword cut three times on the poor fellow's head as he was rising, and, strange to say, without penetrating the skull, which, I suppose, must have been comfortably thick, for the marine had sufficient strength left to pass his bayonet through his adversary's body, who fell dead at the threshold of his door. Fortunately

for the Dutch commodore, business or pleasure had called him into the town of Amsterdam on the previous evening, leaving the camp under the command of his captain, who was taken prisoner, with his two sons, and sent on board *La Franchise*. The field-pieces also were brought off, and the victorious party cut a great splash on the beach in the morning with their prisoners and plunder. They were most deservedly cheered by the squadron as they passed to their respective ships, and if their gallant commander, Fleming, still remains a lieutenant, (which I fear is the case,) I can only say it is a stigma on those who held the gate of promotion in the days of yore.

The first person I met on my return to Port Royal was an invalid midshipman of his Majesty's ship *Goalong*, lately captured from the Spaniards, who gave me the following melancholy account of the loss of the captain and six prime seamen.

"Our captain's signal," said he, "to dine with the commodore, flying on board the *Pelican*," called the signal-man to the officer of the watch.

"Hoist the 'affirmative,'" was the reply; and at four bells P.M. his Majesty's brig *Pelican* backed her main-topsail, his Majesty's brig *Goalong* having previously hove to; and the captain, in full fig, came on the quarter-deck, and desired that the gig might be hoisted out and manned, to take him on board the *Pelican*, to dinner. The officers assembled, the side piped, and the youthful commander, gracefully returning the general bow, stepped over the side, and into his gig, whose bow-oar was inimitably twirled by the bowman, as the boatswain gave the shrill whistle on his silver call, and the sidesmen, agreeably to the signal, retired from their stations, unshipping the green baize on the captain's side-ropes.

"Oars!" said the commander; "desire the first lieutenant to come to the gangway. Mr. —," addressing him, "you will keep an eye on the commodore, and follow his motions."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"And I shall keep the boat."

"Very well, sir;" and the first lieutenant replaced his hat as the young commander ordered his crew to give way. When the gig reached the *Pelican*, she filled, dropt her foresail, and stood off from the east end of Porto Rico; distance seven leagues.

His Majesty's sloop *Goalong* literally complied with the orders left by her captain, and followed the motions of the commodore to the minutia of sending an additional topman aloft, provided the senior officer set the example. Shortly after sunset the *Pelican* hauled her foresail up and backed her main-topsail. The *Goalong* immediately hove to, complying with the captain's order *too literally*, without closing the *Pelican*, who was observed to be rigging out her studding-sail booms, and shaking out a reef of the topsails. In a few minutes she bore up under a cloud of sail, running free for the Spanish Main. Our observing friend of the *Goalong* instantly did the same; and leaving the heels of the *Pelican*, overtook her about midnight; for it occurred to our sapient commanding-officer of the *Goalong*, that it was unusual, to say the least of it, that his captain had not returned,

particularly as the breeze had freshened considerably, and the Pelican was running too fast to tow a boat with safety.

"Ho! the Pelican a-hoy!" hailed a loud voice from the Goalong.

"Hilloa!" responded the officer of the watch of that brig.

"Is Captain * * * coming on board to-night?"

"Good God!" said a strongly-agitated voice; "is he not on board?"

This came from the captain of the Pelican, who, alarmed by the hailing, had sprung from his bed, and in his shirt alone, now interrogated the querist.

"He left this brig in his boat, when we hove to, a little after sunset. O merciful God! he is, before this, food for sharks! Turn the hands up, shorten sail, and haul to the wind. Goalong a-hoy! beat up to where we made sail from, and at daylight keep a good distance from us. I will give twenty pounds to the first who discovers his gig."

His brother commander then retired to dress in great and visible agony and grief, nor did he, when dressed, leave the deck until the following evening, having during that time kept look-out men, not only from the mast-heads, but from every other point that gave a view of the wide and open sea. During that eventful time, as the brigs crossed each other, many were the epithets applied to the first lieutenant of the Goalong, whom some did not scruple to consider as an intentional murderer; though I am of opinion this dreadful accident arose from sheer stupidity. Whatever the cause, the effect was dreadful, for, melancholy to relate, neither the young captain, boat, nor crew, were ever heard of more.

The Goalong bore the sad tidings to the commander-in-chief at Port Royal, and the first lieutenant delivered the captain of the Pelican's explanation.

The veteran Dacre read the letter with great emotion, and our worthy preferred his request for the command of the brig. "I cannot give you that," said the admiral; "but if possible, I will give you something you deserve better."

"Indeed, sir!" said the worthy lieutenant, with the blindest smile imaginable, "what is that?"

"*A halter!*" responded the admiral, in his sternest tone.

Gentle reader! hast thou ever been attacked by rats?—and felt thy blood run cold and thy flesh creep as the repulsive vermin have swarmed upon you? I have; and here commences the tale of

THE RATS.

Sir Graham Moore began the Spanish war early in the present century, by attacking four of their galleon frigates, one of which, bearing a rear-admiral's flag, was sunk by his fire, the others he brought into Portsmouth, where the treasure was unshipped, and sent to that emporium of the commercial world, London: the prizes being cleared of provisions and stores, were strictly searched, and left bereft of everything, save an immoderate quantity of Bandacoot rats; but as an idea was entertained that the precious metals might still

remain in the linings of the ships, placed there for the purpose of cheating the mother country of its duties, by being smuggled on shore, I, with a sergeant's guard, was placed in one of them, whose name I forget, for the purpose of protecting such supposed property. I entered the captain's cabin as a winter's sun was leaving the northern hemisphere, to gladden the hearts that beat in a southern one, for it was in the month of December, and not very remote from Christmas. The weather was seasonable, for the snow fell fast and blinding; and the fire in the captain's cabin, of which I took possession, was truly exhilarating; so much so, that I strutted up and down it, fancying myself in command of so fine a frigate, and even with the Spanish captain's trumpet, loudly gave orders, with only myself to execute them. This did very well till the lamp was illuminated; it was a large one, and threw a flood of light over the spacious cabin. My cot I caused to be hung rather high, or near the ceiling, for I had been cautioned that thousands of voracious rats, of the Bandacoot species, infested the empty ship, with nothing in the shape of food but each other, and this induced me to hang my cot higher than usual. I had during my castle building, when fancying myself captain of the goodly ship, been startled by the strange and uncouth noises arising from their preying on each other; but being then too much excited and elated by my waking dreams, I had no time to bestow a thought on my agreeable shipmates. Having dispatched my cold dinner, and my servant boy having retired to join the sergeant's party in the gun-room, I drew my chair to the fire: with a book in my hand, and a bottle of port wine by my side, I endeavoured to make myself comfortable; but

“Man *never is*, but always to be blest.”

And my comfort was greatly disturbed by troops of rats sweeping across the cabin-floor, giving me a side glance *en passant*; and laying down my book to throw something at them, I found innumerable small fierce eyes glaring ferociously at me from all corners and holes in the cabin. This completely did away with the magic of Mrs. Radcliffe's vivid and romantic pen, and the “Mysteries of Udolpho,” on that night, remained still a mystery to me. I placed my drawn dirk on the table, my audacious neighbours seeming to take courage, as mine, like Bob Acres, began to ooze out at my finger's ends, for I always entertained a great antipathy to the sagacious vermin; and pride alone, with a sense of its being unofficer-like, prevented me from joining the sergeant's party, from whom I often heard bursts of laughter, and the loud chorus of a song. I will take an extra glass of wine by way of a night draught and night-cap, and by turning into my high-slung cot, raise myself above these infernal vermin, and laugh at their impotent attempts on my plump person. But first for a look at the sentinels, whom I found walking at a brisk pace, as the snow fell fast, and the cold was intense. Ordering that no boat should be allowed to come alongside during the hours of darkness, I returned to (I wish I could say) my cheerful fire, for shoals of these disgusting vermin were occupied in picking up the crumbs of dinner, as I resumed my seat, and which I made a stepping place into my cot, taking

care to deposit my book and clothes in the same apparent place of safety. I lay watchful and restless, and heard the midnight guard relieve the posts, and by way of varying the scene, looked over the sides of my cot at my nimble friends, who thickly covered the floor, and on whom the lamp threw a strong light ; but when I caught the ferocious and ravenous glare of their small eyes fixed upon me, my flesh crept and my blood tingled at the idea of being eaten by them.

Putting up a prayer to that Power that alone can shield us from all dangers, with a heavy boot-jack in my right hand, I dropped into a deep slumber : and it must have been profound ; for when I awoke, from the pressure of the bed clothes, there must have been a considerable additional weight, as the white counterpane was totally obscured by dark-coloured rats, and one of the hideous brood was in the act of seizing my chin, as my eyes unclosed upon the frightful scene. With convulsive energy I kicked down the clothes, and throwing the boot-jack at the troops that thronged around and under my cot, ran barefooted and undressed to call the sentinels, and with their assistance transferred my cot into the gun-room among the marines, where the lonely feelings and sense of desolation vanished ; but the horror with which the vermin impressed me is not yet effaced ; and glad beyond measure was I to see an old buffer from the Royal William-guard-ship come at ten in the morning to relieve me.

I told him my adventure of the previous night, but the old fellow smiled, and said, " I was young not to know how to foil rats. Observe how simply it is done," said he, placing canvass over his cot, and sticking it taut to the sides, only leaving an aperture for him to enter, which he closed with a polun and needle when in it, in sail-maker fashion. " Thus I defy your enemy, youngster," said he, " and their useless efforts and gambols will serve to enliven the scene, and take from the monotony of living alone."

Gladly did I leave my sprightly friends in the hands of such a philosopher, and with double enjoyment did I relish the comforts of the well-ordered ward-room mess in his Majesty's ship * * * *, in which I then served as third lieutenant.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

CHAPTER V.—Late Members.

MR. HARDY—MR. JOHN RICHARDS—SIR LOVE PARRY JONES PARRY.

IN resuming, in the "Metropolitan Magazine," the series of Parliamentary Portraits, which I commenced some time ago, I shall adopt the same plan as I did in my "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," namely, begin with a chapter on some of the late members. Next month I shall give portraits of such of the most distinguished of the members now in the House, as have not already been noticed. My present sketches will be confined to Mr. Hardy, Mr. John Richards, and Sir Love Parry Jones Parry. I single these gentlemen out from other late members, for this reason among others—that they are not only understood to be anxious to get into Parliament again, but are themselves confident their wishes will soon be realised.

MR. HARDY, late member for Bradford, was comparatively little known in the House when I wrote my "Random Recollections." Since then he has brought himself somewhat prominently into notice. The part he took in the affair between Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Raphael was of great service to him in his efforts to emerge from obscurity. The very circumstance of entering on the order book, notice of a motion for the purpose of taking Mr. O'Connell to task for the part he played in that memorable drama, contributed essentially of itself, to attract the eyes of all his brother legislators to the then member for Bradford. To attack the "Agitator," as Mr. Hardy was in the habit of calling him, in what was then considered his most vulnerable part, was at once set down as arguing the possession of no ordinary courage. As might naturally be inferred under these circumstances, the motion of Mr. Hardy, and the speech with which it should be prefaced, were looked forward to with unusual anxiety. Some of his friends had serious misgivings as to the way in which he would acquit himself; but the event proved that their fears were groundless. "The day, the great, the important day," big with the oratorical fate of Mr. Hardy, having arrived, and his name being called by the Speaker, he rose, and after a few general observations in the usual shape of humbly soliciting the indulgence of the House—professing his overwhelming sense of his inability to do justice to the subject—being induced to undertake the task by a sense of duty—disclaiming personal motives—and so forth; after a few such common-place remarks the hon. member leaped at once into the heart of his subject. He abused O'Connell right and left. He inveighed against him in terms

of bitterness, and in a tone of boldness, which few members had ventured to display in speaking of the hon. and learned member for Dublin. His speech occupied nearly three hours in the delivery: it certainly displayed considerable talent. His invective was often happy, as well as bold; his observations were sometimes acute, and his wit was in many instances pointed; and what, perhaps, was still more serviceable to him, he was most vociferously cheered by the Conservatives, from the beginning to the end of his speech. But, what was most important of all, he was replied to by O'Connell at considerable length. All these lucky circumstances conspired to make a parliamentary reputation to the hon. gentleman in what an Irishman would call "less than no time." In the short space of three hours Mr. Hardy was raised from the size of an oratorical dwarf to the dimensions of a giant. Then came the "Standard" of the following day, representing, in the usual spirit of exaggeration which characterizes that able and honest journal, the speech of the hon. member as the most masterly oratorical effort ever made within the walls of Parliament. This did for the hon. member among the Conservatives of the country, what the circumstances I have mentioned had done for him in the House. For some time Mr. Hardy possessed an enviable station as a member of the legislature. He did not, however, long retain his elevated position. He did nothing afterwards to keep up the reputation which this isolated effort had gained for him; and latterly his station in the House was very little better than it originally was.

Mr. Hardy is a man of very respectable talent. Brought up to the bar, he can, like most of the gentlemen of the long robe, speak with much ease and fluency. His voice is not in his favour as a speaker: it has something of a bass muffled sound—nor does he, except when excited, which he very seldom is, speak in sufficiently audible tones. His enunciation is rather rapid; but not unpleasantly so. His gesture is usually moderate: the only instances in which I have seen it verge on vehemence, was on two or three occasions last year, when vindicating himself from the charge preferred against him, of having been guilty of bribing the electors of Pontefract by paying them head-money. On that occasion his action was so energetic as to border on the ridiculous.

Mr. Hardy, until within the last few years, always identified himself with the Liberal party: what has produced the change in his opinions, I have not the means of knowing; but there was not latterly a more thorough going Conservative on the opposition side of the House. He invariably sat behind Sir Robert Peel, and was one of the greatest of the right hon. baronet's numerous admirers. Mr. Hardy has usually a rather grave appearance; he is by no means prodigal of his smiles; nor was he so communicative to those around him as most of the Conservative gentlemen on the Tory side of the House are to each other. It was no uncommon thing to see him sitting with his arms folded across his breast, quite in the *à la* Napoleon style for a couple of hours at a time, without exchanging a word with any one, or without relaxing for a moment the rigidity of his features. I am satisfied there were few members in the House who

could claim the merit of being more attentive to what was going on. He might with a special propriety have been called the deliberative member. I have often had occasion to witness his imperturbable gravity at the close of the last two sessions ; for before that time he occasionally looked cheerful. I have seen him sit as unmoved as if he were a statue, and look as serious as any poor fellow ever did when sentence was passing on him at the Old Bailey ; while the whole House was convulsed with laughter. If he ever did condescend to laugh, the funny thing which excited his risibility must needs have come from some member on his own side of the House. As regarded the humour of Mr. O'Connell—usually the most laughter-provoking speaker in the House—Mr. Hardy would not have been guilty of laughing at anything the “ Agitator ” said, were he to have received worlds in return. It seemed to be one of his fixed principles—to be an essential part of his political creed, to be thoroughly Conservative of his smiles when a Liberal spoke, however droll and happy the humour of that Liberal's speech might be. The most hearty laugh which the ex-member for Bradford ever perpetrated while I was in the House, was on the 8th of February last ; and surely, if ever it was excusable in him, or in any hon. member to deviate from the gravity so very becoming the legislative character, the occurrences of that evening afforded that excuse. Sir Robert Peel, on that occasion, appeared for the first time in the capacity of a comic actor. Sir Robert had always, as I have mentioned in my “ Random Recollections of the House of Commons,” been allowed, on all hands, to excel every other member in sustained deep tragedy ; but no one ever gave him credit for comic powers of a superior order. Now and then he had, on previous occasions, contrived so far to approach the comic as to excite a slight smile on the countenances of a few hon. members, remarkable for their pre-disposition to risibility ; but that was the full extent of the right hon. baronet's achievements in that way. On the night, however, to which I refer, Sir Robert appeared, to the astonishment and admiration of the House, in the character of a comic actor. And never, I must say, have I, on the stage or off it, seen a piece of more consummate comic acting than that of the right hon. baronet in some parts of his speech that night. The account given of the following passage in it, in the papers the next day, conveyed no idea of the thing itself. He had been reprobating the circumstance of Lord Mulgrave having some time before liberated all the criminal prisoners in the towns that nobleman had visited as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. And having exhausted his censure of the act in the gravest terms he could employ, he thought to punish the government still more for it by turning it into ridicule. He said he had given the only instance of a similar act, with which he was acquainted, in real life, and he had given it in plain prose. He would now give another instance of a poetical character, taken from the realms of fiction. “ This,” exclaimed Sir Robert Peel, to use his own words,—“ this is the only instance I know of, in which mercy was extended to persons confined for offences against the law, on the visit of a chief governor. “ O, yes ! ” he continued, as if correcting himself, “ O yes ! there is another instance

that occurs to my mind ; but it is of a poetical nature, and is taken from the regions of fiction. It is recorded in a farce——”

Here the right hon. baronet turned his back to the House and the Speaker, and looked his friends, including Mr. Hardy, in the face with one of the drollest expressions of countenance I ever witnessed. The roars of laughter which followed prevented him for some time from completing the sentence.

“ It is,” he resumed, “ recorded in a farce—a farce, however, I believe, known by the name of *Tom Thumb*.”

Here, again, Sir Robert not only wheeled about, and looked his friends in a singularly odd way in the face, but pronounced the words in so remarkably comic a manner that the whole House was thrown into one fit of laughter, which lasted for some time.

“ If I recollect rightly,” continued Sir Robert, “ and the noble lord, who is quite a classical authority on such matters, will correct me if I am wrong, for I merely quote from memory : if I recollect rightly, the King and Lord Grizzle appear on the stage.”

Here the irresistible comic pronunciation and gestures of Sir Robert again threw the House into a roar of laughter, which lasted for some time. Partial gravity being restored, he resumed :

“ The King says—‘ Rebellion is dead—let us now go to breakfast.’ ”

Again did the House resound with peals of laughter, which promised for a time never to have an end. Even Lord John Russell, the least guilty of laughter of any man I know on the ministerial side of the House ; even he joined in the universal shout, and shook his little sides to a degree which seemed, at one time, to threaten serious consequences. But the best of all was yet to come.

“ To celebrate the illustrious and auspicious event ; ” the event—namely, of the death of rebellion—“ to celebrate,” continued the right hon. baronet, “ this illustrious and auspicious event, the king further says—‘ Open the prisons—turn the captives loose—and let our treasurer advance a guinea to pay their several debts.’ ”

It were as impossible to convey any accurate notion of the inimitable manner in which the right hon. baronet here suited the action to the words, as it would be to describe the scene which followed. The comic tones of Sir Robert’s voice, the positions in which he placed himself, and the expression of countenance he assumed, are still ringing in my ears, and are before my eyes, as distinctly as if the scene had only occurred five minutes before writing this account of it. Had Farren, or Liston, or John Reeve, been in the gallery at the time, they would severally have blessed their stars that Sir Robert was destined to perform on the political stage, instead of on the boards of any of our theatrical establishments ; for the conviction would have been forced on them that, in such a case, he must have thrown them all completely into the shade. The peals of laughter which followed were as sudden and simultaneous as if they had been the result of some electrical experiments on the members. Mr. O’Connell never, even in his most forcible moods, produced so much “ agitation ” in any assemblage he ever addressed. The whole House seemed instinct with motion. The members appeared to have lost all command over

their risible faculties. Many of the most corpulent of them were inconvenienced from a want of room, more room being now necessary owing to the motion of their bodies. Even the great "Agitator" himself was not exempt from the universal "agitation." It was with difficulty he could support himself. But it was on the Tory side of the House that the effects of Sir Robert Peel's consummate acting were most visible. There there was a perfect tempest of agitation. Had a stranger chanced to enter the gallery at the time, there would have been no resisting the conclusion that they were all labouring under the influence of some unaccountable agency. For some time they literally "roared" out their laughter, and dozens of them, whose voices were never before heard in that House, showed that if they were no orators, it was from no want of lungs. As for their bodies, again, they moved backwards and forwards with edifying celerity, their heads vibrating as regularly between their knees and the back of their seats, as if they had all been moved by wires. *Every* body in the House laughed :

"Those now laughed that never laughed before,
And those who once had laughed now laughed the more."

Nor is this all. I am confident that had the celebrated weeping philosopher of antiquity himself been present, he could not have refrained from joining in the universal laugh. He would, for the moment, have dried up his tears, and given full play to his risible faculties. In truth, no human being could have heard and seen Sir Robert Peel without flying off at a tangent into a violent fit of laughter. It was fortunate for the speaker that it is no part of his duty to call the House to order when it has been thrown into a state of laughter; for he could not have performed it. Even his gravity was upset; while the poor officers of the House, whose duty it is to see that there be no laughter, or any other noise, instead of being able to keep order among the strangers, were unable to preserve it amongst themselves. They joined in the general laugh; they committed the very offence for the prevention of which, on the part of others, they are appointed and paid. Indeed, it looked precisely as if everybody had been striving to gain some prize or other, promised to be given to the party who should prove himself "the best laugher." Mr. Hardy played his part in the singular scene. And, with the view of accounting for so unusual an occurrence in his history, I have ventured on this slight digression. The circumstances under which he laughed were of so peculiar a kind, that suppose nobody but two of his particular friends had given way to their risible susceptibilities, he could not have preserved his gravity. At any rate, if he had not laughed in reality, he must, for the sake of common politeness, have affected to do homage to Momus; for Sir Robert repeatedly fixed his eye on Mr. Hardy during the performance of his part, and looked as if he had been acting for his special gratification. But, in addition to this, Mr. Hardy happened to sit between Mr. Sergeant Jackson and Mr. Sergeant Lefroy, and as they moved backwards and forwards in their seats with as much regularity, and seemingly in as cordial sympathy with each other, as if they were a species of political Siamese twins, the

hon. member for Bradford was, by their pressure, subjected to a species of necessity of moving backwards and forwards with them. As, consequently, it would have looked amazingly awkward to have seen the hon. gentleman propelled backwards and forwards in the way to which I have referred, without laughing, while everybody was laughing around him, it was to be expected that he would have done his best to force a laugh, had the thing not sprung up spontaneously in his own bosom, under the singular circumstances of that evening.

Mr. Hardy, though very reserved when in the House, and remarkable for his gravity in all public places, is a very sociable gentleman, and pleasant companion in private life. He is a man of excellent moral character. I believe his greatest enemies must admit that in the affair of the payment of head-money, which Mr. O'Connell brought before the House under the name of bribery, his vindication of his conduct was, in all the circumstances of the case, of a satisfactory nature. What he did, he did openly; and he only did what was quite common among reform candidates of unquestioned integrity at the time. The payment of head-money was, indeed, a part of the system which then—the matter occurred several years ago—obtained in electioneering matters.

Mr. Hardy is, I understand, a religious man. He takes a lively interest in all matters pertaining to the well-being of the Protestant establishment. He has always voted for a Sabbath Protection Bill.

In his personal appearance there is nothing marked. He is rather below the average height, but somewhat robustly framed. His hair is white, and his complexion fair. His features are round, and have an intelligent expression. He is approaching his fifty-fifth year.

Mr. JOHN RICHARDS, late member for Knaresborough, usually sat within two or three yards of Mr. Hardy. Like the latter gentleman, the time was when Mr. Richards identified himself with Liberal principles. That time has been gone by for some years: there was not, latterly, a more thorough-going Conservative on the opposition benches. Mr. Richards invariably attracted the attention of strangers the moment he rose. He was somehow or other disliked by the House. I once thought of having a chapter under the head of "Unpopular Members." In that case Mr. Richards would have been sure of a place in it. The instant he got on his legs, and before he had time to open his mouth, he was sure to be assailed with laughter, groans, and all sorts of zoological sounds. He bore all, however, with the fortitude of a philosopher; I should rather say, indeed, with the patience and resignation of a martyr. I never saw a man look more collected or better-natured under circumstances so much calculated to make him lose both his senses and his temper. There Mr. Richards stood as if nothing at all were the matter, rubbing the dust, it might be, off his spectacles, or otherwise amusing himself with those useful auxiliaries to one's vision. If one might infer from his countenance and manner what was passing in his mind, it would certainly be that he was saying with himself, "Take your time, gentlemen, I'm in no particular hurry. I'll wait patiently until you have duly exercised your lungs, and made asses of yourselves." To his credit

be it spoken, I have never yet known Mr. Richards to be put down by the hootings and hissings of "hon. gentlemen opposite." He knew that in the nature of things they must of necessity soon spend themselves, and he waited with almost edifying patience until that consummation had taken place.

It can hardly be necessary to say, that the Conservatives never took any part in the effort to put down Mr. Richards. But he had, nevertheless, a serious ground of complaint against them; for they never—not even by accident or mistake—greeted his ears with a cheer. Say what he would, or say it how he could, his acoustic organs were never regaled with even the faintest murmur of applause. I cannot understand how this happened; for though Mr. Richards was as innocent as the bench on which he sat of ever giving utterance to anything witty or brilliant, he did, in many cases, talk very respectable sense, which is a great deal more than can be said of scores of those Liberals who so furiously assailed him when he got up to speak. Mr. Richards certainly served a most ungrateful party. A few cheers were surely cheap enough; they would only have cost the Conservatives a very moderate exercise of their lungs; for I am quite certain Mr. Richards was the last man in the world that would have wished them to "hurrah!" or "hear, hear!" themselves hoarse. The greatest compliment I recollect to have seen them pay him, was when he spoke on the introduction of a bill, in the third week of the last session, for a system of poor laws for Ireland. An unaccountable dulness seemed to have seized hon. gentlemen on that occasion: there appeared to be no disposition on the part of either side of the House to be noisy. Hence the hon. member for Knaresborough was tolerated. He was so proud of the circumstance, that he waxed unusually animated and energetic. He raised his voice occasionally to such a pitch, that it more resembled the squeaking of a child than the tones of a man about the forty-fifth year of his age. From a constitutional defect in his organs of speech, he cannot, at any time, pronounce the letter *r* like other persons; but, on this occasion, the imperfect pronunciation of this letter had a ludicrous effect. He raised his right hand high above his head, and then let it fall energetically by his side. In a moment afterwards both his arms were extended, as if he had been attempting to make a Turkish bow; then, again, he thrust them up as far as they would go in the direction of the ceiling of the House. I never saw Mr. Richards so theatrical before. I am convinced the circumstance was to be ascribed to the gratifying fact of his being heard without molestation. I am also convinced, that had the House been afterwards equally indulgent towards him, he would have spoken every night; or at any rate, as often as he had the good fortune to catch the Speaker's eye.

Usually Mr. Richards' action is tame in the extreme, while his elocution is feeble and monotonous. He sometimes talks with passable fluency; at other times he stammers and falters—corrects and recorrects himself at every tenth or twelfth sentence. He has nothing to boast of in the way of intellectual acquirements. He is generally dull: if there be tolerable sense in what he says, it is all the credit which can be given him as a speaker. He is, however, a

man of rather extensive information. I have, on some occasions, admired the intimate knowledge which, on the impulse of the moment and under unexpected circumstances, I have seen him manifest on historical matters.

Mr. Richards sometimes took a part in the rows which every now and then occur in the House. In such cases I have seen him display a commendable measure of moral courage. Although perfectly sure of being made the laughing-stock of the House in return, by the happy raillery of Mr. O'Connell, I have seen him make bold attacks on the hon. and learned member for Dublin. One of the best scenes which have occurred for years in the House, took place in June 1836, and owed much of its richness to the prominent part which Mr. Richards acted in it. I may attempt to convey some idea of the extraordinary exhibition which occurred on that occasion; but no description can at all come up to the thing itself. Mr. O'Connell had been attacking Mr. Walter, the then member for Berkshire, on the ground of the alleged connexion of the hon. member with "The Times" newspaper, when Mr. Kearsley got up and interrupted Mr. O'Connell in, as nearly as I could gather, the following remarkable terms.

"Sir—if his Majesty's servants—for, sir, they are, sir, ministers no longer, sir—I say, sir, if his Majesty's servants can submit—if, sir, they are so humiliated as to submit—to the, sir, bullying conduct of the hon. and learned gentleman—I mean, sir, the member for Kilkenny—I, sir, shall not submit to that bullying conduct of the hon. and learned gentleman. I wish to know, sir, is this proper conduct? Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Kearsley, in tones which resembled a thunder-clap, "sir, I will divide the House on this conduct."

It seemed, for a time, as if the peals of laughter which followed this ebullition of Mr. Kearsley's indignation at Mr. O'Connell's conduct were never to have an end. They did, however, eventually cease, on which Mr. O'Connell again rose, and in his own peculiarly sarcastic way, said—"I wish the hon. member for Berkshire joy of his new ally. They are two kindred spirits—they are admirably suited to each other." A shout of laughter followed, which evidently annoyed Mr. Kearsley. He seemed impatient again to interpose. Mr. O'Connell repeated his attack on Mr. Walter, when several members on the opposition side of the House shouted out, "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!"

Mr. O'Connell—"I repeat that I am disgusted—justly disgusted by a tergiversation of conduct the most astonishing, ay, the most disgraceful that ever occurred. I am ready—"

Here the shouts of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" &c. became absolutely deafening, and the Conservative side of the House had the appearance of a body of men all indignant and agitated at once. When order was partially restored, then appeared Mr. Richards, five feet nine inches high. He said:—

"Really, sir, the hon. and learned member for Kilkenny cannot be permitted to browbeat and ruffianize, if I may use the expression, the hon. member for Berkshire, in the way he has been doing. I appeal to Mr. Speaker, whether this extravagant conduct is consistent with the dignity of the House?"

Mr. Kearsley, Colonel Sibthorpe, and various other hon. gentlemen on the opposition side of the House, responded to Mr. Richards' appeal to the Speaker by shouts of "Hear, hear, hear!" The ministerial benches again shook with the effects of the laughter caused by the odd association of the serious with the ludicrous, which the appearance and manner of Mr. Richards presented.

Mr. O'Connell again got to his feet. "Sir, I rejoice that——"

A volley of sounds in the shape of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" from the Conservative benches drowned the hon. and learned member's voice.

The Speaker interposed, and expressed a hope that the proceedings within the walls of the House would be conducted with order.

Mr. O'Connell.—"Certainly; and, therefore, I only wish to congratulate the hon. member for Berkshire on his second defender. I am sure that nothing could be more flattering to him than the first—except the second."

The inimitable, sly, humorous way in which Mr. O'Connell delivered this, produced a deafening peal of laughter from all parts of the House.

Mr. O'Connell resumed.—"One, too—namely the hon. member for Knaresborough—one, too, who is so especially remarkable for his own exceeding delicacy and extreme polish, that he must necessarily shrink from anything which savours of the kennel."

The ministerial benches were again convulsed with laughter; while tremendous cries of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" resounded from the opposition side of the House. The scene of confusion presented on the occasion exceeded anything I have ever witnessed.

Mr. Richards, taking his spectacles off his nose, rose and said, as soon as the uproar had in some degree subsided—"I rise again to order. I speak in the presence of the hon. and learned member for Kilkenny, and I say that neither he nor any other member has a right to bring into this House the manners of a blackguard."

Now the scene was changed. The most vociferous cries of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" "Oh, oh!" &c. were raised simultaneously by hon. gentlemen on the ministerial benches, whilst deafening cheers proceeded from the opposition side of the House.

Mr. O'Connell all this while sat with his arms a-kimbo, and his hat cocked on one side. His countenance told with what zest he enjoyed the scene.

The Speaker again interfered and said, that improper terms had been employed on both sides, which must be regretted. He implored hon. members not to make personal allusions to one another.

Mr. O'Connell.—"Sir, if I have used any expression, I am——"

Mr. Richards.—"The word 'kennel!'"

Mr. O'Connell.—"I was talking of hopping over the kennel. If I have used any expression inapplicable to the dignity or decorum of the House, I am ready to withdraw it."

The Speaker said that the hon. and learned gentleman had undoubtedly used some improper terms, and would suggest that they should not be repeated.

Mr. O'Connell responded to the observations of the Speaker, by

exclaiming, "No, no." Mr. Richards also intimated his readiness to comply with the wishes of the Speaker, and everything seemed to promise a termination to the unseemly squabble, when Dr. Baldwin got up and insisted that before the House could be satisfied, Mr. Richards must distinctly withdraw the word "ruffianize," as applied to Mr. O'Connell. Mr. Richards intimated his willingness to withdraw it on condition that Mr. O'Connell did the same in regard to the word "kennel." Another scene followed. In the midst of the uproar Mr. Fitzsimon was heard stoutly protesting against the House being compromised by the hesitation of Mr. Richards to withdraw the word "ruffianize." It was eventually put an end to by Mr. O'Connell getting up and assuring hon. members that he had considered the application of the epithet in question by Mr. Richards as the greatest compliment which could be bestowed on him. Mr. O'Connell's laughing countenance, coupled with the felicity of the observation, and the tone in which it was delivered, threw everybody, as far as I could see, into a fit of laughter, except Mr. Kearsley and Mr. Richards. But though Mr. O'Connell laughed at the paroxysm of anger into which he had thrown these two hon. gentlemen, and at the abusive epithets they applied to him, Dr. Baldwin, still determined on playing the part of a "kind friend," strenuously insisted that the member for Knaresborough must unconditionally withdraw the offensive word, by way of healing the wounded dignity of the House. Mr. Richards, in answer to this, rose and said, "I feel myself at a loss to know what to do, because this is not the first time that I have risen to say that if the hon. and learned gentleman did not apply the word 'kennel' to me, I did not apply the term 'ruffianize' to him.

Mr. O'Connell observed that Mr. Richards had got into that species of language which was so familiar to him, that he did not seem to be aware when he was using it.

The scene of confusion and uproar became again as great as ever. The ministerial benches appeared to be such first-rate laughers, that anybody would have insured them against successful competition in that department of their legislative duties; for since the passing of the Reform Bill laughing seems to be no small part of the avocations of our representatives. A foreigner, to see the House in some of its merrier moods, would certainly take it for granted that the members had been chosen more for their laughing capabilities than for their strictly deliberative qualifications. It would not surprise me if it became fashionable ere long, provided no step be taken to sober down the members on both sides of the House, but especially the Reform members; it would not, if this be not speedily done, surprise me to hear that it had become fashionable with candidates to put it forward as one of their leading pretensions to the suffrages of a constituency, that they were proficient disciples of Momus. But I am beginning to digress. While the Liberal side of the House laughed so immoderately at the above-quoted observation of Mr. O'Connell, it was enough to frighten one out of his propriety to hear the vociferous cries of "Oh, oh!" "Chair, chair!" "Order, order!" which proceeded, to say nothing of cheers, from scores of throats on the Conservative benches. When the uproar had somewhat subsided, Mr. Scarlett rose,

and lectured Mr. O'Connell for his "unparliamentary" conduct. Mr. O'Connell heard it all patiently, and on Mr. Scarlett resuming his seat, started up to his feet, and crossing his arms on his breast, and looking Mr. Scarlett, with a most contemptuous smile, in the face, exclaimed, "Behold a third advocate! Another cause of congratulation to the hon. Member for Berkshire! I do not think a *fourth* could be found in the House."

Here the peals of laughter were renewed again, as universally and with as much vehemence as before. Never did the performance of any farce at a theatre produce half so much or such cordial laughter as was produced by the farce which, for a quarter of an hour, had been in the course of representation on the floor of the House of Commons. When hon. gentlemen had again literally laughed themselves out of breath, and some degree of order was consequently restored, Mr. Goulburn rose, and submitted to the Speaker whether such an exhibition (alluding to the conduct of Mr. O'Connell) ought to be tolerated in that House? Before the Speaker, who looked quite confounded at the scene which was passing before his eyes, had time to return an answer,

Mr. O'Connell again rose, and putting himself into the same comfortable attitude as before, and glancing his ironical smiles at Mr. Goulburn, observed, "I did think that a fourth advocate of the hon. member for Berkshire could not be found; but I forgot at the time that the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Goulburn) was in the House."

The ministerial benches again fell into a violent fit of laughter; while cries of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" were thundered from the Conservative side of the House. In the midst of this scene, and while Mr. O'Connell was still on his legs, enjoying the affair with a singular zest,

Mr. Sergeant Jackson rose and shouted, at the top of his tremendous voice, addressing himself to the Speaker, "Sir, I rise to order. This is really the most extraordinary——"

The hon. and learned sergeant was interrupted by Mr. O'Connell, who, pointing to him with his finger, exclaimed, in his own peculiarly sarcastic style, "What, a *fifth* advocate? (Oh, oh, oh!) Are they——"

Here Mr. O'Connell's voice was drowned amidst the tremendous roars of laughter which again burst from the Ministerial side of the House, and the loud cries of "Order, order!" "Chair, chair!" which proceeded from almost every member on the Opposition side. In what way Mr. O'Connell meant to complete his sentence it is now impossible to tell. A not improbable theory on the subject is, that the question he was in the act of putting was, "Are they to stretch to the crack of doom?" Be this as it may, order was eventually restored by the conjoint interference of the Speaker and Lord John Russell.

Had any foreigner chanced to go into the gallery of the House while the above scene was in the course of representation, he must, I am sure, have been firmly impressed with the notion that he had been by mistake conducted to some theatre for the performance of farces of the broadest kind, instead of to the place in which the "first assembly of gentlemen in Europe" meet for deliberating on questions of the

deepest importance to nearly one hundred millions of men. I have been at some pains in endeavouring to give as vivid a sketch of the scene as it is possible to give on paper, while speaking of the legislative character of Mr. Richards, because it was from his collision with Mr. O'Connell that it had its origin

Mr. Richards' personal appearance will in some measure be inferred from what I have before said. His countenance has a dull heavy expression, and is by no means improved by his usually wearing glasses when he addresses the House. He is rather stoutly made, but is by no means corpulent. His features are large and plain. His complexion is sallow, and his hair is of a darkish hue. He is, as already intimated, in about his forty-fifth year.

SIR LOVE PARRY JONES PARRY,* late Member for Carnarvon, is little known as a speaker in the House. It will not be my fault if he be not well known as an estimable person out of it. He is in every respect a most excellent man, whether viewed in the relations of private life, or in his late capacity as a member of the legislature. I believe a better-hearted or more honest man never crossed the threshold of St. Stephen's. By all who know him he is greatly respected. The only question on which I have ever heard him speak in Parliament—and it is, I believe, almost the only one on which he ever has spoken—is the propriety of passing an act rendering it indispensable to the appointment of a clergyman to any of the churches in the principality of Wales, that that clergyman should so far understand the Welsh language as to be able to preach in it. Even on this subject Sir Love Parry never addressed the House at any length; for long speeches are of all earthly things those towards which he entertains the most decided antipathy. Nor did he like long speeches in others. I am much mistaken if even the orations of such men as Sir Robert Peel and Mr. O'Connell had any charms to him after either had been on his legs more than fifteen minutes. As for the smaller fry of speakers, again, he had no patience at all with them. He would have submitted to almost any punishment rather than be doomed to undergo the infliction of half an hour of their oratory. He has often been, as an officer in his sovereign's service, on the field of battle, and heard the bullets whistling around him in all directions. I am sure he would infinitely rather again prefer hearing the cannon's roar, or any roar, rather than the long-winded harangues of such men as Mr. Richards, Lord Sandon, Mr. Peter Borthwick, and others of the same oratorical calibre. To escape, in some measure, the visitation of speeches from the class of orators to whom I refer, I have seen him on several occasions go up to one of the side galleries, and there, in the absence of something more interesting, while away the time by reading an Act of Parliament. Dry enough reading this, without controversy, yet not half so dry as some of the speeches which are occasionally inflicted on the House.

But though Sir Love Parry never, on any account, addressed the

* As the name is a rather unusual one, it may be right I should mention, that it was originally Sir Love Parry, but that having been left some property by a relative of the name of Jones, he adopted that addition, and then repeated, by way of wind-up, his good old name of Parry.

House at any length, he acquitted himself very respectably as a speaker. He has a fine strong audible voice, and speaks with much ease. His language possesses none of the embellishments of rhetoric; but it is correct. I should call it a plain, good, business-like style. If there be nothing indicative of genius, or of talents of a high order, in his matter, it always bears on it the imprimatur of great good sense. Some men employ words to conceal their sentiments; that is a sin which cannot be laid to the door of Sir Love Parry Jones Parry.* He is always as clear as language can render his thoughts. I should pity the intellect of the person who could feel any difficulty in understanding him. I should set such person down at once as one of the unteachable, as well as the untaught. Sir Love Parry is of necessity moderate in the use of gesture: for having had one of his legs shot off—in the battle of Waterloo, I think it was—he is obliged to lean on crutches, when addressing any assemblage of his fellow-men. You can see by the earnestness of his manner that his heart is in his speech. Need I say that he was listened to with attention by the House?

I have said that he spoke but seldom: there was scarcely a night, however, in which he did not present one or more petitions on his favourite subject; that subject, indeed, seemed to engross his entire thoughts as a public man. I am convinced that, were it not that he hopes to be made the means, in part at least, of securing for his poor countrymen in Wales, the blessing of a preached gospel in their native language, the only one which the far greater proportion of them understand,—I am convinced that were it not that he entertains this hope, he would long ago have relinquished his situation as member of Parliament, and retired into private life and the bosom of his family.† And did he once witness the accomplishment of the object for which he so zealously labours—a consummation which I most sincerely trust he will live to see—then, I am sure, he would feel himself the happiest man alive, and would go down to the grave, rejoicing that he had, in any measure, been made an instrument in the hand of Divine Providence for achieving an object so truly enlightened, great, and benevolent.

I am sure my readers will acquit me of the charge, should any one bring it against me, of indulging in digressions, by expressing my own opinions on topics which have been or are brought under the consideration of Parliament. I am no less sure that I shall be forgiven for a momentary digression in this case, while I express my most cordial sympathy with the efforts which Sir Love Parry has so perseveringly and strenuously made to prevent the obtrusion of any clergyman of the church on his countrymen, who cannot preach the gospel in the only language they can understand. Those who interpose obstacles, either directly or indirectly, to the accomplishment of the philanthropic wishes of the hon. baronet, incur a moral responsibility of the most fearful kind. To deny the people in many parts of Wales a clergyman who can preach to them in their vernacular tongue, is tantamount to denying them a preached gospel altogether. There are

* I fancy I see my readers smiling each time the long and curious name meets their eye: I must confess to an occasional smile at it myself.

† He was defeated at the last election by a small majority, but will soon, I hope, be again in Parliament.

thousands and tens of thousands of poor Welshmen who know nothing more of the English language, whether spoken or read, than they do of the Chinese. To preach to them, then, the gospel in the English language is not only to trifle with their immortal interests, but it is to treat them with a species of solemn mockery, even viewed as members of civil society. Perish that heartless policy, whether it come from Whig or Tory, which for the sake of aiming at the spread of the English language, so as that it may become universal in the principality of Wales, could deny the poor Welshman the bread of life. Are those who have hitherto sought to frustrate the benevolent views of Sir Love Parry, aware of what is the practical fact which their conduct proclaims? Why, it is nothing more nor less than this, that the immortal interests of myriads of Welshmen are not, in their estimation, to be put in the balance with the spread of the English language! In other words, they offer the poor Welshman the English language as a substitute for the means of grace and the hopes of heaven.

But I must not pursue the subject farther. Sir Love Parry Jones Parry, is full to overflowing of good-nature. His own happiness is bound up in that of every individual with whom he chances to come in contact. I will mention one simple anecdote, which of itself speaks volumes without number respecting his kindly disposition and the pleasure he takes in making people happy. In the course of last session, the gentleman to whom I am indebted for the anecdote being desirous of procuring a frank, and seeing in the lobby of the House none of the members whom he knew, ventured to ask the favour of a frank from the hon. baronet, as he was going along the passage out of the House. Sir Love Parry, though the party soliciting the favour was a perfect stranger to him, observed in the kindest possible manner, that he was sorry all his own franks were gone for that day's post, but added, that if the applicant would let him have the letter he would go back to the House and get some member of his acquaintance to frank it for him. He actually did so, notwithstanding his being obliged to walk on crutches, and brought the letter back to the gentleman duly franked, looking all the while as cheerful as if he had been the obliged, not the obliging party.

Sir Love Parry is in person rather below the average height. He is stoutly made without being strictly speaking corpulent. He has a fine good-natured expression of countenance. His features are regular; his face is round; and his complexion partakes somewhat of a florid hue. I should take his age to be bordering on sixty. I must not forget to mention that in politics he is a moderate Conservative.

SCENES IN AMERICA.

WE avail ourselves of an early copy of Miss Martineau's new work, "Retrospect of Western Travel,"* to present our readers with some extracts from her lively and graphic sketches. Having before expressed our admiration of Miss Martineau's talents as a writer, we shall here do little more than endeavour to convey to our readers some idea of the contents of her present highly amusing and interesting volumes.

On leaving her native land, Miss Martineau felt a particular wish to witness a sea-storm, and here is her description of the one she encountered.

"Before I went on board, I had said that I should like to witness a storm as fierce as we could escape from without fatal damage. Some passenger repeated this wish of mine (very common in persons going to sea for the first time) in the hearing of the mate, who told the sailors; who, accordingly, were overheard saying one afternoon, that I had better come on deck, and see what I should see. My clerical friend took the hint, and called me hastily, to observe the crew make ready for a squall. I ran up, and perceived the black line advancing over the water from the horizon,—the remarkable indication of a coming squall. The sailors were running up the shrouds to get the sails in. The second mate was aloft, in the post of danger, his long hair streaming in the wind, while with us below all was calm. The sails were got in, just in time. The captain did not come down to dinner. Orders were given to 'splice the main-brace;' for the crew had been handling the ropes since four in the morning. I saw them come for their grog, and then wait for what might happen next. By sunset the sky was tremendous; the sea rising, the wind moaning and whistling strangely. When I staggered to the stern, to bid the sea good night, according to custom, the waters were splendidly luminous. Floods of blue fire were dashed abroad from our bows, and beyond, the whole expanse sparkled as with diamonds.

"All night the noises would have banished sleep, if we could have lain quiet. There was a roar of wind; the waves dashed against the sides of the ship, as if they were bursting in: water poured into our cabin, though the skylight was fastened down. A heavy fall was now and then heard from the other cabin;—some passenger heaved out of his berth. After five hours, I could hold in no longer, and a tremendous lurch tossed me out upon the floor, where I alighted upon my thimble and scissors, the ottoman I was working, (and which I had felt confident was far enough off,) my clothes, books, and the empty water bottle. All these things were lying in a wet heap. I traversed the ladies' cabin to explore, holding by whatever was fastened to the floor. The only dry place in which I could lie down was under the table; and standing was out of the question: so I brought a blanket and pillow, lay down with a firm hold of the leg of the table, and got an hour's welcome sleep; by which time the storm was enough to have wakened the dead. The state of our cabin was intolerable;—the crashing of glass, the complaining voices of the sick ladies, the creaking and straining of the ship; and, above all, the want of air, while the winds were roaring overhead. I

* "Retrospect of Western Travel," by Harriet Martineau, author of "Society in America," &c.

saw no necessity for bearing all this: so, sick as I was, I put my clothes on, swathed myself in one cloak, and carried up another, wherewith to lash myself to something on deck.

"There, all was so glorious that I immediately stumbled down again to implore the other ladies to come up and be refreshed: but no one would listen to me. They were too ill.—I got the captain's leave to fasten myself to the post of the binnacle, promising to give no trouble, and there I saw the whole of the never-to-be-forgotten scene.

"We were lying in the trough of the sea, and the rolling was tremendous. The captain wished to wear round, and put out a sail, which, though quite new, was instantly split to ribands; so that we had to make ourselves contented where we were. The scene was perfectly unlike what I had imagined. The sea was no more like water than it was like land or sky. When I had heard of the ocean running mountains high, I thought it a mere hyperbolical expression. But here the scene was of huge wandering mountains,—wandering as if to find a resting-place,—with dreary leaden vales between. The sky seemed narrowed to a mere slip overhead, and a long-drawn extent of leaden waters seemed to measure a thousand miles; and these were crested by most exquisite shades of blue and green where the foam was about to break. The heavens seemed rocking their masses of torn clouds, keeping time with the billows to the solemn music of the winds; the most swelling and mournful music I ever listened to. The delight of the hour I shall not forget: it was the only new scene I had ever beheld that I had totally and unsuspectingly failed to imagine.

"It was impossible to remain longer than noon, unless we meant to be drowned. When two or three gentlemen had been almost washed off, and the ship had been once nearly half her length under water, it was time to go below,—sad as the necessity was. The gale gradually abated. In the afternoon the ladies obtained leave to have their skylight opened, their cabin mopped, and the carpets taken up and carried away to dry.

"The sailors got the mate to inquire how I liked the storm. If I was not satisfied now, I never should be. I was satisfied, and most thankful. The only thing that surprised me much was, that there was so little terrific about it. I was not aware till the next day, when the captain was found to have set it down a hurricane in the log-book, how serious a storm it was. The vessel is so obviously buoyant, that it appears impossible to overwhelm her; and we were a thousand miles from any rocks. In the excitement of such an hour, one feels that one would as soon go down in those magnificent waters as die any other death; but there was nothing present which impressed me with the idea of danger but the terrors of two passengers. Of the poor ladies I can give no account; but one gentleman pulled his travelling cap forward over his eyes, clasped his hands on his knees, and sat visibly shaking in a corner of the round-house, looking shrunk to half his size. The fears of another I regarded with more respect, because he tried hard to hide them. He followed me throughout, talking in an artist-like style about the tints, and the hues, and many other things that were to be noted, but not talked about at the moment. If he succeeded in covering up his fears from himself, one may well excuse the bad taste of the means employed. My clerical friend did better. He was on the watch for others and for himself. In high exhilaration, he helped everybody, saw everything, and will, to the end of his days, I will answer for it, forget nothing of that glorious time."

Miss Martineau's first impressions on reaching the shores of the new world are thus recorded.

"The moment of first landing in a foreign city is commonly spoken of

as a perfect realization of forlornness. My entrance upon American life was anything but this. The spirits of my companions and myself were in a holiday dance while we were receiving our first impressions; and New York always afterwards bore an air of gaiety to me from the association of the early pleasures of foreign travel.

"Apartments had been secured for us at a boarding-house in Broadway, and a hackney-coach was in waiting at the wharf. The moonlight was flickering through the trees of the battery, the insects were buzzing all about us, the catyids were grinding, and all the sounds, except human voices, were quite unlike all we had heard for six weeks. One of my companions took the sound of the catydid for a noise in her head, for many hours after coming into their neighbourhood. As we rattled over the stones, I was surprised to find that the street we were in was Broadway;—the lower and narrower end, however: but nothing that I saw, after all I had heard, and the panorama of New York that I had visited in London, disappointed me so much as Broadway. Its length is remarkable; but neither its width, nor the style of its houses. The trees with which it is lined gave it, this first evening, a foreign air.

"Our hostess at the boarding-house shook hands with us, and ordered tea. While we waited for it, and within ten minutes after I had crossed the first American threshold, three gentlemen introduced themselves to me, one of whom was the melancholy politician, whom I have mentioned elsewhere* as having forewarned me of the total overthrow of the United States' institutions, which would certainly take place while I was in the country. This gentleman afterwards became a dear and intimate friend; and we found that politics are, perhaps, the only subject on which we entertain irreconcilable differences of opinion. We often amused ourselves with recurring to this our first meeting. This gentleman afforded me an early specimen of the humour which I think one of the chief characteristics of the Americans. In the few minutes during which we were waiting for tea, he dropped some drolleries so new to me, and so intense, that I was perplexed what to do with my laughter.

"While we were at tea, a few gentlemen dropped in, and read the newspapers at the long table at which we were seated. One fixed my attention at once. He had the carriage of a soldier, with an uncommonly fine countenance, bearing a general resemblance to the great men of the Revolution, with whose portraits the English are most familiar. I think it is not a mere fancy that there is an air common to Washington, Jefferson, and Madison. This gentleman reminded me of them all; and the quietness with which he made his remarks, and his evident high breeding, piqued the curiosity of a stranger. He was General Mason, the father of the young Governor of Michigan, and the most eminent citizen of Detroit. From time to time in my travels, I have met various members of his family, whose kindness always made me thankful that accident had placed me in the same house with them at the outset.

"In our rooms, we found beds with four posts, looking as if meant to hang gowns and bonnets upon; for there was no tester. The washstand was without tumbler, glass, soap, or brush-tray. The candlestick had no snuffers. There was, however, the luxury, sufficient for the occasion, that every article of furniture stood still in its place; and that the apartment itself did not rock up and down. The first few days after a voyage go far towards making one believe that some things have a quality of stability, however one may be metaphysically convinced that the sea affords a far truer hint of the incessant flux and change which are the law of the universe. If I had rejoiced in the emblem at sea, I now enjoyed the deception on land.

"At five in the morning I threw up my sash, to see what I could see.

* "Society in America," vol. i. p. 10.

I cannot conceive what travellers mean by saying that there is little that is foreign in the aspect of New York. I beheld nothing at this moment that I could have seen at home, except the sky and the grass of the court-yard. The houses were all neatly and brightly painted, had green outside blinds to every window, and an apparatus for drying linen on the roof. A young lady in black silk, with her hair neatly dressed, was mopping the steps of one house; and a similar young lady was dusting the parlour of another. A large locust-tree grew in the middle of the court-yard of the house I was in; and under it was a truly American wood-pile. Two negroes were at the pump, and a third was carrying musk-melons.

"When the breakfast-bell rang, the long and cross tables in the eating-room were filled in five minutes. The cross table, at which our hostess presided, was occupied by General Mason's family, a party of Spaniards, and ourselves. The long one was filled up with families returning southwards from the Springs; married persons without children, who preferred boarding to housekeeping; and single gentlemen, chiefly merchants. I found this mode of living rather formidable the first day; and not all the good manners that I witnessed at public tables ever reconciled me to it.

"From a trunk belonging to a lady of our party having been put on board a wrong ship, we had some immediate shopping to do, and to find a mantua-maker. We suspected we should soon be detained at home by callers, and therefore determined to transact our business at once, though our luggage had not arrived from the Custom-House, and we were not 'dressed for Broadway,' as the phrase is.

"In the streets, I was in danger of being run down by the fire-engines, so busy were my eyes with the novelties about me. These fire-engines run along the side-pavement, stopping for nobody; and I scarcely ever walked out in New York without seeing one or more out on business, or for an airing. The novelties which amused me were the spruce appearance of all the people; the pervading neatness and brightness, and the business-like air of the children. The carmen were all well dressed, and even two poor boys who were selling matches had clean shirt-collars and whole coats, though they were barefooted. The stocks of goods seemed large and handsome, and we were less struck with the indifference of manner, commonly ascribed to American storekeepers, than frequently afterwards. The most unpleasant circumstance was the appearance and manner of the ladies whom we saw in the streets and stores. It was now the end of a very hot summer, and every lady we met looked as if she were emerging from the yellow fever; and the languid unsteady step betokened the reverse of health.

"The heat was somewhat oppressive. We were in the warm dresses we had put on while yet at sea, as our trunks had not made their appearance. Trains of callers came in the afternoon and evening; members of Congress, candidates for State offices, fellow-passengers and their friends, and other friends of our friends; and still we were not 'dressed for Broadway.' In the evening, the luggage of my companions was brought up, but not mine. Special orders had been issued from the Custom-House that my baggage should pass without examination; and it was therefore at this moment on board ship. To-night it was too late: next morning it was Sunday, and everything in the hold was under lock and key, and unattainable till Monday. There seemed no hope of my getting out all day, and I was really vexed. I wanted to see the churches, and hear the preaching, and be doing what others were doing; but the heat was plainly too great to be encountered in any gown but a muslin one. A lady boarding in the house happened to hear of the case, and sent her servant to say that she believed her dresses would fit me,

and that she should be happy to supply me with a gown and bonnet till my trunks should arrive. I accepted her kind offer without any scruple, feeling that a service like this was just what I should wish to render to any lady under the same circumstances: so I went to church equipped in a morning-gown and second-best bonnet of this neighbourly lady's.

"The church that we went to was the Unitarian church in Chambers Street. Its regular pastor was absent, and a professional brother from Philadelphia preached. We were most deeply impressed by the devotional part of his service, delivered in a voice which I have certainly never heard equalled for music and volume. His discourse moved us no less. We looked at one another in much delight. I warned my companion not to be too certain that this preaching was all we then felt it to be: we had been six Sundays at sea, and some of the impression might be owing to this being the renewal of the privilege of social worship in a church. I heard much of the same preaching afterwards, however; and I am now of the same opinion that I was this first day,—that it is the most true, simple, and solemn, that I ever listened to. The moment the service was over, the minister came down from the pulpit, addressed me as an old friend, and requested me to accept the hospitality of his house when I should visit Philadelphia. Under the emotions of the hour, it was impossible to help giving a glad assent: and in his house I afterwards enjoyed many weeks of an intercourse as intimate as can ever exist between members of the same family. We kept up the most rapid and copious correspondence the whole time I was in America, and he and his wife were my American brother and sister,—the depositories of all those 'impressions' on the mind of a stranger about which American society is so anxious.

"General Mason introduced me to Governor Cass, then Secretary-at-War; now Ambassador at Paris. Governor Cass is a shrewd, hard-looking man, the very concentration of American caution. He is an accomplished and an honest man; but his dread of committing himself renders both his solid and ornamental good qualities of less value to society than they should be. The State of Michigan, which is under great obligations to him, is proud of her citizen; and it is agreed, I believe, on all hands, that his appointment is more satisfactory and honourable to his country than that of many who have been sent as ministers to foreign courts.

"I feel some doubt about giving any account of the public men of the United States; I do not mean scruples of conscience; for when a man comes forward in political, or other kind of public life, he makes a present of himself to society at large, and his person, mind, and manners, become a legitimate subject of observation and remark. My doubts arise from the want of interest in the English about the great men of America; a want of interest which arises from no fault in either party, I believe; but from the baseness of the newspapers, whose revilings of all persons in turn who fill a public station are so disgusting as to discourage curiosity, and set all friendly interest at defiance. The names of the English political leaders of the day are almost as familiar in the mouths of Americans as of natives, while people in London are asking who Mr. Clay is, and what part of the Union Mr. Calhoun comes from. The deeds of Mr. Clay, and the aspirations of Mr. Calhoun, would be at least as interesting in London as the proceedings of French and German statesmen, if they could be fairly placed under observation: but every man of feeling and taste recoils from wading through such a slough of rancour, folly, and falsehood, as the American newspapers present, as the only medium through which the object is to be attained.

"Mr. Gallatin's name is, however, everywhere known and welcome. Mr. Gallatin did me the honour of calling on me in New York, having

heard that I desired to learn the precise grounds of the quarrel which was agitating the country about the Bank. I was delighted to listen to his full and luminous report of the question; and of many other matters, on which he spoke with a freedom and courtesy which would go far towards making the current of human affairs run smooth, if they were but general. He told me something of the early part of his career, which began in 1787; described his three visits to England, and sketched the character of the reigns of our two last kings, of Louis Philippe, and of President Jackson. He entered upon the philosophy of the Presidency; exhibited the spirit of the three great divisions of the United States, the north, south, and west; explained the principles on which the letting of land proceeds; described the Germans and other agricultural population of the country, and showed the process by which the aristocratic class rises and is replenished in a democratic republic. While he was talking, I felt as if he was furnishing me with new powers of observation; and when he was gone, I hastened to secure what he had told me, lest its novelty and abundance should deceive my memory. I believe Mr. Gallatin was at this time seventy-two: but he did not appear so old. He is tall, and looks dignified and courteous. He is a native of Switzerland, and speaks with a very slight foreign accent, but with a flow and liveliness which are delightful.

"I was assured, at the outset, that the late abolition riots in New York were the work of the Irish immigrants, who feared the increase of a free black population, as likely to interfere with their monopoly of certain kinds of labour. This I afterwards found to be untrue. Some Irish may have joined in 'the row,' but the mischief originated with natives. It is remarkable that I heard no more of abolition for many weeks; I think not till I was about leaving Philadelphia.

"We obtained some 'impressions' of the environs of New York, to add to those we had of the city itself, by going to spend an evening at Mr. King's, at High Wood, two miles beyond Hoboken, on the New Jersey side of the river. The frame cottages, with their thatched verandahs, struck me as very pretty. I could not say much for the beauty of the corn, whose plants, long since stripped of their cobs, were standing yellow and dry, and fast hastening to decay. There were ridges of grey rock, interspersed with woods, which still flourished in their summer greenness. Above all, was a sunset which, if seen in England, would persuade the nation that the end of the world was come. The whole arch of the sky appeared lined with conflagration. It seemed strange to see the wagon-driver talking with his bullocks, and the old Dutch dame spinning in the stoup, as quietly as if that scarlet sky had been of its usual summer blue.

"I was shown, on the way, the spot where Hamilton received his death wound from Colonel Burr. It was once made a qualification for office that the candidate should never have fought a duel. Duelling is an institution not to be reached by such a provision as this. No man under provocation to fight would refrain from fear of disqualifying himself for office hereafter; and the operation of the restriction was accordingly found to be this; that duels were as frequent as ever, and that desirable candidates were excluded. The provision was got rid of on the plea that promissory oaths are bad in principle. The cure of duelling, as of every other encroachment of passion and selfishness on such higher principles as, being passive, cannot be embodied in acts, must be the natural result of the improved moral condition of the individual or of society. No one believes that the legal penalties of duelling have had much effect in stopping the practice; and it is an injury to society to choose, out of the ample range of penalties, disqualification for social duty as one.

The view from Mr. King's garden at High Wood is beautiful. From

one opening, a reach of twelve miles of the Hudson is commanded,—from the Narrows upwards. A soft red light was resting on the waters, the last tinge from the late flaming sky. The dark sloops moored below were thus rendered visible, while the twilight shrouded the rocks. Opposite, there was a flare in the woods, from a glass-house; and the lights of the city twinkled afar off, reflected in the waters.

“One of the first impressions of a foreigner in New York is of the extreme insolence and vulgarity of certain young Englishmen, who thus make themselves very conspicuous. Well-mannered Englishmen are scarcely distinguishable from the natives, and thus escape observation; while every commercial traveller, who sneers at republicanism all day long, and every impertinent boy, leaving home for the first time, with no understanding or sympathy for anything but what he has been accustomed to see at home, obtrudes himself upon the notice, and challenges the congeniality of such countrymen and countrywomen as he can contrive to put himself in the way of. I was annoyed this evening, on my return home, by a very complete specimen of the last-mentioned order of travellers.

“Need I say, after thus detailing the little incidents which followed my landing in America, that my first impressions of the country were highly agreeable?”

A visit to the Hudson was one of our author's first excursions.

“I went three times up the Hudson; and if I lived at New York, should be tempted to ascend it three times a-week during the summer. Yet the greater number of ladies on board the steam-boat remained in the close cabin, among the crying babies, even while we were passing the finest scenery of the river. They do not share the taste of a gentleman who, when I was there, actually made the steam-boat his place of abode during the entire summer season, sleeping on board at Albany and New York on alternate nights, and gazing at the shores all the day long, with apparently undiminishing delight.

“The first time we went up, the early part of the morning was foggy, and the mist hung about the ridge of the Palisades,—the rocky western barrier of the river. There were cottages perched here and there, and trees were sprinkled in the crevices; and a little yellow strand, just wide enough for the fisherman and his boat, now and then intervened between the waters and the perpendicular rock. In the shadowy recesses of the shore were sloops moored. Sea-gulls dipped their wings in the gleams of the river, and the solitary fish-hawk sailed slowly over the woods. I saw on the eastern bank a wide flight of steps cut in the turf, leading to an opening in the trees, at the end of which stood a white house, apparently in deep retirement.—Further on, the river widened into the Tappan sea, and then the hills rose higher behind the banks, and wandering gleams lighted up a mountain region here and there. The captain admitted us, as strangers, (of course without any hint from us,) into the wheel-room, which was shady, breezy, roomy, and commanding the entire view. Hence we were shown Mr. Irving's cottage, the spot where André was captured, and the other interesting points of the scenery. Then the banks seemed to close, and it was matter for conjecture where the outlet was. The waters were hemmed in by abrupt and dark mountains, but the channel was still broad and smooth enough for all the steam-boats in the republic to ride in safety. Ridges of rock plunged into the waters, garnished with trees which seemed to grow without soil; above them were patches of cultivation on the mountain side, and slopes of cleared land, with white houses upon them. Doves flitted among the nearest trees, and gay row-boats darted from point to point, from one island to another.

"West Point, beautiful as it is, was always visible too soon. Yet to leave the boat was the only way to remain in sight of the Highlands; and the charms of the place itself are scarcely to be surpassed.—The hotel is always full of good company in the season. Mr. Cozens keeps a table for the officers, and is permitted to add as many guests as his house will hold: but, under such circumstances, he takes pains to admit only such as are fit company for his permanent boarders. The views from the hotel are so fine, and there is such a provision of comfort and entertainment, that there would be no hardship in sitting within doors for a week; but we made the best use we could of our opportunities, and saw and achieved everything pertaining to the place, except mounting the Crow's Nest; an expedition which the heat of the weather prevented our undertaking.

"In some solitary spots of this settlement the stranger cannot help meditating on the vast materials of human happiness which are placed at the disposal of the real administrators of this great country. How great is the apparatus to be yet put to use! Here, where life is swarming all around, how few are the habitations of men! Here are woods climbing above woods, to the clouds, and stretching to the horizon, in which myriads of creatures are chirping, humming, and sporting—clefts whence the waters gush out—green slopes ready for the plough and the sickle—flat meadows with a few hay-cocks lying at the foot of mountains as yet untouched. Grasshoppers spring at every step one takes in the rich grass, and many a blue dragon-fly balances itself on the tips of the strongest blades—butterflies, green, black, white, and yellow, dazzle the eye that would follow them—yet how few men are near! A gay group on the steps of the hotel, a company of cadets parading on the green—the ferryman and his fare, and the owners of this and that and the other house, perched upon the pinnacles of the hills—these are all as yet visible in a region which will hereafter be filled with speech and busy with thought.

"On the steep above the landing-place I was introduced to Mr. Irving, with whom I had a few minutes' conversation before he stepped into the ferry-boat which was to take him over to the Foundry to dinner. Many other persons with whom I was glad to have the opportunity of becoming acquainted were at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were our guides to Fort Putnam, after dinner—walkers as active and resolute as ourselves. The beauty from this elevated platform is really oppressive to the sense. One is glad to divert one's attention from its awful radiance by walking in precipitous places, by visiting the cell in which it is said, but doubtfully, that André was confined, or even by meditating on the lot of the solitary cow that has the honour of grazing in the midst of the only ruins that adorn American scenery.

"A lady in the hotel offered to meet me on the house-top at five o'clock in the morning to see the sun rise. I looked out at three: there was a solitary light twinkling in the academy, and a faint gleam, out of a cloudy sky upon the river. At five the sky was so thickly overspread with clouds that the expedition to the house-top had to be abandoned. The morning afterwards cleared, and I went alone down to Kosciusko's Garden. I loved this retreat at an hour when I was likely to have it to myself. It is a nook, scooped, as it were, out of the rocky bank of the river, and reached by descending several flights of steps from the platform behind the hotel and academy. Besides the piled rocks and the vegetation with which they are clothed, there is nothing but a clear spring, which wells up in a stone basin, inscribed with the hero's name. This was his favourite retreat; and here he sat for many hours in a day, with his book and his thoughts. After fancying for some time that I was alone, and playing with the fountain and the leaves of the red beech and the maple, now turning into its autumnal scarlet, I found, on looking up,

that one of the cadets was stretched at length on a high projection of rock, and that another was coming down the steps. The latter accosted me, offering to point out to me the objects of interest about the place. We had a long conversation about his academical life.

"The students apply themselves to mathematics during the first and second years; during the third, to mathematics, chemistry, and natural philosophy; and during the fourth, to engineering. There is less literary pursuit than they or their friends would like; but they have not time for everything. Their work is from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon, with the exception of two hours for meals. Then come drill and recreation, and then the evening parade. During six weeks (I think) of the summer, they camp out, which some of the youths enjoy, while others like it so much less than living under a roof, that they take this time to be absent on furlough. The friends of others come to see them, while the pretty spectacle of a camp is added to the attractions of the place. Every care is used that the proficiency should be maintained at the highest point that it can be made to reach. The classes consist of not less than 140, of whom only 40 graduate. Some find the work too hard—some dislike the routine—others are postponed; and by this careful weeding out, the choicest are kept for the public service. This process may go some way towards accounting for the present unpopularity of the institution, and the consequent danger of its downfall. The number of disappointed youths, whose connexions will naturally bear a grudge against the establishment, must be great. There is a belief abroad that its principle and administration are both anti-republican; and in answer to an irresistible popular demand, a committee of Congress has been engaged in investigating both the philosophy and practice of this national military academy; for some time previous to which there was difficulty in obtaining the annual appropriation for its support. I have not seen the Report of this Committee, but I was told that the evidence on which it is founded is very unfavourable to the conduct of the establishment, in a political point of view. The advantages of such an institution in securing a uniformity of military conduct in case of war, from the young soldiers of all the States having received a common education; in affording one meeting-point where sectional prejudice may be dissolved; and in concentrating the attention of the whole union upon maintaining a high degree of proficiency in science, are so great, that it is no wonder that an indignant and honest cry is raised against those who would abolish it on account of its aristocratic tendencies. I rather think it is a case in which both parties are more than commonly right: that it is an institution which can scarcely be dispensed with, but which requires to be watched with the closest jealousy, that there may be no abuse of patronage, and no such combination as could lead to the foundation of a military aristocracy.

"I saw the well-selected library, consisting of several thousand volumes, the spacious lecture-rooms, and students' apartments. I often wonder whether students are at all aware of the wistful longing,—the envy—with which those who are precluded from academical life, view the arrangements of colleges. No library in a private house conveys any idea of the power of devotion to study which is suggested by the sight of a student's apartment in a college. The sight of the snug solitary room, the book-shelves, the single desk and arm-chair, the larum, and even the flower-pot or two in the window, and the portrait of some favourite philosophical worthy,—these things send a thrill of envy through the heart of the thoughtful politician, or man of business, or woman, who cannot command such facilities for study. I know that the fallacy of attributing too much to external arrangements enters here; that many study to as much advantage under difficulties as any academical member in his retirement;—I know too that the student shares the human weakness of

finding evil in his lot, and supposing that he should be better in some other circumstances ;—I know this by a revelation once made to me by a college student, for whose facilities I had been intensely thankful,—a revelation of his deep and incessant trouble because he was living to himself, selfishly studying, and obliged to wait four or five years before he could bestir himself for his race ;—yet, in spite of all this knowledge that the common equality of pleasures and pain subsists here, I never see the interior of a college without longing to impress upon its inmates how envied and enviable they are. It is difficult to remember that the stillness of the cell is of no avail without the intentness of the mind, and that there is no efficacious solitude in the deepest retirement, if the spirit is roving abroad after schemes of pleasure or ambition,—or even of piety and benevolence, which are not the appointed duty of the time. But I have wandered from my new acquaintance in Kosciuszko's garden.

" I was surprised to learn the extraordinary high average of health the place can boast of. The young men enter at the age of from fourteen to twenty, stay three or four years, and number about three hundred at a time. The mortality in the seventeen years preceding my visit was only five. For eight years before the winter of 1834, there had been no death. Within a few months after, the superintendent's wife, a servant, and a cadet died ; and this was, of course, considered an extraordinary mortality. I rather wondered at this account, for the young men look anything but robust, and the use of tobacco among them is very free indeed. It is prohibited, but not the less indulged in on that account,—nor from the absence of evil example in their superintendents. My new acquaintance made very frank confessions on this subject. He told me that he believed the free use of tobacco had extensively and irreparably injured his health, and that he bitterly mourned his first indulgence in it.

" ' Do not you mean to leave it off ? ' said I.

" ' No. ' "

" ' Do you think you could not ? ' "

" ' I could ; but it would take three weeks to cure myself ; and during that time I could do nothing ; and I cannot afford that. I could not learn my lessons without it, and the loss of three weeks would injure all my prospects in life. ' "

" ' Hardly so fatally as the ruin of your health, I should think. Is your case a common one here ? ' "

" ' Too common. But I assure you I do all I can to prevent the bad consequences of my own example. I warn my juniors, as they come in, very seriously. ' "

" ' Do you find your warnings of much use ? ' "

" ' I am afraid not much. ' "

" ' They have the usual fate of mere precept, I suppose ? ' "

" ' Yes, I am afraid so. ' "

" The manners of the cadets are excellent. They are allowed, under restrictions, to mix with the company at Mr. Cozens', and thus to be frequently in ladies' society. There is a book kept at the hotel, where every cadet must, at each visit, enter his name at length, and the duration of his stay.

" The second time I was at West Point was during the camping-out season. The artillery drill in the morning was very noisy and grand to ladies who had never seen anything of the ' pomp and circumstance of glorious war. ' Then the cadets retired to their tents ; and the ladies flitted about all the morning, making calls on each other. When we had discharged this first of a traveller's duties, we sauntered to the cemetery. Never did I see such a spot to be buried in. The green hill projects into the river so that the monumental pillar erected by the cadets to the comrade who was killed by the bursting of a gun in 1817, is visible from two

long reaches. One other accident had occurred a little while before: a cadet had been killed by a comrade in fencing. The tombs are few, and the inscriptions simple. Broad, spreading trees overshadow the long grass, and the whole is so hemmed in, so intensely quiet, that no sound is to be heard but the plash of oars from below, and the hum of insects around, except when the evening gun booms over the heights, or the summer storm reverberates among the mountains.

"Such a storm I had witnessed the evening before from the piazza of the hotel. I stayed from the parade to watch it. As the thick veil of rain came down, the mountains seemed to retire, growing larger as they receded. As the darkness advanced the scene became strangely compound. A friend sat with me in the piazza, talking of the deepest subjects on which human thought can speculate. Behind us were the open windows of the hotel, where, by turning the head, we might see the dancing going on,—the gallant cadets and their pretty partners, while all the black servants of the house ranged their laughing faces in the rear. The music of the ball-room came to us mingling with the prolonged bursts of thunder; and other and grander strains rose from the river, where two large steam-boats, with their lights, moved like constellations on the water, conveying a regiment from Pennsylvania which was visiting the soldiery of New York State. They sent up rockets into the murky sky, and poured new blasts of music from their band as they passed our promontory. Every moment the lightning burst: now illuminating the interior of a mass of clouds; now quivering from end to end of heaven; now shedding broad livid gleams which suddenly revealed a solitary figure on the terrace, a sloop on the waters, and every jutting point of rock. Still the dance went on till the hour struck which abruptly called the youths away from their partners, and bade them hie to their tents.

"On returning from the cemetery, we found Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, from the opposite side of the river, waiting to offer us their hospitality; and we agreed to visit them in the afternoon. Mr. Kemble's boat awaited us at the landing-place by three o'clock, and we rowed about some time before landing on the opposite bank, so irresistible is the temptation to linger in this scene of magical beauty. The catholic chapel of Cold-spring is well placed on a point above the river; and the village, hidden from West Point by a headland, is pretty. From Mr. Kemble's we were to be treated with a visit to the Indian Fall, and were carried within half a mile of it by water. We followed the brawling brook for that distance, when we saw the glistening of the column of water through the trees. No fall can be prettier for its size, which is just small enough to tempt one to climb. A gentleman of our party made the attempt; but the rocks were too slippery with wet weed, and he narrowly escaped a tumble of twenty feet into the dark pool below. The boys, after bringing us branches of the black cherry, clustered with the fruit, found a safe and dry way up, and appeared waving their green boughs in triumph at the top of the rocks. The tide had risen so that the river was brimming full as we returned, and soft with the mountain shadows; but we landed at West Point in time to see the sun set,—twice, as it happened. At the landing-place we stood to see it drop behind the mountain; but just after we had bidden it good night, I saw that a meditative cadet, lying at length upon a rock, was still basking in the golden light, and I ran up the steep to the piazza. There, in a gap between two summits, was the broad disk, as round as ever; and once more we saw it sink in a tranquillity almost as grand as the stormy splendour of the preceding night. Then ensued the evening parade; guitar music in the hotel, and dancing in the camp.

"This evening, a lady and her daughter steamed down from Fishkill with a request to us to spend a few days there; and a clergyman steamed up from New York with an invitation from Dr. Hosack to visit him and

his family at Hyde Park. We could not do both ; and there was some difficulty in contriving to do either, anxiously as we desired it ; but we presently settled that Fishkill must be given up, and that we must content ourselves with two days at Hyde Park.

“ The next morning, I experienced a sensation which I had often heard of, but never quite believed in ;—the certainty that one has awakened in another world. Those who have travelled much, know that a frequent puzzle, on waking from sound sleep in new places, is to know where one is,—even in what country of the world. This night, I left my window open, close to my head, so that I could see the stars reflected in the river. When I woke, the scene was steeped in the light of sunrise, and as still as death. Its ineffable beauty was all ; I remarked no individual objects ; but my heart stood still with an emotion which I should be glad to think I may feel again, whenever I really do enter a new scene of existence. It was some time before my senses were separately roused ; during the whole day, I could not get rid of the impression that I had seen a vision ; and even now I can scarcely look back upon the scene as the very same which at other hours I saw clouded with earth-drawn vapours, and gilded by the common sun.

“ At eleven o'clock we left West Point ; and I am glad that we felt sure at the time that we should visit it again ; a design which we did not accomplish, as the place was ravaged by scarlet fever at the season of the next year that we had fixed for our visit. Mr. Livingston, who had just returned from his French mission, was on board the boat. My letters of introduction to him were at the bottom of my trunk ; but we did not put off becoming acquainted till I could get at them.

“ Mr. Livingston's name is celebrated and honoured in England, (as over all Europe,) through its connexion with the Louisiana Code,—this gentleman's great work. He was born and educated in the State of New York. While pursuing his studies at Princeton College in 1779 and 1780, he was subject to strange interruptions ; the professors being repeatedly driven from their chairs by incursions of the enemy, and their scholars on such occasions forming a corps to go out and fight. The library was scattered, the philosophical apparatus destroyed, and the college buildings shared with troops quartered in the establishment ; yet young Livingston quitted college a good scholar. He was a member of the fourth Congress, and there made himself remarkable by his exertions to ameliorate the criminal code of the United States, then as sanguinary as those of the Old World. In 1801, he returned to the practice of his profession of the law in New York, but was not long permitted to decline public life. He was appointed attorney of the state of New York and mayor of the city. He remained in the city, in the discharge of his duties, while the yellow fever drove away every one who could remove. He nearly died of the disease, and was ruined in his private affairs by his devotion to the public service. In 1804, he resigned his offices and retired to Louisiana, (then a new acquisition of the United States,) to retrieve his fortunes : and from thence he discharged all his obligations, paying his debts, with interest upon them, to the last farthing. He was deprived, by a mistake of President Jefferson's, of an immense property which he had acquired there, and was involved in expensive litigation of many years' duration. The law decided in his favour, and the controversy ended in a manner the most honourable to both parties ; in a reciprocation of hearty good will.

“ During the invasion of Louisiana by the British, Mr. Livingston took a prominent part in the defence of the state ; and when it was over, undertook, with two coadjutors, the formidable task of simplifying its laws, entangled as they were with Spanish prolixities, and all manner of unnecessary and unintelligible provisions. His system was adopted, and has been in use ever since. In 1820, the system of municipal law was revised

at New Orleans, under the superintendence of Mr. Livingston, and his amendments were put in practice in 1823. He was at the same time engaged, without assistance, in preparing his celebrated penal code. When it was all ready for the press, in 1824, he sat up late one night, to ascertain finally the correctness of the fair copy; and, having finished, retired to rest, in a state of calm satisfaction at his great work being completed. He was awakened by a cry of fire. The room where he had been employed was burning, and every scrap of his papers was consumed. Not a note or memorandum was saved.

"He appeared to be stunned for the hour; but before the day closed he had begun his labours again; and he never relaxed, till, in two years from the time of the fire, he presented his work to the legislature of Louisiana, improved by the reconsideration which he had been compelled to give it. Men of all countries who understand jurisprudence, seem to think that no praise of this achievement can be excessive.

"He afterwards represented Louisiana in both Houses of Congress, became Secretary of State in 1831; and in 1833, Minister to France. His was a busy life, of doing, suffering, and, we may confidently add, enjoying; for his was a nature full of simplicity, modesty, and benevolence. His industry is, of itself, exhilarating to contemplate.

"During the whole preceding year, I had heard Mr. Livingston's name, almost daily, in connexion with his extremely difficult negotiations between the United States and France,—or rather between President Jackson and Louis Philippe. I had read his despatches, (some of which were made public that were never designed to be so,) and had not been quite satisfied as to their straightforwardness; but concluded, on the whole, that he had done as much as human wits could well do in so absurd, and perplexed, and dangerous a quarrel, where the minister had to manage the temper of his own potentate, as well as baffle the policy of the European monarch. A desire for peace and justice was evident through the whole of Mr. Livingston's correspondence; and, under all, a strong wish to get home. Here he was,—now ploughing his way up his own beloved river, whose banks were studded with the country-seats of a host of his relations. He came to me on the upper deck, and sat looking very placid, with his staff between his knees, and his strong, observing countenance melting into an expression of pleasure when he described to me his enjoyment in burying himself among the mountains of Switzerland. He said he would not now hear of mountains anywhere else,—at least not in either his own country or mine. He gave me some opinions upon the government of the King of the French, which I little expected to hear from the minister of a democratic republic. We were deep in this subject, when a great hissing of the steam made us look up and see that we were at Hyde Park, and that Dr. Hosack and a party of ladies were waiting for me on the wharf. I repeatedly met Mr. Livingston in society in New York, the next spring, when a deafness, which had been slight, was growing upon him, and impairing his enjoyment of conversation. The last time I saw him was at the christening of a grand-niece, when he looked well in health, but conversed little, and seemed rather out of spirits. Within a month of that evening, he was seized with pleurisy, which would in all probability have yielded to treatment; but he refused medicine, and was carried off, after a very short illness. Dr. Hosack died some months before him. How little did I think, as I now went from the one to the other, that both these vigorous old men would be laid in their graves, even before my return home should call upon me to bid them farewell!

"The aspect of Hyde Park from the river had disappointed me, after all I had heard of it. It looks little more than a white house upon a ridge. I was therefore doubly delighted when I found what this ridge

really was. It is a natural terrace, overhanging one of the sweetest reaches of the river ; and, though broad and straight at the top, not square and formal, like an artificial embankment, but undulating, sloping, and sweeping, between the ridge and the river, and dropped with trees ; the whole carpeted with turf, tempting grown people, who happen to have the spirits of children, to run up and down the slopes, and play hide-and-seek in the hollows. Whatever we might be talking of as we paced the terrace, I felt a perpetual inclination to start off for play. Yet, when the ladies and ourselves actually did something like it, threading the little thickets, and rounding every promontory, even to the farthest, (which they call Cape Horn,) I felt that the possession of such a place ought to make a man devout, if any of the gifts of Providence can do so. To hold in one's hand that which melts all strangers' hearts is to be a steward in a very serious sense of the term. Most liberally did Dr. Hosack dispense the means of enjoyment he possessed. Hospitality is inseparably connected with his name in the minds of all who ever heard it : and it was hospitality of the heartiest and most gladsome kind.

"Dr. Hosack had a good library—I believe, one of the best private libraries in the country ; some good pictures, and botanical and mineralogical cabinets of value. Among the ornaments of his house, I observed some biscuits and vases once belonging to Louis XVI., purchased by Dr. Hosack from a gentleman who had them committed to his keeping during the troubles of the first French Revolution.

"In the afternoon, Dr. Hosack drove me in his gig round his estate, which lies on both sides of the high road ; the farm on one side, and the pleasure-grounds on the other. The conservatory is remarkable for America ; and the flower-garden all that it can be made under present circumstances, but the neighbouring country-people have no idea of a gentleman's pleasure in his garden, and of respecting it. On occasions of weddings and other festivities, the villagers come up into the Hyde Park grounds, to enjoy themselves ; and persons, who would not dream of any other mode of theft, pull up rare plants, as they would wild flowers in the woods, and carry them away. Dr. Hosack would frequently see some flower that he had brought with much pains from Europe flourishing in some garden of the village below. As soon as he explained the nature of the case, the plant would be restored with all zeal and care : but the losses were so frequent and provoking as greatly to moderate his horticultural enthusiasm. We passed through the poultry-yard, where the congregation of fowls exceeded in number and bustle any that I had ever seen. We drove round his kitchen garden too, where he had taken pains to grow every kind of vegetable which will flourish in that climate. Then crossing the road, after paying our respects to his dairy of fine cows, we drove through the orchard, and round Cape Horn, and refreshed ourselves with the sweet river views on our way home. There we sat in the pavilion, and he told me much of De Witt Clinton, and showed me his own Life of Clinton, a copy of which he said should await me on my return to New York. When that time came, he was no more : but his promise was kindly borne in mind by his lady, from whose hands I received the valued legacy.

"We saw some pleasant society at Hyde Park : among the rest, some members of the wide-spreading Livingston family, and the Rev. Charles Stewart, who lived for some years as missionary in the South Sea Islands, and afterwards published a very interesting account of his residence there. His manners, which are particularly gentlemanly and modest, show no traces of a residence among savages, or of the shifts and disorder of a missionary life ; nor of any bad effects from the sudden fame which awaited him on his return into civilised life. I remember with great pleasure a conversation we had by the river-side, which proved to me that he un-

derstands the philosophy of fame, knowing how to appropriate the good and reject the evil that it brings, and which deepened the respect I had entertained for him from the beginning of our acquaintance.

"The Livingston family, one of the oldest, most numerous, and opulent, in the States, has been faithful in the days of its greatness to its democratic principles. In Boston it seems a matter of course that the "first people" should be federalists; that those who may be aristocratic in station should become aristocratic in principle. The Livingstons are an evidence that this need not be. Amidst their splendid entertainments in New York, and in their luxurious retirements on the Hudson, they may be heard going further than most in defence of President Jackson's idiosyncrasy. Their zeal in favour of Mr. Van Buren was accounted for by many from the natural bias of the first family in the state of New York in favour of the first president furnished by that state: but there is no reason to find any such cause. The Livingstons have consistently advocated the most liberal principles, through all changes; and that they retain their democratic opinions in the midst of their opulence and family influence, is not the less honourable to them for their party having now the ascendancy.

"Dr. Hosack and his family accompanied us down to the wharf, to see Mr. Stewart off by one boat, and our party by another, when, on the third day of our visit, we were obliged to depart. Our hearts would have been more sorrowful than they were, if we had foreseen that we should not enjoy our promised meeting with this accomplished and amiable family at New York.

"Dr. Hosack was a native of America, but his father was Scotch. After obtaining the best medical education he could in America, he studied in Edinburgh and London: and hence his affectionate relations with Great Britain, and the warmth with which he welcomed English travellers. He practised medicine in New York for upwards of forty years, and filled the Professorship of Botany and Materia Medica in Columbia College for some time. He distinguished himself by his successful attention to the causes and treatment of yellow fever. But his services out of his profession were as eminent as any for which his fellow-citizens are indebted to him. He rendered liberal aid to various literary, scientific, and benevolent institutions, and was always willing and indefatigable in exertion for public objects. One of the most painful scenes of his life was the duel in which Hamilton perished. Dr. Hosack was Hamilton's second, and probably as well aware as his principal and others that the encounter could hardly end otherwise than as it did. Dr. Hosack was in New York with his family, the winter after my visit to Hyde Park. He was one day in medical conversation with Dr. McVicar of that city, and observed that it would not do for either of them to have an attack of apoplexy, as there would be small chance of their surviving it. Within two weeks both were dead of apoplexy. Dr. Hosack lost property in the great fire at New York: he over-exerted himself on the night of the fire, and the fatigue and anxiety brought on an attack of the disease he dreaded; under which he presently sank from amidst the well-earned enjoyments of a vigorous and prosperous old age. He was in his sixty-seventh year, and showed, to the eye of a stranger, no symptom of decline. His eye was bright, his spirits as buoyant, and his life as full of activity as those of most men of half his years. I always heard the death of this enterprising and useful citizen mentioned as heading the list of the calamities of the Great Fire.

"However widely European travellers have differed about other things in America, all seem to agree in their love of the Hudson. The pens of all tourists dwell on its scenery, and their affections linger about it, like the magical lights which seem to have this river in their peculiar charge.

Yet very few travellers have seen its noblest wonder. I may be singular; but I own that I was more moved by what I saw from the Mountain House than by Niagara itself.

"What is this Mountain House,—this Pine Orchard House? many will ask; for its name is not to be found in most books of American travels. 'What is that white speck?' I myself asked, when staying at Tivoli, on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite to the Catskills, whose shadowy surface was perpetually tempting the eye. That white speck, visible to most eyes only when bright sunshine was upon it, was the Mountain House,—an hotel built for the accommodation of hardy travellers who may desire to obtain that complete view of the valley of the Hudson which can be had nowhere else. I made up my mind to go; and the next year I went, on leaving Dr. Hosack's. I think I had rather have missed the Hawk's Nest, the Prairies, the Mississippi, and even Niagara, than this.

"The steam-boat in which we left Hyde Park, landed us at Catskill (31 miles) at a little after three in the afternoon. Stages were waiting to convey passengers to the Mountain House; and we were off in a few minutes, expecting to perform the ascending journey of twelve miles in little more than four hours. We had the same horses all the way, and therefore set off at a moderate pace, though the road was for some time level, intersecting rich bottoms, and passing flourishing farm-houses, where the men were milking, and the women looked up from their work in the piazzas as we passed. Haymaking was going on in fields which appeared to hang above us at first, but on which we afterwards looked down from such a height that the haycocks were scarcely distinguishable. It was the 25th of July, and a very hot day for the season. The roads were parched up, and every exposed thing that one handled on board the steam-boat, or in the stage, made one flinch from the burning sensation. The panting horses, one of them bleeding at the mouth, stopped to drink at a house at the foot of the ascent; and we wondered how, exhausted as they seemed, they would drag us up the mountain. We did not calculate on the change of temperature which we were soon to experience.

"The mountain laurel conveyed by association the first impression of coolness. Sheep were browsing among the shrubs, apparently enjoying the shelter of the covert. We scrambled through deep shade for three or four miles, heavy showers passing over us, and gusts of wind bowing the tree tops, and sending a shiver through us, partly from the sudden chillness, and partly from expectation and awe of the breezy solitude. On turning a sharp angle of the steep road, at a great elevation, we stopped in a damp green nook, where there was an arrangement of hollow trees to serve for water-troughs. While the horses were drinking, the gusts parted the trees, to the left, and disclosed to me a vast extent of country lying below, chequered with light and shadow. This was the moment in which a lady in the stage said with a yawn, 'I hope we shall find something at the top to pay us for all this.' Truly the philosophy of recompense seems to be little understood. In moral affairs, people seem to expect recompense for privileges; as when children, grown and un-grown, are told that they will be rewarded for doing their duty: and here was a lady hoping for recompense for being carried up a glorious mountain side in ease, coolness, leisure, and society, all at once. If it was recompense for the evil of inborn *ennui* that she wanted, she was not likely to find it where she was going to look for it.

"After another level reach of road, and another scrambling ascent, I saw something on the rocky platform above our heads, like (to compare great things with small) an illumined fairy palace perched among clouds in opera scenery;—a large building, whose numerous window-lights marked out its figure from amidst the thunder-clouds and black twilight

which overshadowed it. It was now half-past eight o'clock, and a stormy evening. Everything was chill, and we were glad of lights and tea in the first place.

"After tea, I went out upon the platform in front of the house, having been warned not to go too near the edge, so as to fall an unmeasured depth into the forest below. I sat upon the edge, as a security against stepping over unawares. The stars were bright overhead, and had conquered half the sky, giving promise of what we ardently desired, a fine morrow. Over the other half, the mass of thunderclouds was, I supposed, heaped together, for I could at first discern nothing of the champaign which I knew must be stretched below. Suddenly, and from that moment incessantly, gushes of red lightning poured out from the cloudy canopy, revealing; not merely the horizon, but the course of the river, in all its windings through the valley. This thread of river, thus illuminated, looked like a flash of lightning, caught by some hand, and laid along in the valley. All the principal features of the landscape might, no doubt, have been discerned by this sulphurous light; but my whole attention was absorbed by the river, which seemed to come out of the darkness, like an apparition, at the summons of my impatient will. It could be borne only for a short time,—this dazzling, bewildering alternation of glare and blackness, of vast reality and nothingness. I was soon glad to draw back from the precipice, and seek the candle-light within.

"The next day was Sunday. I shall never forget, if I live to a hundred, how the world lay at my feet one Sunday morning. I rose very early, and looked from my window,—two stories above the platform. A dense fog, exactly level with my eyes, as it appeared, roofed in the whole plain of the earth; a dusky firmament in which the stars had hidden themselves for the day. Such is the account which an antediluvian spectator would probably have given of it."

The Trenton falls are thus described.

"Our baggage-master was fortunate in securing a neat, clean stage to take us to Trenton Falls, (14 miles,) where we promised each other to spend the whole day, on condition of being off by five the next morning, in order to accomplish the distance to Syracuse in the course of the day. The reason for our economy of time was not merely that it was late in the season, and every day which kept us from the Falls of Niagara, therefore, of consequence; but that our German friend, Mr. O., was obliged to be back in New York by a certain day. We all considered a little extra haste and fatigue a small tax to pay for the privilege of his companionship.

"We clapped our hands at the sight of the 'Rural Retreat,' the comfortable, hospitable house of entertainment at Trenton,—standing in its garden on the edge of the forest,—so unlike hotels on the high road.

"As no other company was there, we could choose our own hours. We ordered a late dinner, and proceeded to the Falls. We had only to follow a path in the pine forest for a few paces, and we were at the edge of the ravine which encloses the cascades.

"It is a pity that the Indian name is not retained. Trenton Falls are called Cayoharic by the Indians. They are occasioned by the descent of West Canada Creek through a ravine, where it makes a succession of leaps from platforms of rock; six of these falls being pretty easily accessible by travellers. Much has been said of the danger of the enterprise of ascending the ravine; but I saw no peril to persons who are neither rash nor nervous. The two accidents which have happened here, I believe, been owing, the one to extreme rashness, and the other to sudden terror.

"From the edge of the ravine, the black water, speckled with white foam, is seen rushing below with a swiftness which already half turns the head of the stranger. We descended five flights of wooden steps, fixed against the steep face of the rock, and at the bottom found ourselves at the brink of the torrent. I never was in so dark and chill a place in the open air: yet the sun was shining on the opposite face of the rock, lighting the one scarlet maple which stood out from among the black cedars and dark green elms. We selected our footing with a care which we were quite ready to ridicule when we came back; and were not above grasping the chain which is rivetted into the rock where the shelf which forms the pathway is narrowest, and where the angles are sharpest. The hollow is here so filled with the voice of many waters, that no other can be heard; and after many irreverent shouts had been attempted, we gave up all attempts to converse till we reached a quieter place. Being impatient to see the first fall, I went on before the rest, and having climbed the flight of wooden steps, so wetted with the spray of the fall as to be as slippery as ice, I stood on the platform under a covert of rock foaming with the thunder of the waters, and saw my companions, one by one, turn the angle of the path, and pause in front of the sheet of liquid amber, sprinkled with snow. The path on which they stood seemed too narrow for human foot; and when, discerning me, they waved their hands, I trembled lest, disregarding their footing, they should be swept away by the furious torrent. When we found our heads turning with the rush of the dark waters, we amused ourselves with admiring the little wells in the rock, and the drip from the roots of a cedar projecting from the top of the ravine,—a never-failing, glittering shower. Between the fifth and sixth fall there is a long tranquil reach of water; and here we lingered to rest our bewildered senses, before entering upon the confusion of rocks through which the sixth forces its way. We see-sawed upon a fallen trunk, sent autumn leaves whirling down the stream, and watched the endless dance of the balls of foam which had found their way into the tiny creeks and bays opposite, and could not get out again.

"Gay butterflies seemed quite at home in this ravine. They flit through the very spray of the Falls. It seemed wonderful that an insect could retain its frail life in the midst of such an uproar. When the sun, in its course, suddenly shone full into the glen through a chasm in its rocky wall, how the cascade was instantly dressed in glory! crowned with a rainbow, and invested with all radiant hues! How the poor banished Indians must mourn when the lights of their Cayoharic visit their senses again in the dreams of memory or of sleep! The recollection of these poor exiles was an ever-present saddening thought in the midst of all the most beautiful scenes of the New World.

"When we had surmounted the sixth fall, we saw indeed that we could go no farther. A round projection of rock, without trace of anything that I could call a foot-hold, barred us out from the privacy of the upper ravine. The Falls there are said to be as beautiful as any that we saw, and it is to be hoped that, by blasting a pathway, or by some other means, they also may be laid open to the affections of happy visitors.

"They have been seen and reported of. A friend of mine has told me, since I was there, how Bryant, the poet, and himself, behaved like two thoughtless boys in this place. Clambering about by themselves, one summer day, when their wives had gone back to the house, they were irresistibly tempted to pass the barrier, and see what lay beyond. They got round the rock, I cannot conceive how, by inequalities in its surface. They met with so many difficulties and so much beauty higher up, that they forgot all about time, till they found themselves in utter darkness. They hastened to grope their way homewards through the forest, and were startled, after a while, by shouts and moving lights. Till that moment

they never recollected how alarmed their wives must be. It was past ten o'clock, and the poor ladies had been in a state of uneasiness half the evening, and of mortal terror for the two last hours. They had got people from the neighbourhood to go out with torches, little expecting to see their husbands come walking home on their own feet, and with nothing the matter with them but hunger and shame. I hope the ladies were exceeding angry when their panic was over.

"The forest at the top of the ravine was a study to me, who had yet seen but little forest. Moss cushioned all the roots of the trees; hibiscus overspread the ground: among the pine stems there was a tangle of unknown shrubs; and a brilliant bird, scarlet except its black wings, hovered about as if it had no fear of us. I could learn nothing more about it than that the people called it the red robin. Before we returned, the moon hung like a gem over the darkness of the ravine. I spent another happy day among these falls, some months after, and was yet more impressed with their singularity and beauty."

After justly remarking on the frequent bad taste of the Americans in the naming of places, Miss Martineau thus speaks of the cultivation of the country, and of some specimens of the striking scenery through which she passed.

"The cultivation of the country now began to show the improvement which increases all the way to Buffalo. At the head of Cayuga Lake, we travelled over the longest bridge I ever saw,—even a mile and eight rods long. It is wooden, of course, laid upon piles, and more conspicuous for usefulness than beauty. The great ornament of this route is the village of Geneva, reared on a terrace which overhangs Seneca Lake. The northern States abound in beautiful villages; but I know none more captivating than this. A long row of handsome white and red houses, each with its sloping garden, fronts the lake; and behind the dwellings, the road is bordered with locust trees, which seem to embower the place. The gardens are more carefully cultivated than is at all common in America, and they well repay the trouble bestowed on them. There is a college, standing on high ground above the lake, to which a natural lawn steeply descends from the open space in front of the building. Holstein, aide-de-camp to Bolivar, was professor of modern languages in this college when I was first at Geneva. Before my second visit he had removed to Albany. To crown the temptations of Geneva, as a place of residence, it has a rather choice society. It has been charged with not being healthy; but I believe this is not true. It seems to be well and speedily supplied with literature. I saw a placard outside a bookseller's store, "Two Old Men's Tales, price 80 cents,"—that is, four shillings. (One of my last interests, before I left England, had been watching over the publication of this work; and now here it was selling at four shillings in the back of the state of New York! I remarked two things more about this village,—that all the women I saw were pretty, and that a profusion of azalea grew wild in the neighbourhood.

The road to Canandaigua ascends for a considerable distance, after leaving Geneva, and the last view of the place from above was exquisite, embosomed as it lay in the autumn woods, and with its blue lake stretched behind it in the sunny atmosphere. One element in the exhilaration of such scenes in America is the universal presence of competence. The boys who gather about the stage do not come to beg, or even to sell, but to amuse themselves while eating their bread and meat, or on their way to the field. The young women all well dressed, the men all at work or amusement, the farms all held in fee-simple, the stores all inadequate

to their custom,—these things are indescribably cheering to witness, and a never-failing source of pleasure to the traveller from Europe. It may be a questionable comfort, but it is a comfort, to think “if these people are not happy, it is their own fault.” Whether their minds are as easy as their fortunes, it may not be safe to affirm; but at least the sin and sorrow of social injustice in regard to the first necessities of life are absent.

“The moon was gleaming over Canandaigua Lake when we came in sight of it; and a golden planet dropped beneath the horizon when we took the turn towards the village. We found that Blossom’s hotel did not answer to the favourable description which had been given us of it. This had been a training day, and the house was so noisy with drunken soldiers that when we had attained the drawing-room, we locked ourselves in till the house should be cleared, which happened as early as nine o’clock: but we still found the inn less comfortable than most upon the road.

“The pretty village of Canandaigua is noted for its good society. It would have given me pleasure to have been able to accept the kind invitation of some of its inhabitants to prolong my stay now, or to revisit it the next year. But we had promised Mr. O. to cause no delay in getting to Niagara, and we engaged, in return for his agreeing to stop this day, to travel all night; and I never was able to allot any future time to this place. We saw as much of it, however, as we could in one day.

“There are many families of Scotch extraction at Canandaigua, and to this the village owes its superiority in gardens to almost any place in the country. We spent the greater part of the day with a gentleman who was born in Scotland, but had settled at Canandaigua thirty-four years before, when the place was almost a desert. He now sees himself surrounded by handsome dwellings, trim gardens, and a highly-cultivated society, able to command resources of books, and other intellectual luxuries, to almost any extent, from the directness and ease of communication with New York. He had just taken possession of a splendid new dwelling, and had presented his old one to the episcopalian church for a parsonage. He showed me, from the top of the house, where this dwelling had stood, where it stood now, and how it had been moved entire in a day and a half. I think the distance could not have been much under a mile.

“After our early breakfast we were engaged till church time in receiving and making calls, as there was no time to be lost. We went to the episcopalian church with our friends, and heard a sermon which could not please us,—it was so full of dogmatism and bitterness. Our friends insisted on entertaining the whole of our large party, and invited some agreeable guests in addition, so that we spent a very profitable as well as pleasant afternoon. We walked over the grounds, enjoyed the view of the lake from the house-top, and picked up a good deal of information about the place and neighbourhood, which might seem to the inhabitants scarcely worthy of the name of knowledge, but which is inestimable to the stranger as opening new departments of inquiry, and explaining much which he did not understand before.

“The stage was ordered for nine, and we returned to Blossom’s for an hour’s rest before setting out on our rough night’s journey.

“We reached Batavia to breakfast, and soon after found ourselves on the first piece of corduroy road we had encountered in the country. I mention this because corduroy roads appear to have made a deep impression on the imaginations of the English, who seem to suppose that American roads are all corduroy. I can assure them that there is a large variety in American roads. There are the excellent limestone roads,

which stretch out in three directions from Nashville, Tennessee, and some like them in Kentucky, on which the tourist might sketch almost without difficulty while travelling at a rapid rate. There is quite another sort of limestone road in Virginia, in traversing which the stage is dragged up from shelf to shelf, some of the shelves sloping so as to throw the passengers on one another, on either side alternately. Then there are the rich mud roads of Ohio, through whose deep red sloughs the stage goes slowly sousing after rain, and gently upsetting when the rut on the one or the other side proves to be of a greater depth than was anticipated. Then there are the sandy roads of the pine-barrens, of an agreeable consistency after rain, but very heavy in dry weather. Then there is the ridge road, running parallel with a part of Lake Ontario, and supposed to be the edge of what was once its basin. The level terrace, thus provided by Nature, offered the foundation of an admirable road, one of the best in the States. Lastly, there is the corduroy road, happily of rare occurrence, where, if the driver is merciful to his passengers, he drives them so as to give them the association of being on the way to a funeral,—their involuntary sobs on each jolt helping the resemblance; or, if he be in a hurry, he shakes them like pills in a pill-box. But the American drivers are a class of men marked by that merciful temper which naturally accompanies genius. They are men who command admiration equally by their perfection in their art, their fertility of resource, and their patience with their passengers. I was never upset in a stage but once during all my travels; and the worse the roads were, the more I was amused at the variety of devices by which we got on, through difficulties which appeared insurmountable, and the more I was edified at the gentleness with which our drivers treated female fears and fretfulness.

“By this time a solitary Indian might be frequently seen standing on a heap of stones by the road-side, or sleeping under a fence. There is something which rivets the eye of the stranger in the grave gaze, the lank hair, the blanket-wrapped form of the savage, as he stands motionless. We were generally to be seen leaning out of every opening in the stage, as long as the figure remained in sight.

“We issued from the corduroy road upon one on which we could easily have performed twelve miles an hour. Houses with porches of Ionic pillars began to be scattered by the road side. We were obviously approaching Buffalo. Soon the lake was visible, and then we entered the long main street, and stopped at the entrance of the Eagle Hotel.”

The perils of the early settlers are unfolded in the following narrative.

“After crossing the ferry at Black Rock, we pursued our walk in a south-west direction, sometimes treading a firm sand, and sometimes a greensward, washed by the fresh waters of the lake. Though we were on British ground, we were entertained by an American woman who lived on the lake shore, close by the fort. Our hostess was sewing when we went in, amusing herself meanwhile with snatches of reading from ‘Peter Parley,’ which lay open before her. She put away her work to cook for us, conversing all the while, and by no means sorry, I fancy, to have the amusement of a little company. She gave us tea, beef-steak, hot rolls and butter, honeycomb, and preserved plums and crab-apples. Immediately after dinner I went out to the fort, my friend promising to follow.

“This afternoon, she told me her wonderful story; a part of which,—that part in which the public may be said to have an interest,—I am going to relate.

"At the time of the war of 1812, Mrs. W. lived in Buffalo, with her father, mother, brothers, and sisters. In 1814, just when the war was becoming terrific on the frontier, her father and eldest brother were drowned in crossing the neighbouring ferry. Six months after this accident, the danger of Buffalo was so great that the younger children of the family were sent away into the country with their married sister, under the charge of their brother-in-law, who was to return with his wagon for the mother and two daughters, who were left behind, and for the clothes of the family. For three weeks there had been so strong an apprehension of a descent of the Indians, the barbarous allies of the British, that the ladies had snatched sleep with their clothes on, one watching while the others lay down. It was with some difficulty, and after many delays, that the wagon party got away, and there were still doubts whether it was the safer course to go or stay. Nothing was heard of them before night, however, and it was hoped that they were safe, and that the wagon would come for the remaining three the next morning.

"The ladies put out their lights early, as they were desired; and at eight, two of the three lay down to sleep; Mrs. W., then a girl of sixteen, being one. At nine, she was called up by the beating of a drum, the signal that the Indians were at hand. No description can give an idea of the loathing with which these savages were then regarded,—the mingled horror, disgust, dread, and hatred. The Indians were insidious, dangerous, and cruel beyond example, even in the history of savage warfare. These poor ladies had been brought up to hate them with a deadly hatred; they were surrounded with persons burning with the injuries inflicted by Indian revenge and barbarity; for weeks they had lived in hourly dread of death by their hands; their strength was worn, and their nerves shaken by the long suspense; and now the hoarse drum woke them up with news that the hour was come. A deadly sickness overspread their hearts as they started from their beds. They looked from their windows, but could see nothing through the blank darkness. They listened, but they knew that if the streets had been quiet as death, the stealthy tread of the savages would have been inaudible. There was a bustle in the town. Was the fight beginning? No. It was an express sent by the scouts to say that it was a false alarm. The worn-out ladies composed their spirits, and sank to sleep again. At four, they were once more wakened by the horrid drum, and now there was a mustering in the streets, which looked as if this were no false alarm. In the same moment, the sister who was watching what passed in the street, saw by torch-light the militia part asunder and fly, and Mrs. W., who was looking through the back window, perceived in the uncertain glimmer that a host of savages was leaping the garden-fence,—leaping along the walks to the house, like so many kangaroos,—but painted, and flourishing their tomahawks. She cried out to her mother and sister, and they attempted to fly; but there was no time. Before they could open the front door, the back windows came crashing in, and the house was crowded with yelling savages. With their tomahawks, they destroyed everything but the ladies, who put on the most submissive air possible. The trunks containing the clothing of the whole family stood in the hall, ready to be carried away when the wagon should arrive. These were split to fragments by the tomahawk. These wretches had actually met the wagon, with the rest of the family, and turned it back; but the brother-in-law, watching his opportunity, wheeled off from the road when his savage guards were somehow engaged, and escaped.

"The ladies were seized, and as Mrs. W. claimed protection, they were delivered into the charge of some squaws to be driven to the British camp. It was unpleasant enough the being goaded on through such a scene by savage women, as insolent as the men were cruel; but the ladies

soon saw that this was the best thing that could have happened to them ; for the town was burning in various directions, and soon no alternative would be left between being in the British camp and in the thick of the slaughter in the burning streets. The British officer did not wish to have his hands full of helpless female prisoners. He sent them home again with a guard of an ensign and a private, who had orders to prevent their house being burned. The ensign had much to do to fulfil his orders. He stood in the doorway, commanding, persuading, struggling, threatening ; but he saved the house, which was, in two days, almost the only one left standing. The whole town was a mass of smoking ruins, in many places slaked with blood. Opposite the door lay the body of a woman who in her despair had drunk spirits, and then defied the savages. They tomahawked her, in sight of the neighbours, and before her own door, and her body lay where it had fallen ; for there were none to bury the dead. Some of the inhabitants had barricaded themselves in the jail, which proved, it was said, too damp to burn : the rest who survived were dispersed in the woods.

" Before the fire was quite burned out, the Indians were gone, and the inhabitants began to creep back into the town, cold and half dead with hunger. The ladies kept up a large fire, (carefully darkening the windows,) and cooked for the settlers, till they were too weary to stand, and one at a time lay down to sleep before the fire. Mrs. W. often during those dreary days used to fasten a blanket, Indian fashion, about her shoulders, and go out into the wintry night, to forage for food,—a strange employment for a young girl in the neighbourhood of a savage foe. She traced the hogs in the snow, and caught many fowls in the dark. On the third day, very early in the morning, six Buffalo men were enjoying a breakfast of her cooking, when the windows were again broken in, and the house once more full of savages. They had come back to burn and pillage all that was left. The six men fled, and, by a natural impulse, the girl with them. At some distance from the house, she looked behind her, and saw a savage leaping towards her, with his tomahawk already raised. She saw that the next instant it would be buried in her skull. She faced about, burst out a laughing, and held out both her hands to the savage. His countenance changed, first to perplexity ; but he swerved his weapon aside, laughed, and shook hands, but motioned her homewards. She was full of remorse for having quitted her mother and sister. When she reached her door, the house was so crowded that she could neither make her way in, nor learn anything of their fate. Under the persuasion that they lay murdered within, she flew to some British dragoons who were sitting on the ground at a considerable distance, watching the burning of the remainder of the town. They expressed their amazement that she should have made her way through the savages, and guarded her home, where they procured an entrance for her, so that she reached the arms of her patient and suffering mother and sister. That house was, at length, the only one left standing ; and when we returned, Mrs. W. pointed it out to me.

" The settlers remained for some time in the woods, stealing into a midnight warming and supper at the lone abode of the widow and her daughters. The ladies had nothing left but this dwelling. Their property had been in houses which were burned, and their very clothes were gone. The settlers had, however, carried off their money with them safely into the woods. They paid the ladies for their hospitality, and afterwards for as much needlework as they could do ; for every one was in want of clothes. By their industry these women raised themselves to independence, which the widow lived some tranquil years to enjoy. The daughter who told me the story is now the lady of a judge. She never boasts of her bravery, and rarely refers to her adventures in the war ;

but preserves all her readiness and strength of mind, and in the silence of her own heart, or in the ear of a sympathizing friend, gratefully contrasts the perils of her youth with the milder discipline of her riper age."

Miss Martineau's remarks on the members of Congress will be read with great interest, as well as much that she has here written on the public institutions and manners of the Americans.

Did our limits permit we might continue our extracts, but must content ourselves with the following, which we the less regret as the work will speedily be in the hands of our readers, affording them, as we have no doubt it will fully do, the same degree of gratification as was produced by the publication of her former interesting volumes, to which the present may be considered as a highly valuable sequel.

"On the 2nd of February, I visited Mount Vernon, in company with a large party of gentlemen and ladies. Of all places in America, the family seat and burial place of Washington is that which strangers are most eager to visit. I was introduced by Judge Story to the resident family, and was received by them, with all my companions, with great civility and kindness.

"The estate of Mount Vernon was inherited by General Washington from his brother. For fifteen years prior to the assembling of the first general Congress in Philadelphia, Washington spent his time chiefly on this property, repairing to the provincial legislature when duty called him there, but gladly returning to the improvement of his lands. The house was, in those days, a very modest building, consisting of only four rooms on a floor, which form the centre of the present mansion. Mrs. Washington resided there during the ten years' absence of her husband, in the wars of the Revolution; repairing to head-quarters at the close of each campaign, and remaining there till the opening of the next. The departure of an aide-de-camp from the camp, to escort the general's lady, was watched for with much anxiety, as the echoes of the last shot of the campaign died away; for the arrival of 'Lady Washington' (as the soldiers called her) was the signal for the wives of all the general officers to repair to their husbands in camp. A sudden cheerfulness diffused itself through the army when the plain chariot, with the postillions in their scarlet and white liveries, was seen to stop before the general's door. Mrs. Washington was wont to say, in her latter years, that she had heard the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the close of every campaign of the revolutionary war. She was a strong-minded, even-tempered woman; and the cheerfulness of her demeanour, under the heavy and various anxieties of such a lot as hers, was no mean support to her husband's spirits, and to the bravery and hopefulness of the whole army, whose eyes were fixed upon her. She retired from amidst the homage of the camp with serene composure, when the fatigues and perils of warfare had to be resumed, and hid her fears and cares in her retired home. There she occupied herself industriously in the superintendence of her slaves, and in striving to stop the ravages which her husband's public service was making in his private fortunes.

"After the peace of 1783, she was joined by her husband, who made a serious pursuit of laying out gardens and grounds round his dwelling, and building large additions to it. He then enjoyed only four years of quiet, being called in 1787 to preside in the convention which framed the Constitution; and in 1789 to fill the Presidential chair. Mrs. Washington was now obliged to quit the estate with him; and it was eight years before they could take possession of it again. In 1797 Washington refused to be made President for a third term, and retired into as private a life as it was possible for him to secure. Trains of visitors sought him

in his retreat, and Mrs. Washington's accomplishments as a Virginian housewife were found useful every day: but Washington was at home, and he was happy. In a little while he was once more applied to to serve the state at the head of her armies. He did not refuse, but requested to be left in peace till there should be actual want of his presence. Before that time arrived he was no more. Two years after his retirement, while the sense of enjoyment of repose was still fresh, and his mind was full of such schemes as delight the imaginations of country gentlemen, death overtook him, and found him, though the call was somewhat sudden, ready and willing to go. In a little more than two years he was followed by his wife. From the appearance of the estate, it would seem to have been going to decay ever since.

"Our party, in three carriages, and five or six on horseback, left Washington about nine o'clock, and reached Alexandria in an hour and a half, though our passage over the long bridge which crosses the Potomac was very slow, from its being in a sad state of dilapidation. Having ordered a late dinner at Alexandria, we proceeded on our way, occasionally looking behind us at the great dome of the Capitol, still visible above the low hills which border the grey, still Potomac, now stretching cold amidst the wintry landscape. It was one of the coldest days I ever felt; the bitter wind seeming to eat into one's very life. The last five miles of the eight which lie between Alexandria and Mount Vernon wound through the shelter of the woods, so that we recovered a little from the extreme cold before we reached the house. The land appears to be quite impoverished; the fences and gates are in bad order: much of the road was swampy, and the poor young lambs, shivering in the biting wind, seemed to look round in vain for shelter and care. The conservatories were almost in ruins, scarcely a single pane of glass being unbroken; and the house looked as if it had not been painted on the outside for years. Little negroes peeped at us from behind the pillars of the piazza as we drove up. We alighted in silence, most of us being probably occupied with the thought of who had been there before us,—what crowds of the noble, the wise, the good had come hither to hear the yet living voice of the most unimpeachable of patriots! As I looked up, I almost expected to see him standing in the door-way. My eyes had rested on the image of his remarkable countenance in almost every house I had entered; and here, in his own dwelling, one could not but look for the living face with something more than the eye of the imagination. I cared far less for any of the things that were shown me within the house than to stay in the piazza next the garden, and fancy how he here walked in meditation, or stood looking abroad over the beautiful river, and pleasing his eye with a far different spectacle from that of camps and conventions.

"Many prints of British landscapes, residences, and events, are hung up in the apartments. The ponderous key of the Bastille still figures in the hall, in extraordinary contrast with everything else in this republican residence. The Bible in the library is the only book of Washington's now left. The best likeness of the great man, known to all travellers from the oddness of the material on which it is preserved, is to be seen here, sanctioned thus by the testimony of the family. The best likeness of Washington happens to be on a common pitcher. As soon as this was discovered, the whole edition of pitchers was bought up. Once or twice I saw the entire vessel, locked up in a cabinet, or in some such way secured from accident: but most of its possessors have, like the family, cut out the portrait, and had it framed.

"The walk, planned and partly finished during Washington's life,—the winding path on the verge of the green slope above the river, must be very sweet in summer. The beauty of the situation of the place sur-

prised me. The river was nobler, the terrace finer, and the swelling hills around more varied than I had imagined; but there is a painful air of desolation over the whole. I wonder how it struck the British officers in 1814, when, in passing up the river on their bandit expedition to burn libraries and bridges, and raze senate chambers, they assembled on deck, and uncovered their heads as they passed the silent dwelling of the great man who was not there to testify his disgust at the service they were upon. If they knew what it was that they were under orders to do, it would have been creditable to them as men to have mutinied in front of Mount Vernon.

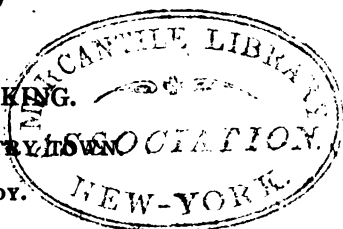
"The old tomb from which the body of Washington has been removed ought to be obliterated or restored. It is too painful to see it as it is now,—the brick-work mouldering, and the paling broken and scattered. The red cedars still overshadow it; and it is a noble resting-place. Every one would mourn to see the low house destroyed, and the great man's chamber of dreamless sleep made no longer sacred from the common tread: but anything is better than the air of neglect which now wounds the spirit of the pilgrim. The body lies, with that of Judge Washington, in a vault near, in a more secluded, but far less beautiful situation than that on the verge of the Potomac. The river is not seen from the new vault; and the erection is very sordid. It is of red brick, with an iron door, and looks more like an oven than anything else, except for the stone slab, bearing a funereal text, which is inserted over the door. The bank which rises on one side is planted with cedars, pines, and a sprinkling of beech and birch, so that the vault is overshadowed in summer, as the places of the dead should be. The president told me that the desolation about the tomb was a cause of uneasiness to himself and many others; and that he had urged the family, as the body had been already removed from its original bed, to permit it to be interred in the centre of the Capitol. They very naturally cling to the precious possession; and there is certainly something much more accordant with the spirit of the man in a grave under the trees of his own home than in a magnificent shrine: but, however modest the tomb may be,—were it only such a green hillock as every rustic lies under,—it should bear tokens of reverent care. The grass and shade which he so much loved are the only ornaments needed; the absence of all that can offend the eye and hurt the spirit of reverence, is all that the patriot and the pilgrim require.

"Before we reached the crazy bridge, which it had been difficult enough to pass in the morning, the sweet Potomac lay in clear moonshine, and the lights round the Capitol twinkled from afar. On arriving at our fireside, we found how delightful a total change of mood sometimes is. Tea, letters, and English newspapers awaited us: and they were a surprising solace, chilled or feverish as we were with the intense cold and strong mental excitement of the day."

MATCH-BREAKING.

A TALE OF A COUNTRY TOWN

BY MRS. ABDY.



THE very day after Saville's arrival, however, in walking down the High Street with Sir Peregrine, they encountered Miss Ogleby, who, when she was in London, about a year ago, had met Saville at the Rileys : she eagerly seized his hand, and congratulated him on his acquisition of fortune, an event which, she said, had been communicated to her a short time ago in a letter from her dear young friend, Mary Jane Riley. Saville could have spared her presence and her congratulations, but he saw that he had no resource but to be extremely civil to her, and thereby engage her in his interests ; accordingly he asked her if she had mentioned the circumstance to any one in Allingham, and when she replied in the negative, earnestly requested her to keep it secret during his stay. This Miss Ogleby instantaneously promised, and with the fullest intention of performing her promise ; she never liked to talk about any one's good fortune so much as their bad, and the good fortune of Saville would have been particularly disagreeable to her, because she felt convinced that, as soon as Mrs. Stapleton became acquainted with it, she would invite him to her house, throw Rose in his way, and very likely completely console him for the loss of Miss Anna Maria Riley. Miss Ogleby remembered that Shakspeare, that wonderful master of the human heart, had made Romeo's ardent passion for Juliet immediately succeed to his disappointment in Rosalind ; and she apprehended that the artless, blooming, and unsophisticated beauty of Allingham might, by a similar process, banish from Saville's memory, the artificial, over-dressed, semi-fine lady of Bloomsbury. Miss Ogleby only departed from her bond of concealment so far as to reveal the circumstances of the case to Miss Malford, who eagerly united with her in the expediency of never breathing them to any person in Allingham, especially the Stapletons.

The next day, Miss Ogleby called on Mrs. Stapleton, and mentioned, with seeming carelessness, that Sir Peregrine had a very shy, stupid young man staying with him, whom she had met in London, and she forthwith did the honours of his small situation in the India House, and his rejection by Anna Maria Riley, adding that " it was very silly of him to be breaking his heart about the matter, for that dear Anna Maria had never given him the least encouragement, and was as happy as the day was long with Mr. Hobson, who had the spirit of a prince, and would look ten years younger than he was, if it were not that he was so amazingly stout." The ladies were not prepossessed in Saville's favour by this account of him ; and although they were in his company three times the next week, there appeared no chance of a close intimacy between him and Rose. Miss Ogleby was constantly

at her side, rallying Saville whenever he approached in no very measured terms on his ill-fate in having been crossed in love, and making delicately playful allusions to green willow, pining swains, and "Barbara Allen's cruelty."

Saville, however, was as completely fascinated with Rose as the spinsters could have feared, but he was timid, silent, and easily kept at a distance. Mrs. Stapleton treated him with all the freezing constrained civility which she considered the proper portion of a young man possessing so very small a life-income that it would be impossible even to squeeze a settlement out of it in the shape of life-insurance, and Rose felt no great interest in the victim of the cruelty of a Guildford Street Anna Maria, who had refused him in favour of a fat elderly common-councilman! Rose and Saville, however, were destined to become better acquainted.

Every year the town of Allingham was enlivened by a visit from the county yeomanry, and they were certainly very amusing, not from the similarity of their movements to those of the military, but from their utter dissimilitude; the heroes themselves, however, did not perform their parts so badly, but the horses, who were many of them in the habit of drawing wagons and market-carts, were singularly obstinate and intractable; they stood still when they were required to move, and moved when it was in order that they should stand still, and the manœuvres and evolutions which they were partly forced and partly coaxed to execute, always produced a scene of "most admired disorder." At the conclusion of their visit, they favoured the inhabitants of Allingham with a sham fight, (a very sham one indeed,) which took place in a large field about a mile from the town, and it was the custom for the beauty and fashion of Allingham to attend, to witness their harmless attacks and powerless defences. The review was at this time about to take place, and Sir Peregrine had promised to convey Mrs. Stapleton and her daughter to the scene of action. Accordingly his barouche and curricule drove up to the door, and Mrs. Stapleton found that she was expected to occupy a seat in the former, with Sir Peregrine and a married couple in the neighbourhood, while Saville was to have the pleasing office of driving Rose in the curricule. It was too late to make any objection to this plan, and the parties proceeded on their destination. The review was rather more ridiculous than ever. The young pair were both amazingly entertained by it, and nothing equalizes and makes people sociable like a mutual joke. Rose had dazzling teeth, an enchanting dimple, and also that prime attraction, a sweet-toned, musical laugh: a pretty girl is never more fascinating than when she is laughing, provided always that her laughter be neither silly, coarse, nor sarcastic. Saville expressed much wonder at seeing both the contending armies with pistols in their hands. Rose informed him that on the preceding year they had muskets, but that the effect of the first volley of firing on the horses was such, that when the smoke cleared away it was discovered that every rider on the field was dismounted. Ensign Suckling lost a false tooth in the fall; Captain Papkins's nose bled for ten minutes, though he was surrounded by a bevy of old maids, prescribing cold keys, and writing-paper; and Colonel Tims's face was severely scratched, and his wig

thrown down and trampled upon by the crowd; the rest of the unhorsed warriors ran wildly about the field for above half an hour, catching their stray chargers, and many, after all, caught that of their neighbour by mistake. Consequently it was resolved, on the next review, to have nothing but pistols; and the pistols on the present occasion were of so delicately diminutive a size, that when a dozen of them were fired at once, (it was not considered safe or expedient to discharge a greater number,) the report somewhat resembled that occasioned by the artillery of the "Marvellous Fleas." Happily nobody was dismounted; the horses, unused to the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," certainly curvetted, reared, and snorted most fearfully, but their riders held firmly by their manes; and, with the exception of a few hysterical shrieks from the old maids in the immediate vicinity, the firing passed off very quietly.

Saville's spirits were exhilarated by the fineness of the morning, the novelty of the scene, and the society of the lovely girl beside him; he became very agreeable, and raised himself considerably in the opinion of his fair companion.

Two days afterwards, Saville had another opportunity of being in company with Rose, without being haunted by the intervening shadows of the Match-breakers. The married couple, who occupied a part of Sir Peregrine's barouche on the occasion of the review, had organized an impromptu pic-nic party for the next day but one, into which the lady vehemently protested Miss Ogleby and Miss Malford should not be admitted, for she had every reason to suspect that they had spoiled a match for her youngest sister, by giving the irresolute admirer long and exaggerated details of one of her former flirtations. The day (probably owing to the very short notice that had been given of the pic-nic party) was splendidly fine. Rose and Saville were in intimate association during the whole of it; they walked home arm-in-arm, and before the close of the evening the faithless heroine of Bloomsbury was forgiven by Saville, and forgotten by Rose. Mrs. Stapleton, however, now began to look very awful and disapproving, and took leave of Saville with marked coldness. He complained of this to Sir Peregrine, and the good-natured baronet, who by this time was quite cured of his passing passion for Rose, earnestly recommended his young friend to make public at once the state of his pecuniary circumstances, and boldly stand forward a candidate for the good graces of both mother and daughter; but Saville felt all his horror of manœuvring mammas and mercenary young ladies return upon him, and he did not rest till he had exacted a fresh promise from Sir Peregrine to preserve his secret inviolate.

The day after the pic-nic the town of Allingham was full of the flirtation between Mr. Saville and Miss Stapleton, and the spinsters trembled with fear and envy at the tidings. Miss Ogleby immediately called on Mrs. Stapleton, and so forcibly dwelt on the demerits of Saville's small income, so earnestly recapitulated Mrs. Riley's horror lest "poor dear Anna Maria should be induced to think of him," and so courteously dilated on the immeasurably superior pretensions to make a good match possessed by "sweet lovely Rose" beyond the aforesaid "poor dear Anna Maria," that Mrs. Stapleton worked herself

up to a pitch of thorough disdain and hard-heartedness. Saville called on her about an hour after the departure of the Match-breaker, and just as he entered the drawing-room, caught a glimpse of the retreating white-muslin dress of the banished Rose. Mrs. Stapleton received him with a frown, answered him in monosyllables, and looked at her watch seven times during the ten minutes to which he limited his stay.

Poor Saville was deeply wounded and disconcerted. As Sir Peregrine had company that day, he had no opportunity of speaking to him till the ensuing morning; but at breakfast he made known to him his intention of quitting Allingham the next day, never to return to it while Rose remained Miss Stapleton. Sir Peregrine in vain attempted to combat the romantic high-flown notions of his young friend; and after a time suffered him to pursue his own course, and to make preparations for his departure.

All now went on most prosperously for the Match-breakers; they had done enough; all that remained for them was to keep quiet. Whether they did keep quiet or not shall be disclosed to the reader in good time. Saville had resolved not to pay any farewell visits in Allingham; but on second thoughts he determined to call on Miss Ogleby, whose fidelity in keeping his secret demanded some little return of attention from him. He knocked at her door. Her footboy replied that she was not at home, but (knowing the predilection of his mistress for handsome young men) begged Saville to walk in and wait her return, which, he assured him, would take place in a few minutes. Saville declined, and walked to the end of the street; but presently he reflected that he should like to caution Miss Ogleby not even after his departure to reveal his secret, for he had a vivid recollection of the whole pack of invitation-cards which Mrs. Riley had lately inflicted on him, and feared that Mrs. Stapleton might dispatch some tenderly-apologetic billet to London after him, which might put his fortitude to the test. He returned to the door, but did not again knock at it. The footboy, who was a marvellously small person, engaged on marvellously small wages, did most things in a very clumsy manner, and instead of shutting the door after Saville, had left it ajar. Consequently he entered unseen by anybody into Miss Ogleby's front parlour, there to await the return of its mistress.

There was little amusement for my hero during the period of his solitude: he looked at Miss Ogleby's frame of worsted work, (a sprawling eagle, in all the colours of the rainbow, intended for an ottoman,) held a brief dialogue with her parrot, which speedily fell to the ground on account of the total deficiency of repartee in the feathered colloquist, and turned over a music-book which was filled with the fashionable songs of Miss Ogleby's girlhood: "The Garland of Love," "The Mischievous Bee," "When Time, who steals our years away," "Said a Smile to a Tear," "Will you come to the Bower?" &c.

Tired of this investigation he proceeded through the small folding-doors to the back parlour, in hopes of amusing himself with Miss Ogleby's books; but, alas! Miss Ogleby never read anything but novels, never read any novels but old ones, and never read anything but the worst among the old. She had about a dozen sets of these, which she had bought very cheap from a circulating library selling

off, and when she had finished them, she read them through again with just as much pleasure and profit as she had derived from their first perusal. Saville took down the first volume of a thin yellow dirty novel, called "*Adeliza, or the Amiable Artifice*," shut the folding doors, and sat himself down calmly to his studies on the faded amber sofa in the back parlour. Saville had frequently wondered what could be the mysterious secret possessed by the celebrated Dr. Gardiner, by which he enables people to go to sleep whenever they please; but he had not perused more than twenty pages, when he made up his mind that it must be by the perusal of an old novel, for, although by no means of a lethargic nature, and although Miss Ogleby's hard high sofa was anything but inviting to repose, he gradually sank back in his seat, closed his eyes, and fell back into a deep slumber. He had been asleep about half-an-hour, when he was awakened by the shrill, loud voice of Miss Ogleby in the next room, and soon ascertained that her companion was Miss Malford; he was on the point of opening the folding-doors and announcing himself, when he heard his own name mentioned, and to his great horror Miss Malford coolly and unhesitatingly expressed her great satisfaction at having found herself able exactly to imitate his hand-writing. Saville remained, as the author of *Adeliza* would have said, "rooted to the ground;" the idea of forgery instantly occurred to his mind—he had a large sum lying at his banker's, and he trembled at the prospect before him: it is very distressing to a man of gallantry to contemplate the necessity of transporting a lady, however delightful it may be to be transported by her.

"I will read you what I have written in Saville's name," said Miss Malford; "I do not think it is a bad love-letter."

Saville's fears now took a contrary direction; it was evident that this deformed spinster, whose mind seemed to him as distorted as her person, had written an offer of marriage to herself in his name. Westminster Hall, counsellors, lawyers, stammering witnesses, and tittering spectators, all swam before his eyes, and he valorously resolved that, like Mr. Pickwick of immortal memory, he would rather go to gaol than pay a farthing of awarded damages. Presently, however, he had reason to exonerate Miss Malford from any personal designs on him; for when she read aloud the letter, which was indeed a proposal of marriage, it appeared that he apostrophized the lady addressed as "young and beautiful;" terms which the utmost excess of human vanity could never have enabled Miss Malford to apply to herself. At the conclusion, he (or rather his double) candidly confessed that his annual income only amounted to four hundred pounds, "rising" ten pounds yearly, in the India House, and it was signed, "Your faithful and devoted John Saville."

"So far, so good," thought Saville; "this letter cannot be intended to form the ground-work of a breach of promise of marriage trial, or I should have been made frankly to plead guilty to my large independent fortune: but what purpose *can* it be intended for?"

"You have imitated Saville's hand-writing very successfully," said Miss Ogleby.

"Yes," replied Miss Malford, "but I found it by no means difficult."

Lavater truly enough says 'that the disposition is indicated by the hand-writing;' now Saville is of an exceedingly weak, bending, timid nature, nothing masculine or decided about him, and his neat formal hand-writing is one that any female could easily imitate."

Poor Saville! he quailed under this double-barrelled attack on his character and hand-writing, and fervently wished that Miss Malford would leave both of them alone.

"I have the greatest respect for your judgment, my dear friend," said Miss Ogleby, (for when these ladies were mutually concerned in any plot of mischief, they were as affectionate as doves to each other,) "but I confess I hardly see the policy of addressing an offer of marriage in Saville's name to Rose Stapleton—it seems to me a scheme more likely to make a match than to break one."

Saville's heart beat quickly at the "one loved name," and he felt greatly relieved that his malicious neighbours had not thought proper to make him offer his hand and heart to some pastry-cook's high-priestess, or milliner's show-girl.

"Why, my love," answered Miss Malford, "you have repeatedly agreed with me that Rose Stapleton is evidently attached to Saville, and that her mother personally likes him extremely, and merely objects to him as a son-in-law on account of the smallness of his fortune; this is an objection that you and I know could be obviated in a moment; and every day I am on thorns, fearing either that Saville will take leave of his romantic scruples, and proclaim his riches, or that Sir Peregrine, who, with his usual stupid meanness of spirit, would be delighted to see the girl who had rejected him well married, will blab the truth to the Stapletons by way of smoothing all objections to the match."

"To be sure—that might happen any day," said Miss Ogleby.

"Now," continued the animated Miss Malford, "as matters stand at present, there is not a doubt that Mrs. Stapleton will compel Rose to write a refusal, and Saville will be so irritated that he will immediately set out to London; of course he will write to them to deny having sent the letter, but as they believed it to come from him, the refusal will be just as cutting to his feelings and his vanity as if he had actually sent it."

"But, are you quite sure that the offer will be refused?" said Miss Ogleby. "Mrs. Stapleton is ridiculously attached to her daughter, and allows her to have her own way to a shameful degree—witness the rejection of Sir Peregrine; suppose Rose should coax her mother into a permission to accept the offer."

"I have my counter-plot ready for that," answered Miss Malford. "Saville will know that he did not write the letter, and it must be our business to persuade him that Mrs. Stapleton did; you, in particular, may be of the most essential use—you must tell Saville, with apparent contrition, that you secretly disclosed to Mrs. Stapleton the circumstances of his large property, in order to calm her apprehensions that Rose was flirting with a detrimental; and the result will be, that he will be so enraged and angry at the idea of having been duped and imposed upon, that he will quit Allingham without delay in the full enjoyment of single blessedness."

Saville could not repress a deep hollow groan at this avowed determination of Miss Malford to cast a wanton slander on the fame of the unsuspecting and good-natured woman, for whom she professed friendship; the sound startled the conspirators in the front parlour.

"Dear me, what is that?" said Miss Malford; "it seemed to come from the next room."

"Nothing to alarm you, my dear," answered Miss Ogleby; "I dare say it is a string of Mr. Scrapeall's violincello, which he has sent to my house, to be in readiness for my little musical luncheon-party to-morrow."

"All that now remains," said Miss Malford, with renewed placidity, "is to envelope the letter, and seal it. I shall send it to-night to the Stapletons, by a man on whom I can depend. I have done him some favours, and he knows himself to be in my power. I shall direct him to flap his hat over his eyes, and merely ring at the door, and leave it."

"I can give you rose-coloured wax," said Miss Ogleby, "and a seal that will be just the thing for a love-letter—the motto is, 'Each moment makes you dearer.' Come up to my dressing-room, and you will there find my writing-case."

Accordingly the spinsters quitted the front-parlour, and ascended the stairs, and Saville, having first carefully replaced "*Adeliza, or the Amiable Artifice*," on the shelf, seized the opportunity to dart out into the street, and ruminate on the artifice, certainly anything but amiable, which had just come to his knowledge. Several times in the course of the colloquy, Saville had felt inclined to burst out on the spinsters in all the majesty of an insulted and injured man, but he thought better on the subject, and remained quiet. Some years ago, Saville had been driving in a gig with a friend, and the horse took fright. Saville, anxious, as he afterwards expressed himself, to "know the worst at once," threw himself from the gig, and received the information of which he was desirous, in the shape of numberless severe contusions and bruises, which confined him to the house for several weeks, while his friend, who was one of the "take-things-easy" class of men, sat perfectly quiet, and when in the course of a few minutes the horse was stopped, was assisted from his seat without having had a fold of his cravat rumped, or a curl of his hair disarranged. Ever since, Saville, under circumstances of difficulty, had been disposed to wait patiently, and let things take their course, rather than to accelerate their progress by any strong procedure on his own part. Besides, to tell the truth, Saville was not particularly desirous to impede the flight of the love-letter in question; if Rose refused him, he should know his fate more decidedly than he could otherwise have done, and his pride would suffer no wound from her disdain, since he should then immediately disclaim the letter. Saville returned to the Hall, and told Sir Peregrine that on reconsidering the matter he should be happy to avail himself of his hospitality for a day or two longer. The baronet clapped him on the shoulder, told him he was glad he had thought better of it, and predicted that he should yet see him and the pretty Rose Stapleton man and wife. Saville was nervous and dispirited all the evening, and lost hit after

hit at backgammon to Sir Peregrine, wondering all the time, in the inmost recesses of his mind, what would be the precise time at which Miss Malford's messenger with the flapped hat would deliver the letter, and what conversation Rose and her mother would hold touching the contents. The next morning Sir Peregrine went out shooting, and Saville remained in solitude, nervously starting every time a servant entered the room, expecting that he would be the bearer of Rose Stapleton's refusal on a silver salver. Miss Ogleby was almost as anxious; she expected that Mrs. Stapleton or Rose would call on her to inform her of Saville's letter, or perhaps that Saville himself would come to disclose to her the trick that had been played on him, and she strictly enjoined her "little foot-page to summon her immediately from her "musical-luncheon party," if either of the above-mentioned three persons called to see her. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Scrapeall, and the rest of the amateurs arrived: none of them played well, even when they played their best, and the reader may conclude that as they met expressly for the purpose of rehearsal, their present performance was not of the most harmonious nature; however, they were abundantly complimentary to each other. Mr. Jenks said that Mr. Todd had quite Mori's touch; and Mr. Todd responded that Mr. Jenks put him amazingly in mind of Paganini. Miss Simpkins thought that Miss Dabbs's lower tones bore an advantageous resemblance to those of Pasta; and Miss Dabbs retorted that Miss Simpkins went two notes higher than Grisi. Miss Higgins, a little pink and white girl just emancipated from boarding-school, sang "Child of earth, with the golden hair," in a small, faint, shrill, fluttering voice, and was universally compared to Mrs. Wood; and a pale, sickly, silly looking lad, who was heir to a large fortune, sang "The Light of other Days," in remarkably husky, broken tones, and was pronounced by all the ladies to be immeasurably superior to Phillips. In the midst of this scene of urbanity and politeness, a young man entered the room, who took the first violin at the Allingham monthly concerts; he was clever in his profession, and the Allingham amateurs liked to have him at their little social meetings; and as they all took tickets for his benefit, he was too wise to give them any unpleasant information on the subject of their perfect ignorance of the delightful science which they professed to understand and patronize.

"Now Mr. Tunewell is come," said Miss Ogleby, "we will have the overture to 'Der Freischutz.'"

Accordingly they all applied themselves to their respective parts, and went on tolerably well for about two minutes, when, with an amiable anxiety to have all things in common, each began to encroach upon the part of the other. In two minutes more, Mr. Todd, inspired by a noble feeling of emulation, got far before the rest of his comrades; Mr. Scrapeall, actuated by interesting timidity, kept far behind; the other amateurs each committed some separate indiscretion; and Tunewell was the only steady and orderly individual who played precisely as he ought to do. They could not longer pretend to remain unconscious of the dreadful discords they were producing. At length Mr. Scrapeall spoke.

"It is all Tunewell's fault—he plays dreadfully out of time—it is impossible to keep pace with him."

"Yes," said little Miss Higgins, who presided at the piano, "I was just thinking how admirably I could get on with the other gentlemen, but Mr. Tunewell quite discomposes us."

"Really, Tunewell," said the pale, silly-looking young heir, in a patronizing tone, "you *must* be more careful; here is a whole company put into confusion by your slovenly playing."

Poor Tunewell bowed to one, and apologised to another, confessed that he *was* very stupid; but that he had been sitting up late last night, and had a violent cold and head-ache; and having received a condescending permission to depart, gladly gathered his violin under one arm, and a roll of music under the other, and quitted the room, the whole circle agreeing that Tunewell was a good sort of young man, but certainly never intended by nature for a musician.

Luncheon followed, scraped-beef sandwiches, baked custards in tea cups, heart cakes, pastry-cook's tartlets, prawns clinging to lemonade glasses, and interspersed with sprigs of parsley, and guinea-hen's eggs reclining on a bed of moss to do duty for plovers. Hot, hard port, and deep-coloured, fiery sherry, constituted the libations at the banquet. Mr. Scrapeall, who was a member of the Temperance Society, having inadvertently taken a glass of the sherry, begged leave to exchange it for one of the port, since he observed that it "hurt his conscience to take anything manifestly containing so large a proportion of brandy." Whether he meant this speech for a compliment or a sarcasm, I cannot pretend to say, but it was evidently considered to be the former; for Mr. Jenks, helping himself to a second bumper of the aforesaid sherry, benevolently remarked that Miss Ogleby's wine-merchant (who was also his own) was a capital fellow, and always did justice to his customers. After a few more songs, sonatas, and fine speeches, the musical luncheon-party separated, delighted with their morning's amusement and with themselves, settling to meet that day week at Mr. Scrapeall's, and unanimously expressing a hope that Tunewell would profit by the hints that he had received, and be more attentive to his playing.

Although, however, the guests departed satisfied, the hostess and Miss Malford were restless, excited, and uncomfortable, and full of wonder, that they heard nothing of the poor young people whom they hoped to victimise. Joy nevertheless triumphs in one house, while disappointment "rules and reigns without control" in another. Saville had just finished his solitary luncheon, when the wished-for, yet dreaded, letter was delivered to him: it was from Mrs. Stapleton. He opened it in fear and trepidation—could he believe his eyes? it was a letter of acceptance! Mrs. Stapleton candidly owned that she could have wished her daughter to contract a more advantageous alliance; but that in the long and interesting conversation which followed the receipt of Mr. Saville's letter on the preceding night, she felt thoroughly convinced that the happiness of Rose depended on a union with him; and as their united incomes would be sufficient for the necessities of life, she would not withhold her consent. She concluded by expressing the wish of herself and Rose to see Mr. Saville as soon as possible. Saville, almost beside himself with joy, made a hasty toilette, directed a servant to beg Sir Peregrine not

to wait dinner for him, and ran all the way to Mrs. Stapleton's house.

I will not dilate on the conversation that ensued; suffice it to say, that Saville half, but not wholly, enlightened the ignorance of his fair friends; he confessed the fact, that he possessed a large, independent fortune, but he did not own that his love-letter was the composition of another person: he feared that the delicacy of his darling Rose, and the dignity of her mother, would be wounded at the idea that he had been in a manner entrapped into an engagement; and as the letter, to do justice to Miss Malford's powers of eloquence, was a very tolerable one, he determined to sit down quietly under all the honours of it. He, however, ventured to beg that Mrs. Stapleton and Rose would be very guarded and distant in their manners to Miss Ogleby and Miss Malford, observing that he had good reason to know that these ladies were by no means so sincere and friendly as they appeared to be; and they readily promised him that the spinsters should hear of the engagement through some other channel. Saville returned to Sir Peregrine at night, full of spirits and happiness, and informed him that he was engaged to Rose Stapleton, but not of the means by which the engagement had been brought about. Sir Peregrine was unaffectedly delighted, told Saville that he must stay with him till the wedding-day, offered to give the bride away, and to be trustee to the settlement, and spread about the news in every part of Allingham through the whole of the next day.

The Match-breakers heard of it with horror; and Miss Ogleby had a violent quarrel with her dear friend Miss Malford, telling her that she had foreseen everything that had happened, and that Miss Malford's officious letter had been the cause of the explanation taking place. The ensuing morning, Miss Ogleby was walking alone, and met Saville. She fixed her eyes on him with that determined, fearless stare, which is the constant branding mark, designating women of undaunted dispositions and bold manners, and said, "Well, you took us all by surprise by your engagement to Rose Stapleton."

"Did I?" returned Saville, drily.

"Yes," she proceeded, affecting an air of great playfulness; "pray may I ask whether you made your offer by letter or word of mouth?"

"Proposals of marriage," answered Saville, "are, I believe, generally made by letter."

"That is an equivocation, and not a direct answer," rejoined Miss Ogleby.

"Well, then," said Saville, "I did not make my offer by word of mouth."

With this answer Miss Ogleby was forced to seem contented.

"One more question and I have done," said she. "I have a strange fancy to know what messenger you sent with your letter?"

Saville, for the first time in his life, met Miss Ogleby's stare with an equally fixed gaze, and rejoined, "I cannot tell you the name of the person; but your friend, Miss Malford, has done him some favours, and he knows himself to be in her power; on the occasion

alluded to, he could not easily be recognised by anybody, for he was directed to flap his hat carefully over his eyes."

Miss Ogleby, for the first time in *her* life, looked on the ground; and appeared discomposed and embarrassed. She immediately went to Miss Malford, and taxed her with having betrayed the secret. Miss Malford replied that she had never mentioned it to a creature, and that the disclosure of it was doubtless owing to Miss Ogleby's gossiping loquacity. Severe recriminations ensued; each believed the other to be guilty, although in the particular instance in question, each happened to be guiltless; and they separated, mutually declaring that they never wished to see each other again. Their quarrels, however, were something like those of lovers; habit and congeniality soon reconciled them, and before the expiration of a week, they were again the "inimitable inseparables" that they were wont to be. It had always been Saville's intention to reveal the truth to Rose immediately after their marriage, since he justly considered that there ought to be no secrets between man and wife, but accident occasioned a premature disclosure. It was two days before the time appointed for the marriage, Sir Peregrine and Saville had dined at Mrs. Stapleton's; in the evening a book of Mrs. Opie's lying on the table, led to a conversation on allowable and blamable instances of dissimulation. Sir Peregrine contended that Mrs. Opie was much too severe, and that there were instances where a little misrepresentation was excusable. Saville took the contrary side of the question, and maintained that under any circumstances it must be blamable. Rose could not help playfully taxing her lover with having been guilty of a little misrepresentation himself, when he stated in his letter to her that his whole income was derived from a place in the India House, which it afterwards appeared he had given up for some months; and Saville, eager to defend himself from the charge of inconsistency, detailed the whole history of the letter.

Sir Peregrine was highly indignant, and called the heroines of the plot "harpies," "jades," and many other mythological and everyday denominations, with which I will not trouble my readers. Mrs. Stapleton and Rose, truly good-tempered by nature, and rendered particularly amiable at the present juncture by the unclouded happiness and prosperity which they enjoyed, did not express themselves with equal acrimony. At last, however, Mrs. Stapleton said that she thought the spinsters ought to be punished, and suggested the truly rigorous chastisement of sending them no bride-cake. Sir Peregrine, however, requested that they might have it, and that he might be entrusted with the care of wrapping it up and delivering it; he then requested Rose to give him the letter in question, this was easily produced; for the poor girl had laid it up in rose leaves, and kissed it half a dozen times a day, little surmising the withered yellow old fingers that had penned it; and on the wedding day, Sir Peregrine wrapped up one piece of cake in the love-letter, and another in the envelope, and himself left the former at the door of Miss Malford, and the latter at that of Miss Ogleby. Nor did he stop here. Sir Peregrine was a man who had been known to sacrifice even a friend to a joke, therefore it was not very likely he should spare his ene-

mies (and he regarded the enemies of Rose Stapleton and her mother as his own) when a joke came in the way; he amused the whole town of Allingham by his comic detail of the business, and many of the young people openly exulted at the idea that such skilful match-breakers had been unconsciously playing the part of match-makers.

Saville and his bride passed the honey-moon with some of his relations, and Sir Peregrine considered it no more than kind to pay frequent visits to Mrs. Stapleton in her solitude. She had lately much raised herself in his opinion; the spinsters had always led him to consider her as worldly and interested, but her cheerful acquiescence in the desire of Rose to accept the hand of Saville when she believed his circumstances to be narrow, fully exonerated her from that charge: he could not but admire the good-nature which she displayed in her observations even upon her foes; and he could not be blind to the fact, that although a very handsome woman in the prime of life, she had never sought lovers or flirtations for herself, but had solely coveted them for her daughter. Sir Peregrine soon began to think he had been very foolish, a few months ago, in proposing to Rose instead of her mother; shortly he considered that his error, great as it was, might perhaps not be irreparable, and accordingly he offered his hand to Mrs. Stapleton, and was frankly and unaffectedly accepted.

Miss Ogleby and Miss Malford were still more exasperated by this match than they would have been had the baronet married Rose; in that case they could have had the satisfaction of ridiculing the disparity of age, and predicting that the young wife would make her husband's heart ache; but the union of a handsome, amiable woman of forty-two, with a good-looking, good-natured man of fifty-five, could not be censured by any one, and, in fact, universal pleasure was caused by the elevation of Mrs. Stapleton to the title of Lady Dalling, and the dignities of the carriages, conservatories, ice-houses, pineries, &c.

Saville purchased a beautiful place in the immediate neighbourhood of Allingham, and the old maids were continually tormented by the sight of the happiness they had unwittingly promoted: they had some thoughts of quitting Allingham in consequence, but they reflected that it would be a long time before they could attain the same knowledge of all the private affairs of the families in a new place, and they hoped by the harm they might yet do, to atone for that which they had failed to do. Their expectations, however, were disappointed; all their power to injure was completely gone; when they depreciated any young girl, however justly, their auditors delicately hinted to them that "the tongue of the evil speaker is no slander;" young men delighted to tease them by making love to others before their faces, and compliments and fine speeches flew about, like sugar-plums at a Venetian Carnival, among all the female population of Allingham, with the exception of themselves. Such was the effect of this playful warfare, that many actual matches were produced by it. Allingham had never been considered a marrying place; but now "a change came o'er the spirit" of the town; it was indeed ruled by a

most potent spirit in affairs of love, the spirit of contradiction ; from the time of Rose Stapleton's marriage, the young people "paired off" like so many members at a division, and Allingham, at this time, presents the strange anomaly of a country-town flourishing in a constant excitement of blonde-veils, bride-cake, orange-blossoms, and bell-ringing, although the habitation of two noted and experienced Match-breakers !

IMAGINARY COLLOQUY.

SCENE—*Tutbury Castle.* TIME—*May 1645.**Persons*—CHARLES I. and PRINCE RUPERT.

RUPERT.

How glorious in the prime of May,
Seen from these heights, the scene has been ;
The hills in spring's fresh verdure gay,
The river Dove all light between.
But now the shades of night appear,
The past unto the heart appeals,
The queen's low plaint we seem to hear,
And sadness o'er the bosom steals.

CHARLES.

'Twas strange my royal sire should come—
Here lured by Needwood's neighbouring chase ;
And make for weeks his chosen home
Within this melancholy place.
Unfilial must his bosom be
Who could a mother's memory wrong ;
Here, where she pined, to revel free,
With hawk and hound, with feast and song.
His reign, a gleam dark clouds between,
To him nor past nor future rose ;
He thought not of the murdered queen,
Nor saw these mighty coming woes.

RUPERT.

My liege, cheer up your drooping mind ;
Betake you now to needful rest ;
Be sure we in our ranks shall find
All England's bravest and her best.
Swords that will know nor let, nor pause,
Will underneath our banners fight ;
Men zealous in a noble cause,
Who arm for God and for your right.

CHARLES.

Thanks, gentle Rupert! this I know,
 'And will to sleep these eyes resign,
 Yet do I linger ere I go,
 For tranquil slumbers are not mine.
 Fierce eyes glare on me in my sleep;
 Upon me crowds exulting throng;
 I hear them mutter curses deep,
 With taunts of uncommitted wrong.
 A rabble blind, but never dumb,
 Who spurn all salutary sway:
 And care not how destruction come,
 So it be found in their own way.
 Here musing on Queen Mary's fate,
 A sickening sense the heart appals—
 "Her doom is thine, or soon or late,"
 Seems traced upon these gloomy walls.
 O God! and what must hence ensue—
 The hard world's buffetings and stings,—
 "My children, when I think of you,
 I would not have them make you kings!"

RUPERT.

O sire! forbear, whence this despair?
 With your desponding spirit strive;
 I would not this our host should share—
 You, who should keep our hearts alive!
 Most firm when down your prospects tend,
 When fortune smiles you fear the most;
 O sire, forbear! this gloom might send
 A faintness through your loyal host.

CHARLES.

Nay—but at times the spirits sink—
 This breast its human nature owns—
 From heart to heart continuous link,
 And severed not by crowns and thrones.
 Yet, think not I will be their tool—
 The multitude may rise, may kill;
 They may resume this wretched rule—
 May crush the power, but not the will!
 The eagle from his aerie stoops—
 Think you he will not soar again?
 Even the lordly lion droops,
 O'er-worn, o'er-wearied, in his den.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE GHOST, AND THE GALLON O' CORDIAL.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

"Who's for a story?" shouted a seaman of the thirty-two gun frigate *Blazer*. "All you fellers what want to listen, come a'ter me, and you shall hear something. Bob, it's your turn to-morrer; and mind you takes one or two hints from me as to 'livery. A story's nothing unless you gets your fingers greased, and lets it slip comfortably through 'em. I'm your man, boys, I'm your man, depend upon it! I'll get along as glib as a parson, and as eloquent as the chap what taggs his discourse with 'Amen!' See what respect the chief feller pays to the little un! He never goes on, you know, till the other has sinnified his appropriation by singing out the last word. Depend upon it, a mighty clever feller is he what squats under the captain. While the preacher jaws on, you know, t'other feller al'ays jams his eye upon the book afore him, to see that the man atop don't make no mistakes. When he's done, he just raises his eyes, and says a word what we may say means 'all right,' you know. Then the parson, quite joyful and 'lated, that he's pleased the t'other, and got on so well so far, and not made never a mistake, and got the clever feller's appropriation, begins again in a voice what shows he's quite contented with himself, and goes on and on, better and better, till he runs through the log, and is driv'd up by the man with the long stick, into the preaching-box."

This was said as the party of seamen, all eager for a story, were bending their steps towards the galley. Once there, seated around the promised story-teller, all prepared to do the communication proper honour.

"Well, boys," began Tom Braceblock, "you've hard often, and I dare say a good many on ye have seen, the crack frigate *Bluetoe*.* If any of you haven't hard on her, or seen her, you may safely set it down that you've lost summat. It was only those what has seen her tacking and dead full, what could give ye an idea on her. By George! a'ter seeing her tricky way o' doing both, one must be full on it, indeed. Sure she was one o' the finest crafts whatever I cast my eyes upon! There wasn't nothing wallish about her broadside; but it sloped so illegant away, to'ards bulwarks and counter, that it would ha' done your heart good to see it. Then, as to her bows and quarter, gad! they was as clean cut as if chipped out in ivory. Her starn, too, had a gallows handsome slope; and her figur'-head and cutwater was so cleverly sliced out, that you'd ha' swear'd the man what dubbed his tools upon 'em was prince in his trade. And then her masts! why they was as round as a finger-ring, and as neatly hooped as a piece o' jew'll'r's work, and as nicely fitted as the second luff's jacket. Top-gallant poles and royal sticks, all shot so finely up into

* Pluto.

the sky, that they looked, at a distance, more like willer wands than things to carry sail upon. Then her crossing yards, and rigging, standing and running!—why it all looked as if it was a show-boat, or a nobleman's yacht; top and tail, head and stern, rig and hull, than an old dog of a barkie, what was as surly as the devil, and had got plenty o' pepper and mustard in her.

"Now, Will Spanker, the chap what I'm going to tell ye about, was one o' the Bluetoes; and a famous bold feller he was! Will didn't hold the slack among 'em, you know, and so he was as well 'spected as any on his messmates. Fine crew altogether, as ever you'd wish to see! Ay, and the officers warn't behindhand with the men. The skipper was a little squab feller, about as broad in the shoulders as the main-yard, and as tough as the stock o' the best bower. He'd got a couple o' fins as dab as a turtle's, and yet, when he closed 'em, as tight as a wice. Sure, he was a 'straordinary man! His eyes was like fishes'; and they glared and stared at ye like a ghost's. Not that I've ever seen a ghost, and so knows from what they calls o'clar 'monstration: but they looked at you as we may suppose a ghost would look if it *could* look! Have any o' you fellers ever seen one?"

"What! a ghost?" asked one, taken a little aback by the singularity of the question.

"Yes; a ghost—a *sperrit*," returned Tom Braceblock; "a thing what glides about as sulky as the deuce, and what feels *like a wet towel* when you attempts to catch hold on him."

"I'll tell ye what," said one of the group, after a pause of some little time, "I thinks I *did* once see a ghost!"

The speaker gave this terrifying intimation with suitable seriousness and importance. All the party pricked up their ears, as the saying is, and bent their heads eagerly forward to listen.

"How it was, was this," said the ghost-seer, in a low and cautious voice: "I was sarving, at the time, in the *My-nerve-here*,* and she was a cruising, fifteen leagues to the west'ard o' the Eyesores,† a looking out for a home'ard bound conwoy. I had the watch on deck, and it was almost a dead calm, and about two o'clock in the morning. I'll tell ye where I was. I had the starboard cat-head at the time, and was a-keeping up a pretty sharp look-out all about; for it was a fine clear night, and you could see all round. Well, all was quiet fore and aft, and the moon up atop, when a cloud or two comed over it, seemed a winking its eyes, and deucedly inclined to finish the watch. Sometimes it was light, and then the moon shined on all the ship; but by-and-bye in went the glim, and you had to look about by the lightness o' the sky. There warn't no mist or haze, you know, and so when even there warn't no moon, you could see tolerable well.

"Well, boys, I got a thinking, you know, how werry still and quiet it all was, and how it seemed as if I was in the ship by myself. Presently, howsomdever, I hard a *whiskish* kind o' noise some distance ahind me, and I looked round, but couldn't see nothing. Well, I didn't think much o' this, but clapped a squint again upon the sea, when I hard *whish*, *whish*, and *patter*, *patter*; again, and tärned slap

* Minerva.

† Azores.

round. I looked and looked for some time, but couldn't see nothing at all. But just as I was a going to leave off looking, you know, and was a thinking that my fancy had did it all, I seed summat or t'other come trotting up the fo'castle ladder, and *whirring* about here and there, and coming to'ards me. Well, I didn't like to sing out, you know, but I felt summat jump up to my throat, and beganned to trimble a little bit. By-and-bye, you know, I seed the thing come toddling up towards me, and thinks I to myself, I'm blow'd if this is much fun ! and so I dives behind the foremast, and squats in a corner, with a coil o' cable round me. I left a little hole, you know, 'cause I wanted, for once and away, just to see what a ghost looked like, and to be on my guard if the confounded critter meant any mischief. Well, the thing went brushing about, till I think'd that matters beganned to look rather serious, and that it warn't no game for a ghost to be taking the fo'castle of his Majesty's frigate all to himself. So, in a minute or two, I ups out o' my hole, and calls softly, just above my breath, to Jack Pipkin, who'd got the larboard bow, you know. 'Jack,' says I, 'Jack !'——'Who's that?' says Jack. 'Me,' says I. 'Well, who's me?' says Jack; for you must know, my boys, that my voice, coming out o' my stowing-hole, sounded uncommon sing'lar ! 'Why,' says I, 'can't you know my voice? I'm Joey Dickins.' 'Well, what's the matter with you?' says Jack, 'and what makes your voice so deuced hoarse?' 'Hush !' says I, 'hush ! or we'll be pulled to pieces. Didn't you hear nor see nothing?' says I. 'Hear nor see?' says he, 'what should I see? what d'ye mean?' 'Hang yer imperance !' says I, getting a little hot; 'all I've got to tell ye is, that there's a ghost at your elbow, and, if you tarn round, you'll see him grinning in ye'r face.' Jack seemed strik'd by a flash o' lightning. He bobbed his head, as if he was afraid the ghost would twist it round and *make* him look at him; and then he comed squeezing up to my fortification. 'Jack,' says I, 'you needn't be such a fool. Let's see what this ghostis made on. If we finds that he's a real un, why we'll alarm the ship, and have all hands on deck. Hark, Jack! there!—he's coming!' Jack didn't look up, but *cradled* himself up, and seemed a'most ready to die wi' fear.

"Well, my lads, I plucked up heart, though, I must say, I felt rather rum, and got my head just beyond the foremast. The ghost was skulking about, a ferretting into everything, and a poking his nose everywhere. I keeps quite still, and whispers to Jack do the same, and let me have opportunity for westrigation.

"Well, boys, when the ghost had sarched and sarched about, and had found nothink to his mind, he comed steering down to'ards me; and now, thinks I, we shall see the upshot. The moon, just at this moment, had a confounded cloud come blackening her face, so I was prewented from making close squints upon the figgur. Up it comed, nearer and nearer, and two or three times I had a good mind to bob; but,' says I, 'I won't be afraid of a lubberly ghost, neither, come what will. I knows it arn't no true blue un, or he'd a had the ciwility to ha' given us a hail afore he comed driving upon our bows. He's some tarnation swab, what has mistaken his place, and belongs to the land instead o' the water.'

"Well, boys, presently the ghost comed quite near; and I'll tell ye, as well as I can remember, what it looked like. It had monstrous great eyes, what glared at ye like coals o' fire. Then it had a face werry big, and all hair, and a monstrous great mane, all standing an end like a lion's. I didn't see that it had any white sheet on; but, sheet or no sheet, you may think that it looked terrible enough. When it comed quite close, it poked its phiz into mine, and beganned brushing me with the hair on its coat. I warn't able to stand this no longer, so I cried out, and Jack cried out too, and the ghost got frightened, and bolted away, all down the forecastle, and tumbled down the ladder. I didn't see no more on it that night; but when I and Jack was talking about it the next morn, the boatswain beganned to laugh, and swear'd it was only a big devil of a Newfoundland dog, what belonged to one o' the leefteenants, and had got loose in the night. Depend upon it, this warn't nothing but a bit o' gammon to keep the fellers from being frightened; for, as sure as you're here, there was summut werry odd in the thing, and summut what neither Jack, nor I, nor you, could understand. This was all the ghosts I've seen, and, by George! I don't want to see never another. Well, Tom, I've held this tack a deuced long while, and kept you out o' your story: so now let's have it, and hear what you've got to tell us about that Will Spanker you was talking about afore I beganned."

"Well, this Will Spanker, what I was telling you about," said Tom Braceblock, "had a uncle;—a uncle what lived in the hubbubs o' Gosport. My father know'd a man, who had a lodger, what had once lived with the wife's sister of this uncle; and so, you see, one way and another, I know'd a good deal about him. He kept a little shop in one o' the streets, and sold a wariety o' things—pepper, mustard, salt, cheese, bread, butter, eggs, snuff, paper, pens and ink, garden-seeds, string, tripe, and packthread, brushes, brooms, soap, dips, pots, pans, and tinder-boxes, matches, birch-brooms, bird-cages, mouse-traps, and crockery, lard, ginger, small-beer,—and 'baccar. I used to lay out a good deal with him for 'baccar while I was knocking about in Portsmouth and the places round about, and so I used to have a jaw with him now and then, and a argufication about the state o' the nation. He would have it that we was all going to rack and ruin 'cause the duty warn't taken off starch, and I would have it, that if the people wanted starch, they would buy it whether there was a duty on it or no. I remembers, one day he'd got his old green spectacles pulled up over his forehead, and was jawing with me about some stupid thing or another, what the Parliament people was about. I was smoking, and setting on his counter, and was kicking my heels against the bulwark. In the middle o' the talk, and when old Bluebag was in the midst o' one of his speeches, in comes a woman for half a pint o' treacle, a half-quartern loaf, a skein o' thread, and a couple o' darning needles. Bluebag keeps on talking to me, instead o' looking at, and hearing what the customer had got to say; and so, without knowing what he was doing, he went poking about the shop, and keeping up his argufication. Well, a'ter a long time he gets the things together: and what d'ye think they was, when he laid 'em on the counter, and held out his hand for the money?—a quarter

o' pint o' turpentine, a bag o' split peas, a coil o' clothes' line, and a couple o' iron skewers.

"Well, my lads, *concentric* as old Bluebag might be, it was buzzed about that he'd a good deal o' money; and having never a chick nor child, every body expected it would go to Will Spanker. Will think'd so himself, and so, when his uncle once axed him to lend him a book if he'd got one, he gived him a book upon Wills. Bluebag was werry fond o' Spanker, and so he had been of old Spanker; but old Spanker was dead, and as old Spanker was dead, young Spanker comed in for all the thick on it. Old Bluebag's wife, too, was werry partial to Bill, and mended his stockings and things for him, and sent him many little presents board o' ship. I 'member once, she was in such a hurry over his worsted stockings, that she left the needle in, and that Will never found it out till he'd had 'em on half an hour. Will was letting out the foresail at the time, and awk'ard enough it must ha' been! She was old, you know, and couldn't see at all without barnacles, and only half and half with them; and once, I 'members, she sewed up the neck o' one o' Will's shirts, thinking that it was some tear or another. She was so wery careful on him, too, that she knocked out the crown of his straw hat, to wentilate it, as she called it, and gived him a receipt to make gruel when he'd got a cold, besides giving him a pair o' pattens to walk the deck when it was wet a'ter a shower o' rain, and a large cotton umbrella, to go up aloft with when he got out upon the yard, and was handing, reefing, or furling. But Will, in course, tossed the pattens and the umbrella overboard directly he clapped his foot on deck.

"Well, boys, before the Bluetoe sailed from Spithead, old Bluebag think'd that he'd send his nevee summut good afore he set out for his cruise. So, one day, a boat brings out a gallon bottle o' some good stuff, and a letter tied to the stopper. The men declared, when it comed o' board, that the bottle must do quarantine, and be thoroughly tasted and examined for fourteen days at least, afore it was given up to the owners. But Bill wouldn't consent to this; and so the leeftenant laughed, and made the men give up his bottle. Bill pulled off the letter, and it was so curiously fastened that he tooked away half, and left the t'other half behind. Bill couldn't read; that is, he could read, but couldn't read werry well, and so he handed over the letter to me, and told me to read it to him. So I got a sight o' the letter; and I readed it so 'tentively, that I remembers great part on it now. It said this: 'My dear Bill, how are you? I'm werry well, and so's Mrs. Bluebag. We sends you, herewith, a gallon bottle o' cordial, what you must mind and take constantly; for it's werry good for you. It's all of Mrs. Bluebag's own confounding; for she understands these things, and has got summut in her nod-dle, though she don't look like it. Mind you takes it. You'll find yourself as stout and strong as Sampson, a'ter taking it, and escape all yellow fevers, ailments, and sea-sicknesses whatsomdeavour. Keep it cool, and don't let nobody poke their nose into it besides yourself. This is all from me and Mrs. Bluebag. Samuel Bluebag.—Take care of yourself, my boy, and mind you uses the pattens and umbrella in wery bad weather.'

"Well, my lads, the ship sailed; and Bill began to think o' opening his bottle. But what d'ye think he did to keep it cool? for he was told to take care, and keep it cool, you know, in old Bluebag's letter. Why, he hang'd it out on the top o' the topgallant mast; and there it swing'd, till he was afeard it 'ud break by banging up against the mast, and he was ordered to take it down by the leeftenant.

"Well, now I must tell ye of a werry wicked trick what the mess-mates o' Bill Spanker played the poor feller. You must know that they was werry curious about the bottle o' stuff ever since it comed o' board, and was determined, by hook or by crook, to see what sort o' stuff it was, in spite o' Bill. So, one night, while Bill was away, and warn't likely to come and catch 'em, they opened the bottle, and finding what was inside tarnation sweet-tasted and pleasant, taked a good spell at it, and half emptied the thing what held it. They fills the bottle up with water, and then walks off as if nothing had happened. They takes care, d'ye see, to seal up the bung again, and not let matters look nowadays *auspicious*. Next day, Bill opens the bottle himself, and, without saying nothing about it, takes a good drink o' what was inside. That night, and the night a'ter, while Bill was away, his rascally 'panions fairly emptied the bottle, water and all, for what still remained was good. When they had finished it, they began to look at one another, and ax what they should do to prevent Bill finding out what they'd been at. They couldn't find out nothing better than to fill up the bottle, this time, with some vinegar and treacle, and a good deal o' water. It was the colour, exactly, of the stuff they had drink'd, and looked, altogether, werry like it. Bill, you see, had only tasted the stuff when it was half *deluded*, and so couldn't know what nice stuff he'd been robbed on.

"Some days a'ter, Bill applied again to his bottle; and a'ter drinking some o' the new stuff, shaked his head, and looked a long time as if he was thinking about it. He had a fancy that summut was wrong, you see; but he soon set it down that the stuff *had been working*, and had lost a little, perhaps, of its quality. He said a word or two about it to one of his messmates; and they soon persuaded him that the stuff was werry good, for he gave 'em a little to taste, you know, and that it had only lost a little of its quality by being kept in too hot a place.

"All the cruise, Bill, now and then, for the good of his health, applied to his bottle: but he couldn't help thinking that it was almost as bad as taking physic, and so shirked off the day as long as he could. But he know'd that Mrs. Bluebag know'd well what was good for him, and so kept on and on, by little, and little, and little, till he finished his bottle. When the cruise was ended, and the Bluetoe was again in port, Bill had only his empty bottle; having 'ligiously done what he was directed, and kept to that which his wicked companions had *fulfilled* besides.

"Two or three days a'ter the Bluetoe was anchored, old Bluebag comes aboard, and inquires for his neeve. They soon got together, and was having a long and confidential discourse.

“ ‘ Well, Bill,’ says Bluebag, wiping his barnacles, and ‘specting a wery grateful answer, ‘ how did you like your cordial ?’

“ Bill looked over into the water, and went on talking.

“ ‘ A’ter they’d said a little more, his uncle again inquires, ‘ But, Bill, you hav’n’t told me how you liked the cordial Mrs. Bluebag sent you ?’

“ ‘ What, the stuff in the bottle ?’ says Bill.

“ ‘ Yes,’ says his uncle, ‘ and mighty good stuff it is, too, I tell you.’

“ ‘ Do *you* think so ?’ says Bill.

“ ‘ Don’t *you* think so ?’ says Bluebag.

“ ‘ Yes, for my part,’ says Bill, ‘ I thinks it’s werry good stuff indeed ; but will you ax Mrs. Bluebag, if it’s all the same to her, to be so kind as not to make the cordial, next time, quite so sour ? By George !’ says Bill, ‘ I thinks its werry nice physic, indeed, considering that it is physic.’

“ ‘ Physic !’ says his uncle. ‘ It’s wine—it’s cordial : werry nice to the taste, and werry good to the constitution.’

“ ‘ As to its being werry good for the constitution, I dare say it is,’ says Bill ; ‘ but as to its being werry nice to the taste, why, I can’t think that !’

“ ‘ Well, Bill,’ says Bluebag, ‘ you must have a werry ‘stroodinary taste. If I and Mrs. Bluebag says it’s good, why can’t you say so too ?’ But *I* sees ! *I* sees ! you must ha’ done summut wrong with it. What did ye do with it, Bill ? now, come, tell me.”

“ ‘ Do with it ?’ says Bill, ‘ why nothing but drink it. That warn’t wrong, was it ? I drink’d it all, by little and little, ‘kase I had confidance in Mrs. Bluebag, and know’d she’d send nothing but what was good. I don’t know whether I’ve d’rived any benefit from it, ‘kase I hav’n’t considered : but I dare say, I have without knowing.’

“ ‘ Well, Bill,’ says Bluebag, ‘ you’re a werry good lad to ha’ drink’d it up so confidentially, and you has my appropriation for it. But I sees I must sift a little into this bottle business. Did you mind and keep it cool, Bill ? ‘cause I told ye, you know, that that was ‘portant.’

“ ‘ Cool ! ay, I believes ye !’ says Bill, ‘ it swing’d a long time at the top o’ the topga’nt mast. Cool, you axes ! ay, ay, cool as a cow-cumber.’

“ ‘ And you never let nobody touch it ?’ says Bluebag.

“ ‘ Why, yes, I touched it myself,’ says Bill, ‘ over and over again ; or how should I ha’ drink’d it up ?’

“ ‘ Ay, ay,’ says Bluebag, ‘ but, I means, you never let nobody else touch it.’

“ ‘ Touch it ? to be sure not !’ says Bill. ‘ What ! would you have had the whole ship’s crew take physic ‘kase I did ?’

“ ‘ Well, then, I can’t understand it at all !’ says Bluebag. ‘ Have you got any o’ the stuff remaining, Bill ?’

“ ‘ I don’t know,’ says Bill, ‘ there may be a spoonful or two ; and, if there is, I’m sure you’re werry welcome to it !’

“ ‘Go and fetch it then, Bill, my boy,’ says Bluebag.

“ ‘With all my heart,’ says Bill ; and away he goes, and by-and-bye comes back with the bottle. Old Bluebag werry ‘liberately taked out the bung, and looked into the bottle. A’ter he’d done this, he puts the bung in again, and looks up at the sky, and considers a long time without speaking a word.

“ ‘Werry sing’lar, indeed !’ says old Bluebag at last, opening the bottle, and shaking his head, and heaving a long *scythe*. ‘Ill taste a little, and see what it’s like. Here’s your health, Bill !’

“ ‘Thankee !’ says Bill : ‘same to you, and many on ‘em.’

“ ‘You’re right, Bill,’ says Bluebag, when he’d done drinking. ‘There’s summut ‘stroordinary odd about the taste :—a sort o’ sweet-soury-watery-can’t-tell-whatish kind o’ flavour ! The stuff’s work’d, I suppose, and work’d all its goodness away. I see Mrs. Bluebag can’t warrant in to keep in *any* climate. There’s summut about the ship what has had a strange influence upon the quality on it. But don’t be chop-fallen about it, Bill ! don’t fret ; ‘cause it ar’n’t no use. Mrs. Bluebag shall send ye another gallon o’ board ; and, this time, we’ll take care that it *shall* be all right, for I’ll have a padlock put upon it, and we’ll lock it up afore we sends it ye, and Mrs. Bluebag shall keep the key on it in her own pocket, and not let nobody see it at all !’

“ Well, my lads, Bluebag went ashore ; and the day that the Bluetoe sailed, he was as good as his word, for he sent aboard another gallon, so padlocked up, that Bill himself couldn’t get at the stuff what was inside. Mrs. Bluebag, determined to be secure, you know, had kept the key in her own pocket, and as it was too late to go ashore and get it, Bill carried the bottle out, and carried the bottle back again, without tasting a drop, and never looking upon nothing but the outside o’ the thing, from the day that he received it.”

WILLIAM LAIDLAW AND JAMES HOGG,

A RAMBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

At the close of the grouse shooting, in the latter end of October, I found myself, with several companions, in the inn at Inverness, prepared for my departure south. We ascertained, however, that the steam-boat for Glasgow did not sail for two days, and we accordingly set about exploring the curiosities of the town and surrounding country. A noble country it is; "beautiful exceedingly," which, as M'Culloch says truly, may well challenge comparison with even the far-famed environs of Edinburgh. At the close of the day, when taking my ease at my inn, I heard that Mr. William Laidlaw, the old friend, steward, and *factotum* of Sir Walter Scott, resided in the neighbourhood of Inverness. I had met the worthy man previously in Edinburgh, and my recollections of the past being awakened anew by the perusal of Lockhart's Life, I resolved on hiring a Highland *garron*, or pony, and visiting his retreat among the mountains. After the death of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Laidlaw removed to the county of Ross, in the capacity of factor, or land-steward, to Mr. Stuart Mackenzie of Seaforth, now governor of Ceylon. The situation was not a pleasant one, and the country-people soon prophesied, without much "second sight," that William Laidlaw was far too good and simple-hearted a man to discharge the irksome duties, and submit to the caprice and restraint, entailed upon him by this new engagement. The tie was soon snapd and broken, and Mr. Laidlaw, regretted and respected, went with his family to the wilds of Strathglass, in Inverness-shire, to reside with his brother, an extensive sheep-farmer.

To Strathglass I now bent my way, winding along the shores of the Beauly Frith with the first glimpse of morning, through a fine fertile district, named the Aird. The day and season reminded me of Laidlaw's song—"Lucy's Flittin."

"'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'ing."

William Howitt remarks that "the glory of the month of October is the gorgeous splendour of wood-scenery." In this remote region, among Highland mountains, the picturesque beauties of autumn are on a limited scale; yet there are calm bright sunsets gilding the sober vales and blue waters, and the peaked hills, whose strong outlines are defined with such precision on the horizon. The birches were almost wholly of an orange colour, and, intermixed with the dark green pines, had a gay and beautiful appearance. The glowing berries of the mountain ash, hanging over some precipice or ravine, also contributed to ornament the landscape. The oak surpasses all its compeers of the wood in variety and harmony of colour in autumn, and its leaves are the latest in disappearing. But full-grown oaks are rare in this quarter, except in a few favoured spots. I saw none,

as in the long-drawn vales of England, broad, massive, and majestic—none

“Whose high tops, bald with dry antiquity,”

carry back the imagination to the Tudors and Plantagenets, and the merry huntings in the greenwood, rife with chivalry and romance.

A series of waterfalls or rapids lie in the way from Inverness to Strathglass. These are denominated the “Falls of Kilmorack,” and are situated about a mile and a half to the west of Beaulieu. The first view of them excites no great expectation. We see a considerable breadth of water, broken into numerous cascades of from five to ten feet in height, with steep banks, clothed with birch-trees and plants. The clergyman of the parish has built a little summer-house at the edge of the lofty bank, and from this point the water, pent between precipitous rocks, and rolling darkly over a ledge of sandstone in its fall below, has a striking appearance. The rocks are rich with foliage, and it is this wild exuberance, joined to their towering height, that lends its chief glory to Kilmorack. The pool below the fall is filled with fish, and the curious or the idle may here witness frequent and arduous attempts made by the salmon to ascend the river. They sometimes light upon the rock and are captured, and are also hooked or speared by men stationed at the different points. The Laird of Lovat used to gratify his visitors with “a self-cooked salmon” at the Falls of Kilmorack. A kettle was placed upon the flat rock beside the fall, and kept full of boiling water. Into this the fish sometimes fell, as they leaped up the cascade, and being boiled in their presence, were presented to the company. This was a delicacy in the gastronomical art unknown to Monsieur Ude! Old Lovat of “the forty-five,” was a strange barbarian—a sort of realization of Voltaire’s satire on the French character, half-tiger and half-monkey; yet I could not help thinking at the moment, that it must have been a luxury to sit on the rock, under a canopy of beech-trees, by the side of this Highland Ali Pasha, and partake of his strangely cooked salmon.

To the Falls of Kilmorack succeeds a fine reach of mountain-scenery, called “The Dream,” extending about three miles up the glen. The hills are here steeper, but wooded to the top; masses of rock, shaped in fantastic forms, project into the middle of the stream, which exhibits a succession of falls, pools, and caverns worn in the dark sides of the rock. The valley is narrow but luxuriant—as nearly all the passes into the mountains are—and opens up occasionally, by the windings of the river, into soft green spots, sheltered by lofty banks, and the light branches of the birch-tree—spots which reminded me of Campbell’s delicious description of Wyoming, or some of the sequestered woodland scenes in the “Faery Queene.”

After a ride of twenty-six miles, I arrived at Comar, in Strathglass. Mr. Laidlaw was working in the garden, amusing himself by taking into cultivation a “bit by-corner of land.” We shook hands cordially, and I found myself at home. Ten years had not passed

away without leaving their traces on the countenance of my friend. He looked thinner, but quiet and cheerful—his step alert and springy—and I noticed that he now wore a fine brooch—a precious memorial, for it was on the person of Sir Walter Scott when he died, and contained some of his hair, and that of his family.

It is not my intention to *Boswellise* Mr. Laidlaw, or extract from his varied and picturesque style of simple narrative, materials for praise or blame of living individuals. We discoursed much of his departed and illustrious friend. Deep is the reverence entertained by William Laidlaw for the memory of Walter Scott—his guide, philosopher, and friend, with whom he spent nearly twenty years of happiness and honour. "The course of Sir Walter's life," he said, "often seemed to him like a bright and glorious dream, terminating suddenly in darkness and desolation." He expressed a strong admiration and affection for Mr. Lockhart; but considered that by dwelling so much, in his *Life of Scott*, on the transactions of the latter with booksellers and publishers, and schemes of money and ambition, he had failed to bring out sufficiently the bland benevolence and generosity which formed the staple of Sir Walter's character. "A more benevolent heart," he said, "never beat in a human breast. His philanthropy extended to all the animal creation. You know," said he, "Hogg's beautiful song,

'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye come hame!"

Sir Walter loved to see 'the kye (cows) come hame,' which he always spoke of as affording him an indescribable pleasure." It conveyed to his mind an image of rural peace and plenty—of perfect animal enjoyment. Campbell, in his description of a Swiss scene, uses a similar illustration:—

"A downward world of pastoral charms,
Where by the very smell of dairy-farms,
And fragrance from the mountain herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known!"

Sir Walter Scott's habits of composition are well known. His stores of antique learning, his genius, and imagination, his knowledge of life and manners, seemed all to be ready marshalled, waiting their master's nod—ready to burst forth like the prophet's rod, into bud and blossom. He wrote without effort. He was the unconscious "sovereign of the willing soul." Mr. Laidlaw never saw him so much elated as during the composition of a little *pawky* Scotch song, "Donald Caird's come again." He strode along the hill-side, flourishing his trusty oak-staff in gleeful humour; and on his return he recited to him, with comic emphasis, the little lively lyric,

"Donald Caird's come again."

As we talked of the Tweed, and the Yarrow, and Ettrick banks, the conversation naturally turned to the bright yet melancholy story of the Ettrick Shepherd. It was Mr. Laidlaw that first introduced

the Shepherd to Sir Walter—a circumstance which formed an era in his life, and gave him a spring forwards, which scarcely any other event could have so readily accomplished. At the time of George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh, Sir Robert Peel made kind inquiries after the Shepherd, and evinced an acquaintance with his works. He said jocularly that he would never forgive Hogg for selling his dog, as described in his "Shepherd's Calendar." Laidlaw mentioned that the shepherds are as much given to trafficking in their dogs as in their sheep.

In his early days, when about eighteen years of age, Hogg was a fine-looking young man—rather above the middle size, of faultless symmetry of form, and of almost unequalled agility and swiftness. His face was then round and full, and of a fair ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes, that beamed with gaiety and good-humour, the effect of the most exuberant animal spirits. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light brown hair, which he wore coiled up, like a girl's, under his hat. When entering the church on Sunday (which he attended regularly all his life) he used, on lifting his hat, to give a slight touch to his long hair, which rolled down his back and fell below his loins; while every female eye was bent upon him, as with light step, he ascended the stairs to his seat in the gallery. The aged part of the congregation used to shake their heads in pity and wonderment at the "thoughtless light-headed youth." Had Hogg continued always thus, he might have rivalled Apollo or Byron in personal attractions; but, alas! it soon vanished. He was inoculated for the small pox, and from the effect of carrying home a sheep one day, in intense hot weather, his face, head, and neck, swelled to a prodigious size, and he had nearly lost his life. The illness, or disease, changed the very form of his features. The metamorphosis was complete.

Hogg was always full of enterprise—the poetical temperament never lulled him into dreamy indolence. His love of field sports, or rather, his love for the enjoyment of the open air, was in him an inextinguishable passion; and when he found that he was becoming unable to fish and hunt, and amuse himself out of doors, he declared his belief that he would not live long—and the presentiment was a true one.

Mr. Laidlaw, upon one occasion, took Sir David Wilkie with him to the Shepherd's cottage. He did not mention the name of the distinguished stranger, but it transpired in the course of conversation. No sooner did the Shepherd hear it, than he asked if the gentleman was Mr. Wilkie the painter? Being answered in the affirmative, he said, with some agitation, "Mr. Wilkie, I cannot tell you how proud I am to see you in my house, and how happy I am to find you so young a man!" A very happy compliment, full of kindness and courtesy. Sir Walter Scott often quoted Hogg's salutation to Wilkie, as an instance of native propriety of taste and delicacy of feeling.

The poet was not always so felicitous in his first interviews. Being one day promised a meeting with Thomas Moore, and having a high idea of Moore's *gentility* and intellectual refinement, he prepared himself with a dram or two, the consequence of which was, that he was

rude and boisterous, and Moore took his leave of him with a false and unfavourable impression. I may remark, that latterly Hogg's holiday dress was a suit of black, and when first seen by strangers he was generally taken for a clergyman. He used also to wear a ring, and to sport a curious snuff-box, presented to him by Allan Cunningham.

In the pastoral districts of Scotland, families of shepherds continue in the same service, generation after generation, as the *statesmen*, or small proprietors, of Westmoreland and Cumberland inhabit their native dales, son succeeding father in the same humble home, each

With its little patch of sky
And little lot of stars.

Hogg was descended by the maternal side from an old family of shepherds, noted for centuries in Ettrick for their fidelity, skill, and devoted attachment to their masters. His father was also a shepherd, but afterwards became a drover, and failed. His mother was a great collector and reciter of ancient legends and ballads, and was admirably calculated to shine in that school of old-world stories and fervid imagination which her son has described in an address to the late Duchess of Buccleuch, with so much picturesqueness and pathos.

“ O list the mystic lore sublime
Of fairy tales of ancient time.
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men:
Where never stranger came our way,
By summer night or winter day ;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none,—
Our converse was with heaven alone,—
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.
O, lady, judge, if judge you may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these when darkness fell,
And gray-hair'd sires the tales would tell !
When doors were barr'd, and elder dame
Plied at her task beside the flame,
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umber'd faces shone.”

What an exquisite picture—and how much of all that ennobles and adorns our common nature may be found treasured up in these “ huts where poor men lie !”

Could not the government have interposed, with well-directed bounty, to assist the mountain-bard in his latter years ? He was acknowledged as a great original genius, who had sprung from the bosom of the people ; he had animated the loyalty of the nation by his spirit-stirring strains during the war. To crown all, he was in want. It will ever be regarded as an indelible disgrace that the nobility of Scotland and its government authorities, condemned the last years of Burns to an ungrateful employment, yielding 70*l.* per annum, and that the only permanent provision made for Hogg was the gift, by a lady, of some acres of moor-ground, which brought previously the rent of five pounds

sterling a year! His titled and wealthy friends saw him begin the world again, when sixty years old, with little resource but his pen, which had lost the vigour of youth and the freshness of novelty. They saw age and sickness settle down upon his over-wrought and exhausted frame, and wrapping themselves up in the mantle of self-gratification, they blessed themselves that they were not as other men are, or even as this poet!

But I get atrabilious. Let me conclude with noticing one happier mutation of fortune. The faithful friend of Sir Walter Scott, the amiable and kind-hearted William Laidlaw, has, I have just learned, been appointed to the management of an extensive property in Ross-shire, the estate of Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown. The situation is beautiful, in a fine country, well wooded and watered. It may not look so winning in the eyes of Mr. Laidlaw as the vales overlooked by the Eildon Hills and watered by the Tweed or the Yarrow, but it is nathless a fair and lovely land. His office is a responsible one; he is well fitted for it, and its emoluments are considerable. Thither has Mr. Laidlaw "*flitted*" with his family, destined, I trust, to pass the evening of his days in tranquil peace and heart-felt happiness. Here his love of nature and of rural life will have ample scope for exercise. Here, equally removed from "the great vulgar and the small," in his hours of leisure he can read, note, and *botanize*, saying with Cowley,

Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise,
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers and are such poisonous weeds?

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. ¹

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

CHRISTMAS is a merry time, and it ought also to be a serious time, and with our ancient salutation to dear friends and close intimates—"A merry Christmas and a happy new year"—we should blend a thought of Him who can alone crown that wish with fruition. It has been well said, "a fool or a physician at forty;" but it is better still to say, a fool or a Christian at forty. And yet, according to this rule, what a world we should make of it! What a moving of caps and tinkling of bells—from the court to the camp—from Poet's Corner to Oxford—from the closet of the philosopher to the House of Commons—and so on to the end of the chapter, if an end could be found to it! Yet, I would not, in saying this, be myself uncharitable; and I hope, nay, believe, that in this great Babel, called London, there are, amongst the confusion of many tongues, some that speak the language of Divine truth, from hearts that inwardly feel it. In the midst of all the pomp and the pride of life, and the glory and the vanity of earthly things, which here unite as in one grand centre, there are many who walk humbly with God, and who will, as they crown the home-hearth with the green holly garland of Christmas, think of better things than the merry feast and the joyous song of this festive season. There is, however, something highly delightful in the festivities of Christmas; and, subservient as they are to the necessities of the poor, they are delightful in a two-fold sense. The city of Chester appears to be one of those strong-holds, within which the ancient hospitality of the land has taken refuge from the heartless frivolities and refinements of modern times; and those who wish to see that hospitality still kept up with the spirit and liberality that distinguished our ancestors, should spend a Christmas there. Speed calls Chester "the seed-plot of gentility;" and certainly no place can have better claims to the title. So it was, at least at a recent period, many ancient and opulent families, not only residing in the town, but others, having fine estates in the immediate neighbourhood, took up their winter abode at Chester, making it a sort of metropolis. What it now is, I cannot tell; but about twenty years since I thought it the pleasantest place I ever visited. The supper was at that time a very fashionable meal there, which was merely another and more modest name for a late, but sumptuous dinner, the mania for reversing times and seasons not having as yet disturbed the genuine and delightful hospitalities of that ancient city. At those gay, and most social of entertainments, I have sat down with a party of from twenty to thirty; and after the cloth was removed, what with conversation and anecdotes, music, and occasionally dancing, the time has only fled too swiftly, and inclination had no hand in breaking up the merry group.

¹ Continued from vol. xx. page 444.

The Brookes, of Norton Priory, are one of the most ancient families in the county. They were descended from Sir Richard Brooke, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, whose ancestor, William de la Broke, or Brooke, was possessed of Leighton, in Cheshire, five hundred years ago: but Norton Priory did not become the property of the family till 1545. The Brookes, like the Wynnes and the Morgans, keep up the old style of living; and a Christmas at Norton Priory brings together everything that ancient hospitality and modern refinement can furnish, to delight and recreate the senses. The Cunliffes of Acton Dark, the Stanleys, the Leycesters of Tabley, and the Dukenfields, are amongst some of the oldest Cheshire families,—the latter of unquestionable antiquity, being of Saxon descent. Dukenfield Hall was greatly improved and beautified by the celebrated John Astley, a man of great genius and acknowledged taste, but of extravagant and dissipated habits. He had married an heiress of Dukenfield, from whom (she dying before him) he derived the estate.* I remember going to see Eaton Hall, a truly noble mansion, but which I saw to considerable disadvantage, it being then under repair. I was fortunately, however, in time, and only just in time, to see the old gardens, (the most remarkable of the kind then extant,) before their final demolition. They were of the style introduced into this country, I believe, from Holland, by the third William: and although good taste may not regret the spoliation of those ancient Edens of the land, yet fancy throws a charm over those thinly cut bowers of box, and peoples those melancholy shades of yew, with the beauties and the worthies of that bygone period. And certainly there was altogether an imposing effect in those broad terrace-walks, with their boldly-carved balustrades of stone,—those antique vases, and somewhat rudely sculptured but picturesque statues, showing at intervals amongst the dark-green foliage,—and those cool fountains, whose waters by moonlight looked like a shower of falling stars. And then the bowling-green, so closely shaven, and soft as velvet, where guileless boyhood held its

* “The life of John Astley would furnish matter for a good moral romance. He studied painting under Hudson, the portrait painter, master of Sir Joshua Reynolds. When Astley left Hudson, he went to Rome. The best pictures he ever painted were copies of the Bentivoglios and Titian’s Venus. As he was painting his way back from Ireland to London, in his own post-chaise, with an out-rider, he loitered, with a little pardonable vanity, in his native neighbourhood; and entering Knutsford Assembly with Major Este, of the 68th, Lady Daniel was at once won by his appearance. She contrived the next day to sit for her portrait, and the week after she gave him the original! The marriage articles reserved her fortune to herself; but she soon gave him the Tabley estate; and dying shortly after, settled on him, after the death of her eldest daughter, by Sir William Daniel, the whole Dukenfield estate in fee, amounting to 5000*l.* a year. Astley sold the Tabley estate, about 1000*l.* a year. This money being spent, he was to look for other resources. After he had made two or three charges on Dukenfield, he received a proposal from Prescott, the banker, for a *post obit* of the whole, in succession to the daughter. He quickened the treaty with Prescott; and nothing remained but finally agreeing to it, when lo! the night before, the agreement becoming final, the daughter died.

“The news reached Astley at midnight, and he made the most of it by his intelligence and dispatch. He hurried instantly into Cheshire, and going through all the forms, took possession of the Dukenfield estate, and returned again to London before his wife’s family knew what had happened, or could take the measures they intended to counteract his claims.”

happy pastime; and the wily labyrinth, where the laughing maids of old were wont to lose themselves,—all had their charm, and all still have,—the charm of things that are past away.

To these gardens appertains a tale, which was even at that time the subject of occasional conversation, and which was narrated to me at a subsequent period by an old Welsh gentleman, who resided on the borders of Cheshire, in his own peculiar dramatic style. As the substance of it became generally, and indeed publicly, known, at the time the circumstances happened, and as a useful moral may even now be derived from them, I may perhaps be excused for departing a little from my usual course, in order to narrate them, which I will endeavour to do, as nearly as I can, in my informant's own words.

Lady G——, the beautiful wife of the then earl, was the reigning court belle of the day, and the health of the “brown beauty,” as she was styled, was the favourite toast of all the gay gallants at the court of George the Third. Amongst the warmest and most distinguished of her devotees, was the then Duke of Cumberland, the young king's uncle, who acquired so much renown by his skill and bravery in suppressing the rebellion of 1745, and whose advances, it was surmised, were not unfavourably received by Lady G——. Whether any busy rumour or friendly hint had reached her husband's ear, is not quite certain; but his lordship set off very suddenly, with his family, for Eaton Hall; and thither the disconsolate duke determined to follow. Upon his arrival in the neighbourhood of Chester, his royal highness disguised himself in the habit of a grazier; and putting a handkerchief round his hat, (the distinguishing mark of such men in those days,) and drawing his leathern gaiters above his knees, he went into the fair, and attended the cattle show. He of course concluded, that should he afterwards be seen in this trim about Eaton Hall, he should be taken for a countryman, who wished to see some of the servants. It happened, however, that old Thomas, the family butler, was also at the fair; and, despite the *incognito* of the duke, his suspicions were excited, and he determined, in his own mind, to be upon the watch. Accordingly at nightfall he took a ramble in the gardens, where he remained for a considerable time. The moon shone out with unclouded brightness; and the faithful domestic, treading softly along the green lawn, under the shade of the shrubberies, for fear the sound of his steps on the gravel might discover him, at length heard enough to convince him that he was not the only Damon of the gardens. Behind a tall cypress stood a rustic arbour of box, close to which Thomas crept, and, listening, heard the Duke of Cumberland “talking nonsense,” as he called it, “to my lady.” Fully satisfied that all was going very wrong, this trusty champion of his master's honour retired as softly as he had come, and going directly back to the house, went at once to Lord G——, who was sitting at the time in his library. Thomas began to tell his unwelcome tale, not without fear; for his master had a warm temper, and wore (after the fashion of the time) a sword, and Thomas might very naturally expect that the tidings he brought would call both into active play. Upon the first hint of his dishonour his lordship put his hand to his sword.

"O, my dear master, don't murder me!" said the old man.

"Begone, fellow! or I will run you through," cried Lord G——, in a voice of thunder.

Thomas fled from the apartment as quickly as his old legs could carry him. Presently, however, his master rang the bell, and ordered Thomas to be sent to him.

"Well," said his lordship, who was pacing the room in great agitation; "how am I to prove the truth of what you tell me?"

"Why, my lord," answered Thomas, creeping a little nearer, encouraged by his master's manner; "if I might be so bold as advise ye, my lord, I would have ye—"

"But, stop! stop!" said Lord G——, impatiently, still hoping that Thomas's aged eyes might have deceived him; "can you swear to having seen your lady and the duke together?"

"Swear, my lord! ay—that can I, on my bible oath, that I both saw and heard them talk, as plain as I now hears my own voice. Beside, ha'n't I seen him in the fair, afore I heard him in the garden?"

"But you might be mistaken, Thomas—you might have drunk a little too freely at the fair."

"Bless ye, my lord, I wa'n't so much as a bit merry. I never drank nothing at all, but one glass of ale with my Lord Crewe's steward, an' I knows the duke too well. Ha'n't I seen him scores o' times at your lordship's house in Lunnun?"

"Yes, curse him!" exclaimed Lord G——.

"Well," continued Thomas, "an' if I might be so bold to speak a word, my lord, I think the best way for your lordship to come at the truth will be, to go from home, giving out that you will not be back for two or three days. I'll be on the watch, and let your lordship in at night to the gardens."

Lord G—— approved of this advice. He accordingly left Eaton Hall, and at night old Thomas mounted guard. At about the same hour the duke came, and met Lady G—— at the same place. Thomas, having satisfied himself that the guilty pair were together, went and took his station near the private entrance, to be ready to let his master quietly in.

"Well," asked his lordship, as Thomas admitted him; "has the duke been here?"

"O yes! my lord; he's with my lady now. I saw him not five minutes agone, with her in the summer-house, by the long walk."

Lord G—— followed Thomas to the spot. Whether any alarm had been given, or that the faithless countess had been fearful of prolonging her absence from the house, as she had friends staying with her, is uncertain: but when Lord G——, sword in hand, rushed into the arbour, he found it empty.

After consulting with his pillow that night, the unhappy husband came to the determination of fixing an early day for their return to London; and when the day arrived, to feign an excuse for not accompanying the countess, in order to ascertain whether she and her paramour might avail themselves of the unexpected facility of meeting on the road.

The next morning Lord G—— summoned old Thomas to his dress-

ing-room, and apprised him of his intention. "You will go with your lady, Thomas, and I will join you at the first stage, where she rests for the night; so you must be on the look-out. I shall not come till midnight, on horseback, and without an attendant."

The day after the departure of his friends from Eaton Hall, Lord G—— handed his faithless wife into the carriage, promising to follow her in three days, if the business that detained him would permit. The countess, little dreaming of the plot laid against her, was observed to be in high spirits, and chatted away to her maid; while Thomas, rousing himself occasionally from deep reverie, looked back, to discover whether the duke was following them.

In those days the roads were so dreadfully bad, that a journey from Chester to London was the most tedious and fatiguing thing imaginable, being hardly accomplished in less than a week. On arriving at the inn where she usually rested for the night, Lady G——, complaining of fatigue, retired almost immediately to her chamber. Old Thomas contrived to secure a room at no great distance from his lady's; and, as soon as he had supped, he went up to his domicile. Shading the light of his candle, he sat down in a chair by the door to listen. In a few seconds after the clock had struck ten, he heard footsteps coming down the gallery; and presently a gentle tap at Lady G——'s bedroom-door, which was quickly opened, and the person, whoever it might be, went in, when the door was locked.

Thomas's anxiety now began to increase, as he reflected on the probable issue of the night's adventure, and sat listening to the footsteps of the inmates of the house, as they one after another retired to rest. The clock had scarcely finished striking twelve, when the old butler heard the trampling of a horse's feet advancing towards the inn at a gallop; and in another second the traveller had alighted.—"There his lordship comes, for sure!" exclaimed Thomas; and taking up the light, he went down stairs.

Lord G——, (for it was he,) muffled up in his roquelaure, had already entered the public room; which, being long since cleared of the other guests, he and the butler had the opportunity of conversing together without notice or observation.

"Well, Thomas, any tidings of the duke?"

The old man then related what he had heard.

"Where is the chamber?" asked the earl, in breathless agitation.

Thomas led the way, but had not advanced many steps before he stopped. "For God's sake, my lord, give me those pistols. Consider what he is that has wronged ye—the great Duke of Cumberland—the king's uncle. If your lordship takes his life, you will surely die for it."

"He shall die first, any how!" cried the earl, advancing along the gallery.

"O my dear master! for the love of God give me the pistols;" and Thomas fell at his lordship's feet. "Here, at a lone inn, if ye shoot the duke, who will stand up for ye?—no one will listen to me—for the love I bear ye."

"There—take them!" said Lord G——; and at the same instant drawing his sword, he advanced to the door of the countess's apart-

ment. It was locked. The earl set his whole strength against it: it gave way; but the duke, who had sprung out of bed on the first alarm, eluding the pass which the enraged earl made at him with his sword, escaped out of the chamber. His royal highness made a precipitate retreat from the inn, and did not again visit Eaton Hall.

It is not improbable that Lady G—— might, in some degree, endeavour to palliate or excuse to her own mind the fatal lapse of which she had been guilty, by the peculiar circumstances of the temptation under which she fell; and persons in general are but too ready to lay some such "flattering unction" to their souls, for every violation of religion or morality, which it may happen to suit their purpose to commit. In this case the tempter was a man distinguished alike for his rank, his bravery, and his military talent. He was a prince of the blood royal. He was a skilful and courageous warrior, and he was looked up to as the saviour of his country. In a word, he was the great Duke of Cumberland. Alas! for these and all such excuses! Insincerity is of two kinds, and by far the most fatal is that which we practise on ourselves. We must all learn, with a view to our real happiness, to weigh our own conduct, and its motives, in a more just balance, before the scales are finally taken from our own hands, and placed in those of an unerring Judge, who will then weigh with the minutest accuracy, and exact to the last, yes, the last farthing.

A melancholy event was narrated to me, when at Chester, which may perhaps furnish a seasonable warning to young persons, who are too apt, at a period of hilarity like Christmas, to indulge in playing off jokes upon their companions. It is a thing I was never very fond of in my own juvenile days; and probably for this reason, that so many were practised upon myself. But to my tale. It was Christmas time; and at an old country-house in Cheshire, belonging to a medical gentleman, (I really now forget the name,) who had retired from practice, a large party of young folks were assembled, to do honour to the honours of that merry-making season. The house was very ancient, and reported, after the manner of all old places, to have the privilege of being haunted, as (it was boldly asserted) certain strange knockings and ominous appearances had abundantly testified. Presuming upon these circumstances, the youthful visitors performed many little fooleries night after night, and many delightful frights crowned their efforts to exceed the pranks of the real ghost. But one young lady of this Christmas party, indeed the daughter of the host himself, was not to be so easily frightened. She was a beautiful girl, highly accomplished, and from her amiable manners, a general favourite: but the very difficulty of exciting in her mind any unreasoning fears, like those of her companions, stirred up the whole body of incorrigibles, to lay their busy heads together, in order to elicit a plot sufficiently clever to accomplish their purpose. A young gentleman, to whom she was engaged to be married within a short period, and who was then staying at the house of Mr. —, was induced to become a party in the joke. A skeleton was procured, and placed behind the door of Miss —'s chamber, and so contrived, by the introduction of strings through a crevice, that it should extend its arms towards her on entering the room.

The evening had passed joyously round the family hearth, for it was Christmas eve, and all the little local pastimes common to the occasion had been protracted to a late hour. At last, the young lady retired to her chamber; and the youthful conspirators crept on tip-toe to the door to listen. All was still within. Having waited for some time, and feeling at length convinced that she was not to be frightened, they knocked at the door, and laughingly asked her how she liked the ghost: but there was no reply. Becoming alarmed, they then went to inform her father, who immediately opened the door, and entering the chamber, found his darling child in a state of helpless insanity, from which, lamentable to relate, she never afterwards recovered. Thus, from a Christmas frolic, was society robbed of a lovely and estimable member, a proud and happy father changed to a sorrowful mourner, and a devoted lover stripped of the object, with whom he had counted on years of wedded happiness.

HUMAN FLOWERS.

SWEET Lucy has chosen the lily, as pale,
 And as lowly as she, still the pride of the vale:
 An emblem more fitting, so fair and retired,
 Heart could not have chosen, nor fancy desired.
 And Ellen, gay Ellen, a symbol as true,
 In the harebell has found, and its delicate blue:
 For ever the blossoms are fresh in her eyes,
 As dewy, as sweet, and more soft than the skies.
 And Jane, in her thoughtfulness, conscious of power,
 Has gazed in her fervor on many a flower:
 Has chosen, rejected, then many combined
 To blazon her graces of person and mind.
 Whilst Isabel's face, like the dawn, is one flush—
 Far need she not wander to bank and to bush;
 Well the tint of her cheek the young Isabel knows,
 For the blossom of health is the beautiful rose.
 And Mary the pensive, who loves in the dusk
 Of the garden, to muse when the air is all musk;
 Will leave all its beauties, and many they are,
 To gaze meek in thought on the jessamine star.
 And Kate, the light butterfly Kate, ever gay,
 Will choose the first blossom that comes in her way;
 The cistus will please her a moment, and then
 Away will she flutter, and settle again.
 But Julia for me, with her heart in her eyes,
 The child of the summer too warm to be wise:
 Is the passion-flower near her, with tendrils close curled,
 She can smile whilst she suffers, 'tis hers for the world.
 All are lovely, all blossoms of heart and of mind;
 All true to their natures, as Nature designed:
 To cheer and to solace, to strengthen, caress,
 And with love that can die not to buoy and to bless.
 With gentleness might, and with weakness what grace!
 Revelations from heaven in form and in face:
 Like the bow in the cloud, like the flower on the sod,
 They ascend and descend in my dreams as from God.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.¹

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH," "GENTLEMAN JACK," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE words had fallen, not to be recalled—the hands were piped down—the watch alone remained on deck. Cowed and abashed for the time, they retired, it is true, from the sight of their superiors. They hid themselves in the dim recesses formed by the bits on the fore-castle, the booms, and the bows of the launch, and all those little nooks, which on a man-of-war's upper-deck are sacred as the council places of the crew. Here, as they read in the eyes of each that common spirit which filled alike the hearts of all, their stern rough spirits gradually found that vent in expression which they dared not breathe in the presence of their officers. At first a few deep oaths alone gave vent to the boiling anger of their souls, and then, as they rapidly became aware that one feeling alone animated all, that feeling was expressed in full and unmeasured condemnation and hatred of the dastardly and despicable act of tyranny they had just witnessed. The misfortunes that alight on courage, and on honour, touch with compassion hearts whose sternness had otherwise steeled them to every sentiment of pity. Not one among them but felt most keenly for the broken lieutenant, for whom the degrading outrage of the morrow was prepared. Rapidly, and with every addition that the feeling of the moment could excite, the rude seamen anxiously recounted the different exploits which they had seen him perform. Gratitude, that rare virtue in crowded cities—gratitude, that beautiful emanation from the divine Spirit, that partly deifies the breast that it hallows by its presence, still lingered with powerful effect in the bosom of these hardy sons of ocean. Every now and then a pause broke in on the disjointed series of tales that recounted the good qualities of the persecuted officer, and while one endeavoured to conceal his emotion in a volley of abuse on the oppressor, another would turn his quid, and silently look towards the moon, brightly shining over the frigate, as if the justice and good feeling denied by man to his fellows were alone to be found in a purer region.

"Well, shipmates," at last said one of the petty-seamen; "it's pretty clear we're all of one way of thinking. 'Tis a shame! I won't swear over the matter, either here or there; for the worst of Billingsgate we could use would never half come up to what I think of the matter. But then again, what's the use of that—'twill do no sort of good to Mr. Ramsay, though one can't help, as it may be, giving a fellow's heart a little head-way. Petty-officer, as I am, with all my heart, if I thought 'twould do Mr. Ramsay any good, I'd go to the gangway to-morrow, and take four dozen without winking a top-light."

"So would I!" exclaimed a dozen voices at once.

"Ay; but, messmates, 'twould be of no more use than a twice laid chaw of baccky to a cold middle-watcher."

¹ Continued from vol. xx. p. 104.

"'Tis but too true, Ben," responded his auditory.

"But," said one of the seamen, "can we lend him a helping hand any way?"

"Not that I know of," resumed Ben; "I'd as soon—ay, or for the matter of that, perhaps sooner, see him overboard in a gale of wind, with nothing but a hencoop next him and Davy Jones's locker, as I would see him now stuck down in the black-list without ever having deserved it. When the word with the skipper is 'flog,' you know well enough, boys, that he never repents. 'Tisn't likely then that he'll let off Mr. Ramsay, that he's been lying-by for ever since we came to sea, to catch upon the ground-hop, as it might be. 'Tis a rascally shame, 'deed is it, and for nothing more, as I can understand, than making up to the skipper's daughter—and so he's as good a right to a handsome craft as the lad that has courage to cut her out from under the enemy's batteries. 'Tis no wonder the young leddy likes the leaftenant. I should think little enough of she, if so be her was any other ways minded. I only wish for his sake she happened to be aboard o' us just now—she might cut the clink in quick sticks, though none of us can. Howsomever, boys, this one thing's certain, if the skipper's alive and kicking, by six bells to-morrow forenoon the leaftenant's a flogged man; and that I fear he will be, for I can't see anything in the captain's ugly carcass that should please Heaven to take a liking to him on so short a notice."

"Like enough, man—like enough," broke in the deep voice of the Scotch corporal, who had hitherto remained mute; "but, in my way of thinking, he's a lang, lang journey to go, and both a cold and heat to get through or ever he wins there. But though ower black for heaven, ye ken there's another place, for which he suits well, sirs, well—and if ever anything should tempt me to a few soft words with the father of evil, it would be for the obligation of his taking home such a bairn. Should he miss his master on the morn—then, boys, mark me—we knows who's laid a claw on him."

"Oh, blurra nouns, corporal—there's no such luck for us!"

"No!" said the corporal, in a slow deep accent, whose thunder seemed to rumble from the deepest recesses of his capacious chest; "we shall see," he added, as a terrific scowl passed over his hard features, and without another word he rose and went below.

"Corporal—is that you?" said one of his marines, as he joined the main-deck.

"Yes," replied the Scot.

"Then, Mr. Ramsay wants you on the lower-deck."

"Ay, and on the main-deck too."

"Oh, then, some one's told you of it."

"Not they."

"Why, then, how the devil did you come to know it?"

"By the same token that I know sharks are hungry, and must be fed."

"Out of the way."

The younger soldier moved aside, and his face bore sufficient testimony to the nature of his surprise at this singular conversation of his petty officer. Accustomed to allow to the latter a degree of intelli-

gence superior to that usually found in a similar station, he could not even thus account for the deep impression made upon his mind by the seeming prescience of the corporal; but he was now chiefly bent on smoking his pipe in the galley, and it was not until after circumstances of a mysterious nature had occurred, that the remembrance of these dark words recurred to him.

"Does your honour want me?" demanded the corporal, going to the berth in which poor Ramsay messed, and finding the preserver of his life sitting alone on the chest which served the mess as a general seat, with his head leaning forward on the table, but buried in his hands.

"Ah, my kind friend!" said the broken officer, looking up and extending his hand to the corporal, "I want to have some private conversation with you—come forward."

As the lieutenant said this, he arose, and going into the bows of the frigate, sat down upon a pile of the seamen's bags, which happened to be lying on the hatch of the fore-magazine. Leaning his back against the foremast behind him, and motioning the corporal to be seated, by his side, he drew a packet from under his jacket, and putting it into the corporal's hands, said, "As a true and courageous friend, who has done for me more than I can ever repay, I have one request to make of you, corporal."

The corporal made an effort to speak, but his willingness to serve his late superior could only find utterance in a motion of the head. This, however, seemed sufficiently to tell the tale, both of his feelings and his faith, to his countryman, who thus proceeded in the definition of the favour he required. "The packet I have given you, corporal, contains two letters, one to my family and another to a lady, into whose hands I wish you to deliver them both. She will then be able to forward to my friends more easily than is in your power, the communication I wish them to receive. If you receive no further order from me within twenty-four hours, take the first opportunity of being alone to open the outer seal of the packet I have given you. The name of the lady to whom you are to deliver the inclosure will then be known to you. I confide wholly in your courage and address to deliver them at the first opportunity which may offer, without any detriment to your duty. In doing this, however, expenses may arise which I do not foresee; you will therefore defray these from this sum of money, for which I have no longer any need."

As Ramsay said this, he laid a small bag of Spanish doubloons on the corporal's knee; and, while he rose to depart, held out his hand. For a time the marine seemed capable of regarding neither that nor the money confided to his charge. At length, looking up at the lieutenant, who still stood beside him, he replied, "How have I had the misfortune of forfeiting your honour's confidence?"

"In no way, my good fellow. Why do you ask?"

"Because, sir, these things were better in your own keeping and accomplishment, unless you had intended something more serious than you have yet told me."

"My good fellow, there are some things of which true men are loath

to speak, lest their conduct fall under the suspicion of bravado rather than bravery."

"Ay, your honour, I feared it was that."

"Nor that only, corporal; but there is a degree of confidence that is more embarrassing to a true friend than desirable for him."

"And that's the reason, sir, why I made so bold as to seek that which you have not offered me. I understand, sir, what you mean to do—I understand it fully;" and the corporal paused solemnly. Then looking up again at the lieutenant—"Is there no other way, think your honour, of getting out of the bloodhound's toils?"

"None, that I can think of. Can you?"

"Yes, sir; it requires but a firm hand and a true heart, and you have both."

"But what, corporal, is your plan?"

"As straight and plain as I hope my heart is, your honour. Just put a couple of boarding-pistols in your pocket, and while I call off the attention of the sentry at the companion hatch, enter you the cabin, your honour, and never leave it till the scoundrel, who grinds you to the dust with his unnecessary tyranny, is as dead as one of his boiled chickens.—Nay, your honour, you needn't shake your head; I mean nothing unfair to him, hang-dog as he is, but just to lay one of the pistols on the table, and take the other in your own hand. If fortune is against your honour so much the greater pity, but 'tis a fair fight; but if the captain is once pinked, I'll answer for the crew rising—and then the barky is your own."

"My poor mistaken friend! and what would be the use of the frigate to me, except to hang me? No, corporal; the wrongs and the evils it pleases Heaven to send upon us we will bear as best the honest-hearted can. The tyranny of the captain can be no justification, in my eyes, for injuring my country and my king, by turning one of their frigates into a pirate. My deep grief arises not for my fate—that has been freely offered, as you know, on every opportunity. But I do lament, that with our noble-minded countrymen, for whom all our energies and our happiness are wasted, such a lamentable ignorance prevails as to the extent to which tyranny is carried on in the service, that it will take the lapse of long years to convince them of the truth, and, what perhaps should be more, the sacrifice of many thousand victims, of which it is only my unhappy lot to be one. No, no, corporal; neither bloodshed nor mutiny shall stain your hands for me; and if no praise may reward or support the struggles of the staunch-hearted in this world, we have still the better faith to think they cannot pass quite unrecorded or be wholly unproductive of benefit to those who pass through them. If, to save my life thrice over, it became necessary to accomplish the death of the captain, believe me, I'd rather, like the coward, of whom I hope I have no part in me, 'die many times.'"

"Your honour is a Ramsay. Time was, they would have chosen another song."

"They would; but had they lived to times when high courage and virtue were so differently measured, they would have joined me."

"Well, at any rate, then," said the corporal, averting his eyes from his officer's face, "ye'll do nothing till the last minute."

"Why so?"

"Why, by God's good guidance we may fall in with an enemy, and once come an action, the black list will be washed white."

"True, corporal; but think you that he who has already shown such unjust spite, may not do it again and again, till his object be gained?"

"Ay, there, sir, is the sting of the whole business. However, sir, oblige me in this one thing; for in case of an action, a stray shot might be blessed with making out his discharge, the ship get into other hands, and all be right again."

"It seems to me but a slight hope; but to oblige you—I consent——"

What further the lieutenant would have added we can scarcely say, for a skulking blackguard, who was generally supposed to be somewhat of a tale-bearer, here got up from the fore-sail bin, in the shadow of which he had been lying, and rubbed his eyes, as if just awakened from his sleep. But the important part of our hero's communication with the corporal had passed, and so they parted.

CHAPTER VI.

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

ONE bell in the middle watch had some time since been struck on board the frigate on the night which followed the closing of the last chapter. All the reliefs had been served for the next four hours, and many of those who had retired below, were already fast locked in sleep. Nothing was to be heard below but the creaking of the ship's timbers as she rolled merrily before the gentle breeze that impelled her rapidly through the rushing waters; while the heavy, monotonous tread of feet on the upper-deck, as the officers drowsily paced to and fro, induced a feeling much more akin to somnolence than vigil. Everything on board seemed rapidly sinking to repose. On the starboard side the moonbeams shot in, and playing along the line of guns, as the ship rolled, produced a startling effect upon the sight—now enabling to see everything with the utmost brightness—now steeping them in the deepest gloom.

It was during these latter intervals that a tall and powerful human figure might have been marked stealing gradually aft from the fore-hatchway on the main-deck towards the captain's cabin. At length it reached the mainmast, and there, in the deep shadow of the ship's pumps that were grouped around it, paused as if for both consideration and concealment. Whether his views embraced the leisure of the former, we know not; but that they completely effected the latter, was soon evident. The sentry looked towards his hour-glass, and hastily shook its few remaining sands, as if joyous that one-fourth of his duty was over. Little did he know that to another they were the sands of life which he was hurrying. The last grain passed, the sentry turned his back, and then, with slow and lazy step, set forward for the galley, ere to strike the bell. Unknowing who was on the watch, perhaps

even with half-closed eyes, he passed the mainmast, and as he did so, the tall figure there ensconced rapidly and noiselessly moved, leaving no more of either sound or mark behind his swift and unshod feet, than would the destroying angel. Quickly as thought he passed between the tiller ropes, where hung the lately reversed hour-glass, adroitly turned the handle of the cabin-door, that already oiled to the nicest point, both at the lock and hinges, opened as silently as can the grave, and long before the half-awakened sentry had returned, the intruder was hidden within the apartment of the sleeping-cabin, and the door once more closed.

Half an hour stole away. To one of the two living beings within that apartment how rapidly they stole away! passed, as they were, in the deep but last slumber ever to be enjoyed in this world. To the other, what a deep, dreadful gulf of time did those thirty minutes appear! With a stern and powerful mind unnaturally excited—every nerve fixed in the most intense and dreadful excitement—resolutely bound up to do a deed abhorrent to his nature—a deed of deliberate murder—how terrible was the pause thus given to all the conflicting emotions of his heart, while the object of his terrific vengeance was sleeping unconsciously, deeply, securely before him!

It did pass. At length he heard the step of the sentry once more going forward. The footfall gradually died away, and then as deliberately rose the tall powerful figure that had hitherto crouched behind the door. A few soft steps, and the destroyer's hand was by the captain's curtain. Without the delay of a moment, that might prove so fatal, it was lifted aside. The stranger looked on his sleeping prey for a moment—drew his breath as if for some great exertion, plunged his large bony and muscular hands upon the windpipe of the slumberer, and the latter, with a deadly effort to cry out, awoke. It was in vain. The murderer knew his strength—felt how rightly his huge thumbs were placed upon the way of life; and while the struggling and wretched captain kicked and plunged without causing any noise that could bring assistance to his aid, his slayer dragged him partly from his hammock, so that, by the moonbeam's aid, his starting eyes might see who was his destroyer; and then, as life gradually ebbed away in the suffocating bosom beneath his grasp, he returned the corpse to its couch, relaxed the gripe of death, whose deed was too surely done, and sinking down beneath the canvass screen, passed across his cold and dewy forehead the fingers of a murderer!

What might have been the feelings of the only living tenant of that cabin! For a time he seemed lost in the tumult of his own bosom, which laboured convulsively and in silence, as he alternately buried his face in his hands, and then clasped them as if in prayer to that Heaven, one of whose most rigid laws he had violated. The attempt, however, seemed in vain; and lost in the dread reproaches that must have been so loud within him, another half-hour stole away. The sound of the sentry's steps going forward to strike four bells, seemed to startle him from his fearful meditation. With a celerity little according with his former profound abstraction, the taker of life arose—undid the fastenings of the gun-port—dragged the corpse of the late captain from its hammock, and launched it, as gra-

dually as he could, into the bright and sparkling tide below. Little perceptible plashing could, from the nearest part of the vessel, have been heard as the body descended into those waters that bore it towards its deepest caverns, never more to revisit the "precincts of the cheerful day." The projection of the mizen chains prevented the possibility of the act having been detected from above, and when the sentinel returned to the cabin door, the gun-port had been replaced, and its fastening once more secured. With a coolness of nerve that bespoke a heart mighty even in its crimes, he then leaped into the hammock of the captain, and there remained until he heard the steps of the sentry going forward a third time. As six bells, or three o'clock in the morning, pealed forth over the decks of the sleep-locked frigate, the destroyer of its commander re-opened the door of the cabin, and fastening it again with equal silence, glided away unseen to his hammock on the deck below.

THE GRAVEYARD AT SECUNDRABAD, EAST INDIES.

'Tis in this silent hour
That thoughts within the wand'rer's breast have birth.
Like flow'rs that, shunning light, wait ev'ning's power
To spring from earth.

The fading light of day
Ushers from out the melancholy mind
Sweet hopes, that—like the vesper planet's ray—
In gloom are shrined.

The faintly-creeping change
That turns to russet-brown the glad green earth—
The fire-flies, wheeling in their sparkling range—
The moon's bright birth—

The sounds of distant flutes—
The languid fragrance of the dewy flowers—
The flying fox's whirl, as past it shoots,
The slow-chimed hours—

All—all of these contain,
Thoughts of sweet gentleness, whose soothing power
Can calm the poet's throbbing heart and brain,
In his dark hour.

And, oh! that sobbing wail,
Poured by the wild wind through the bamboos there,
It hath a spirit's voice, that may not fail,
To quell despair!

It whispers of the dead
That round us lie, lapped in their sacred sleep:
It says, "Here is no aching heart, nor head,—
No eyes that weep!"

"They slumber 'midst the dews—
No sun can scorch them, no night-damps can chill;
Theirs is a rest no season's change subdues,
They dream on still.

"Dream they on?—No—they live
Far from the earthen caves their bones that keep;
'Tis only Death, sad wand'rer! that can give
A waking sleep!"

MEMOIRS OF A CADET.¹

THE budgerow, which had been provided by my factotum, the sircar, was manned by a Mohammedan crew of seventeen boatmen, including the manjhee, or steersman. These river nauticals are denominated dandeers, or rowers, and are very amphibious personages, as will be shown hereafter.

A budgerow is a river boat, especially adapted to the convenience of Europeans for their journeyings on the Ganges, or other rivers of India. This vessel is decked over with planks, and on the after part is erected what may be called a poop, which occupies about two-thirds of the whole length of the boat. The poop comprehends two rooms—the one in front being used as a sitting, and the after one as a bed-room. The beam or breadth of the budgerow may be in the centre about ten or eleven feet, and the height of the poop nearly seven. The roof is flat, and is a place of constant resort morning and afternoon, when the boat is under way, it being customary to have chairs placed there at those times. When the weather is cool, and the vessel rapidly progressing, it is a very agreeable pastime to sit on the poop, and watch the trees, villages, and other objects ashore, as they seem gliding by in ever changing panoramic review.

In addition to the budgerow, we were provided with a smaller boat, which was appropriated to kitchen duties : it was also particularly useful for despatching to the shore for fowls, eggs, &c. on passing Mohammedan villages. From Hindoos these articles of consumption are not procurable, it being adverse to their religious prejudices to possess them. With milk we were abundantly provided from two small Bengalee goats, which we carried along with us.

The little cock-boat was, moreover, useful when treating with fishermen for their ware, or for conveying us ashore when we chose to walk along the beach, gun in hand, while our more stately argosy held on its uninterrupted course.

I find that I am running quite a-head of my narrative, and describing our voyage even before we were fairly on board. I must, therefore, curb these impatient advances until I can bring up the rear.

At the period fixed for our departure, the early morning tide was fortunately favourable; we therefore embarked the evening previous to the day we purposed to quit Calcutta, in order to secure the services of that very useful auxiliary so soon as the morrow's dawn should streak the eastern sky. The sircar accompanied us to the budgerow, that he might make his final salaam with due respect. He at the same time begged that we would recommend him to any of our friends in the provinces who might be coming to Calcutta at some future period, which we promised to do.

Milden, as I insisted he should, took possession of the bed-room, he being the senior. My cot was placed in the front room, and being convertible into a couch, was used as such in the day-time. Our baggage, not in immediate use, was stowed away very commodiously in the hold through a trap-door, where it rested on cross-beams, and

¹ Continued from vol. xx. p. 169.

was secure from any damage by water. Thus were we very snugly housed.

The fore-deck was appropriated to the crew. This is, indeed, their post when exercising the oars; a duty, however, seldom required in a voyage against the current, except for the purpose of crossing from one side of the river to the other.

To return. On the morrow, at the first glimpse of dawn, our ark was cast off, and committed to the central stream under main and topsails. The breeze was fresh and fair, and when Milden and I arose, we were making rapid progress. The forest of masts off Calcutta had well nigh disappeared in the distance.

This mode of travelling on the rivers of India is truly delightful. It unites almost all the pleasurable qualities of both land and sea journeying. The motion is so gentle, that it rarely offers any impediment to the amusement of drawing, or indeed any household occupation whatsoever, and the facility of landing to stroll along the beach, when the weather permits, is a luxury that ocean travellers can only dream of.

Every good has, however, its attendant evil; and, therefore, all these river vessels, with the exception of pinnaces, are insecure in stormy weather, for want of keels. They are round-bottomed, and draw very little water, rarely thirty inches, which enables them to overpass shallows; but for the same reason they are much too liable to be upset by a sudden gust of wind, and many, indeed, are thus lost.

Milden and I did not leave Calcutta alone. Another budgerow joined us, in which were two young officers, named Horsman and Speering, also proceeding to our station, who had proposed to join our flotilla. The party thus consisted of four ensigns destined to the station at Berhampore.

I think I never saw other two such prodigious *griffs* as Horsman and Speering. I felt myself quite an old *Qui hy* in their company, and showed them I thought so. The character of Milden I have not yet drawn. I was hardly at that time qualified fully to appreciate it, though I felt that he held great sway over me. He was remarkably steady, and his judgment seemed uniformly based on excellent moral principle. His good temper became afterwards proverbial, and could not possibly be swayed from its even course by fair means or by ridicule, which soon shrank abashed before his keener wit. Although these qualifications only became fully developed by time, he possessed sufficiently the elements of them at the period of which I write, to cause us to consider him as a sensible companion and counsellor, I felt very thankful for the possession of such a friend.

Our first day's progress was remarkably good. We passed Barrackpore, Serampore, Chandernagore, Chinsurah, and at last came to for the evening a little above Hooghly. We stayed at none of the above-mentioned places, being anxious to avail ourselves to the utmost of the wind, which propelled us cheerily, even after the turn of the tide.

On the following morning the wind was slack, inasmuch that we were obliged to have recourse to the tow-rope. This method of proceeding, called tracking, is the only mode of passing up the river

when there is no wind, or when it is adverse. A rope is carried ashore from the boat, through the mast-head of which it is reeved, and the dandees drag along the vessel by this means. They themselves walk along the shore in measured pace, and invariably keep the step. At times they are obliged to swim across tributary nullas, and very often, when the shore is too distant from sufficient depth of water for the passage of the boat, they are obliged to wade for hours together beneath a fiery sun. Theirs is, indeed, a trying life, yet they are cheerful labourers. They rarely, I believe, attain to any great age.

At about noon this day we received a violent shock, as of an earthquake. This was accompanied by a scent, assuredly not brought by the sweet south over a bank of violets, but one of a much less agreeable nature. On inquiry we found that the carcass of a defunct elephant, in an advanced stage of decomposition, had struck against our bows, and still lay in our way. Two of the dandees were jerked from the bank where they were tracking, into the river, but received no damage. In order to rid ourselves of this unwelcome guest, we were fain to forward him on his trip to sea, which was done by slackening off the goon, or track-rope, and allowing the budgerow to go fairly round, when the intruder took leave, and floated away, to our no small satisfaction.

The following evening our travelling companions contrived to get into a scrape. We descried them at a considerable distance from their boat, retreating doggedly and slowly towards it, before a "tail" of angry villagers, which would have quadrupled *Daniel's* in the number of joints. Fortunately the bark of the Bengalees is in general worse than their bite. In this instance, however, they pressed upon our friends very closely, and complimented them with some of their richest oriental flowers of rhetoric. The leader was evidently a very holy man, smeared over with some mixture, of which dirt and ashes formed no inconsiderable portion: his forehead was painted red and white, and his sole garment was a zone, not of brocade, round his loins. He carried a long staff in his hand. His bearing was threatening in the extreme, though he abstained from offering personal violence to the unfortunate offenders. His companions, who followed, applauded their reverend leader's oratory most vehemently.

Thus escorted, the gallant ensigns gained at length their castle, but the clamour continued, and became even mote violent after they had stepped on board. We could not at all divine the meaning of so unexpected an apparition emerging from the small village that lay a little way inshore. Shortly, however, it melted away like a summer cloud. In ten minutes the whole were lost sight of.

When the alarm had ceased, the besieged again ventured forth, and immediately came to disburden their sorrowful hearts to us. They did not know, they said, that they had done anything to provoke the people. They had merely thrown some lumps of earth* at a little, ugly ten-headed and fifty-armed image under a banyan tree. They had seen many such that they could have bought for two or three pice a-piece in the China bazaar. Of these unne-

* There are no stones in the plains of Hindostan.

cessary heads and arms they had deprived it of about one-half, when that savage ourang-outang of a man perceived them, and immediately collected all the villagers. He then came upon them with such grimaces and diabolical utterances, followed by his black angels, that they were obliged to retreat. They ultimately pacified him, by giving a rupee, on the suggestion of a servant, for the purchase of another god, which he took altogether to himself, and then walked away, discharging, at the same time, his rabble from further duty. Cheroots and a little grog soon restored their equanimity; a new lesson had, however, been taught them. Fortunately they received it in Bengal. In upper India they would have fared differently, and not so well.

On the following day we passed Plassey, the scene of the decisive action fought in 1757, between Lord (then Colonel) Clive and Surajah Dowlah, Nuwab of Bengal, which finally secured the possession of Bengal to the British. The bed of honour, we were told, had become the bed of the river, from the latter's change of course, and we consequently sailed over the field. The day was very squally, with much thunder and lightning, and we were obliged to moor twice or thrice when the gusts of wind came on violently. This weather betokens the breaking up of the rainy season. In the evening it became fair, and we visited a Hindoo temple that was near our halting place. There was little to be seen within the building, except an image of Gunesh, having his elephant-head adorned with a chaplet of the large jessamine flowers. For the enjoyment of this treat we had to pull off our boots, and pay a rupee!

At about two o'clock on the succeeding day, we were in imminent danger of being lost. For, whilst sailing along with a fair breeze, we were suddenly checked by some extraordinary kind of obstruction. On investigation we discovered that we had got jammed in between two branches of a sunken tree. Here we were detained for a couple of hours, and were obliged to ask assistance from our consort. The water being very deep, it was with difficulty we were released. We then made the best way of our way to the nearest village, where the budgerow was careened and examined, as she had taken in more water than usual. Little harm was done, though we were fairly brought up for the remainder of the day.

Trees sunken in this way are exceedingly dangerous in the Ganges. The river changes its course so rapidly, by undermining the banks, that I have seen whole groves of large forest trees submerged, having been totally uprooted by the force of the current, and lying prostrate in the newly-made bed. They occur frequently in deep water, and not being visible, are particularly dangerous to boats, which are often overset and lost from collision with them. When the river encroaches in this manner on a village, the inhabitants march away with their thatched roofs and property, and leave the bare mud walls standing. Many of these deserted villages may be seen on the banks of the Ganges. The inhabitants settle themselves farther in-shore, where they build new walls, and place the old roofs thereon. The natives, on hearing of this occurrence, say such and such a village has run away. A village will also "run away" in the course of a night, in case of a flood, and many have thus passed over from the territories of the Nizam, and the Nizam's Government, into those of "the Company."

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No V.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MICHAEL O'LOUGHLIN,
MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

" My conception of a perfect judge is this—he is a man who, in advancing through his long career, has, by observing the conduct of others, obtained a thorough knowledge of vice and injustice, without ever suffering the slightest taint of either to appear in his own soul."—PLATO DE REPUBLICA.

WE now come to another change in his fortunes. One of the great objects of popular affection, beloved by all who knew him, and by those who knew him not held in esteem and veneration, he was singled out by the government as a co-operator with them in a new and altered administration of the laws in Ireland. A system had just departed, based on the mischievous and absurd principle, that the state of war is the only natural relation between the people and the government—a system, the policy and honesty of which stand on the same level. Sir Robert Peel resigned the sceptre, and with the retirement of Lord Haddington from the castle, a wonderful revolution took place in that old haunt of servility and corruption. The long polar night had now passed away, and a morning of beautiful promise succeeded, bright with the hope of a rich and glorious day. That which "leadeth the counsellors away spoiled, and maketh the judges unrighteous," was gone, and great was the rejoicing thereat. The office of attorney-general, which, under the judicious management of Mr. Blackburne, fructified to a splendid plum, was committed to the care of Mr. Perrin; and Mr. Pennyfather, after an official existence of only six months, which the purity and dignity of his fine mind never suffered him to dishonour in one single act, surrendered the solicitor-generalship to the custody of Mr. O'Loughlin. In the selection of both, ministers acted a prudent part. A Protestant and Catholic divided the two great law offices. The rival parties in the state were both represented. Neither had reason to complain. Impartial government is like a well-executed portrait—many look at it, and each beholds the cheerful smile of the figure directed to himself. Such was the effect produced on the public eye by the joint administration of O'Loughlin and Perrin. Intolerance certainly found no part of its principles represented in Mr. Perrin; but the essential characteristics of true Protestantism—freedom of conscience, a generous toleration of opinions, the unrestricted right of all men to civic honours, found in him a proud and honourable assertor. With the choice of Mr. O'Loughlin the Catholic party were in ecstasy—a vast swell of enthusiasm pervaded the country. This they considered the first instalment of the great debt, on which the emancipation act signed judgment, and certified for immediate execution; but six years passed away, and succeeding governments smiled scornfully at the demand. A Catholic solicitor-general was at length admitted to the privy council and the castle. The first result of these popular appointments was cheering to the friends of freedom. Prosecutions for libel against a portion of the liberal press remained over after the removal

¹ Continued from p. 132.

of the late officers of the crown. A friend of ours waited on Mr. O'Loughlin, and inquired whether the prosecutions would be persevered in. "No," said he, "they shall not. While I am in office the press shall have full freedom; its language, indeed, must be extravagantly licentious, and utterly subversive of that sound liberty, which in its healthy state the press tends so much to uphold, before I shall undertake its prosecution. The government which I serve does not wish to make every ebullition of passionate feeling in public writers amenable to law." Such were his noble words. I heard them repeated a few minutes after he had expressed them—their force and honesty made a strong impression on my mind. And well has he acted up to the elevated sentiments they contain, and more than justified the latitude of his promise. The illiberal press omitted no kind of boldness in vituperation; he was assailed with a succession of vulgar and envenomed slanders—the daring license of faction never waxed so riotous: the limits of free discussion were wantonly transgressed, and an accumulation of libels, false as they were bitter, heaped on the devoted head of the solicitor-general. But he looked on them with a manly intrepidity; invective only soothed him into a generous oblivion of its rancours; odious nicknames were lavished on him,—he merely smiled at the absurdity of the inventor. "The best apology," says the glorious John Milton, whose equanimity was often tried by prelatical and court slanders, "is silence and sufferance against false accusers, and honest deeds against dishonest words." Mr. O'Loughlin thought so too, and continued to look on with calm dignity, until the empty tumult spent its impotence against motives it could not rightfully impugn—against the purity of a mind its fury could not affect. He might have aroused the avenging spirit of the law, and armed its severities, but he felt his character needed no justification. His object was national repose, and however vicious and criminative, the acerbity of party must soon die away. He reasoned justly—the storm soon subsided—ireful passions slumbered, and his judgment and wisdom appeared conspicuous and unstained over the tranquillity that succeeded. In office, his course was signalized by sagacity and prudence—his eye took in at a glance the horizon, around which his labours were to extend, and he prepared himself for the task with cheerfulness and determination. The great principle which regulated his conduct, both in this and the office he subsequently obtained, was usefulness. He might have stood in a brilliant foreground, and fixed the enthusiastic admiration of his country by improvements more showy and ostentatious than beneficial; he might have vaunted himself on principles never to be pursued, and professions never to be practised. In the trembling state of the ministry at that period, popular declarations from one of their officers would strengthen their government in Ireland, but his timid mind shrunk from, rather than courted, popular applause. His mildness was excessive; still it enabled him to effect what more violent tempers could not accomplish. Jealousy against himself there was none—the sweetness of his disposition wholly disarmed its influence. He strenuously laboured to clear the laws of the remains of intolerance, a poison which the Relief Bill had theoretically purged from the

statutes, but whose bitter dregs still leavened their administration. He gave increased strength to juries, as the protectors of the lives and liberties of their fellow-subjects, and so prevented accumulated experiments in colonization. By the abolition of crown challenges, in numerous cases, he brought the people to a conviction that the government had no unnatural lust for their blood or exile, or an unfair privation of their personal freedom—a feeling which before worked strongly on the shrewd and sensitive minds of the Irish. A beneficial effect was so produced on the tumultuary and vicious. Men who see their lives respected by the laws will be inclined to look on them with favour, and be governed by their restraint. But if there was a partial relaxation, there was also strength and steadiness in the administration; the law was enforced with increased effect. Before, its unjust severity formed the rule, its proper execution the exception. He reversed that order of things, and if the severity abated, the execution progressed. Men will always be governed by the instrument of their own happiness: the true principle of legislation is the parental sentiment, and the people of Ireland, whose genius is affection, soon rallied round a system which seemed to have a solicitude for their moral and social advancement. Their interests were respected, their exigencies listened to, and their confidence and devotion were unbounded. The attorney and solicitor-general worked admirably together; there was no variance in opinion, no contradiction in sentiment—both were arrayed in the pure light of an independent intellect, and were determined to do unflinching battle against prejudice and bigotry. They were violently assailed, but their firmness was unshaken: like Sir Artegal's Man Talus with his iron flail, their impartiality travelled the land, north and south, crushing and trampling on local oppression. The wrong-doer found security no longer in injustice—the spirit of diligent inquiry was abroad, and its searching influence left no hope of escape to the transgressor. One of the judges of the Queen's Bench left a vacancy by his death, and the honesty of Mr. Perrin was rewarded with the dignity. Another gradation in the public service now awaited Mr. O'Loughlin, and he was installed in the honours of his fellow-labourer. The government, acting on the prudent principle of sharing the great law-offices between a Protestant and Catholic, looked round for a member of the Protestant bar to succeed Mr. O'Loughlin, and the choice worthily fixed on the present Baron Richards, recommended by a luminous understanding, and a consistent life of political honesty. He was on the eve of starting for India, when he was called to the service of his country, and with reluctance abandoned his vision of Bombay glory to unite with his old friend, Mr. O'Loughlin, in advancing the cause of national improvement. The same earnestness and inflexibility of purpose, which characterized the administration of justice under Judge Perrin, were adhered to. A change in the officers operated no change in the system; it was like the French republic, "one and indivisible." Mr. Richards lacked none of that zeal or ability, which can prosecute a good cause with energy, and shield it from attack or depreciation by eloquence and knowledge. (He and the attorney-general worked hand in hand with sincerity and honesty, and

an occasion now arose which powerfully tested both. An old and acid conflict had long existed between the church and the people. The violent acerbity with which the former enforced its demands, went against the first principles of human existence; the latter became combustible from oppression. Courts of justice, at one period, instead of being the proud citadels of a nation's liberty, were fortresses of aggression, which countenanced one party in their attacks on popular freedom, arranged on the side of the church, round which the battle rolled—their cry was “*summum jus*,” while the people clamoured “*summa justitia*.” Operations on a grand scale commenced—flying artillery—troops of British soldiers, red, green, and blue, scoured the country, but the formidable powers of the law and the army were compelled to yield to the insurgent tactique. Exultation now filled the rebel-camp; but their temporary triumph was soon converted into bitter mourning. The church soon discovered another mode of successful attack. A weapon was found in the armoury of the law, with which she armed her unwavering host against the wicked tribe of the Hittites. One of the most ingenious lawyers at the Irish bar resolved to try the efficacy of the old “writ of rebellion,” in bringing back conscientious recusancy to a sense of pocket-duty to the church. An order was made absolute in the Court of Exchequer to send that harbinger of harmony through the land; from among them forth it passed, shaking the repose and dust of centuries from its wrinkled wings. South it first went, and alit on the ill-fated plains of Tipperary. Applications had frequently been made at the castle for the co-operation of the constabulary in enforcing due obedience to the sacred writ: the attorney and solicitor-general gave an opinion negating the right of the church to the aid of the police, pursuant to the general regulations on which that force was established and conducted. A conditional order for an attachment was granted *con spirito* against Major Miller. On the day for making the rule absolute the attorney and solicitor-general appeared for him, while the church and the writ were powerfully represented in Mr. Pennyfather and Mr. Smith. The occasion was one of vast public importance—on the result depended the tranquillity or tumult of Ireland—the arraignment of a public functionary, acting under the admonition of the government—its law-officers responsible for the correctness of that admonition—and in court to make their personal defence—while against the government, its officers, and the people, appeared the church, the court, and two of the most distinguished lawyers of the Tory bar. The trial was one of strength and knowledge, and the feeling of excitement was proportionate to the stake at issue. The attorney-general addressed the court—his speech was calm and temperate, combining great soundness of judgment with great powers of reasoning. It was marked throughout by a shrewd and comprehensive sagacity: the sobriety of his manner added force to his argument, and he endeavoured to carry conviction more by judicious selection and perspicuous arrangement, than by the high flights of an ambitious eloquence. He moved slowly, but steadily, fortifying one position before he entrenched himself in the next. The closeness of his detail did not fatigue—his precise for-

mality did not displease. He attacked the formidable parchment with circumspection: too cautious to be impetuous, he was on the alert in every stage of his argument. Logical and stringent, he sought no refuge in the lurking-places of sophistry, and if he exhibited less boldness than he might, in denouncing the resuscitation of that cruel and unconstitutional process, which had been long stripped of its practical importance in these countries, still he bore down on its absurdity with vigilance and skill. He made up in keenness what he wanted in energy. How different in manner and language was the solicitor-general! The gentleness which restrained the attorney-general from bursting the ears of the court with warm gushes of indignant feeling, found no abode in the intrepidity of his mind. The patient attention with which the noble barons of the Exchequer listened to the strong and undeniable principles of Mr. O'Loughlin, without seeming in the least degree affected by their force, or alive to their truth, perhaps influenced him to try the effect of a more manly and vigorous appeal to their understandings. And he did so with unrivalled power. With a bold and fearless front, which strongly contrasted with the orderly sobriety of his fellow-advocate, he impeached the power of the court in the first instance, to infuse fresh blood into that lifeless mummy, which lay so long in the museum of the law—an object more to excite our wonder at the tyranny of the past, than for the purpose of vivifying it for present or future practice—if they possessed the power. He next questioned the utility of putting a nation in arms against the church, by supplying it with so terrible and vindictive a scourge; and if they both possessed the power, and were convinced of the usefulness of putting it in motion, he strongly insisted that the constabulary, by their institution, and the orders under which they acted, were exempted from pluming the pinions of this messenger of good-will among men. But all was ineffectual—the syrens on the other side sang too sweetly to the ear of the court, and it was accordingly adjudged, that *every man in the realm* was bound to aid and co-operate in carrying this high prerogative out, this divine emanation of common law into immediate execution. In vain did the law-officers labour within the bar, but abroad they were received with unexampled enthusiasm. For the first time I then heard them both. The reasoning of Mr. O'Loughlin appeared to be closer—but he thought less loftily than Mr. Richards. If the latter had an indignant splendour in his sentiments, which strongly testified the high tone of feeling which influenced his language, the former possessed a sharp and striking simplicity: he worked on the facts of the case with consummate skill, while Mr. Richards revelled more in the broad light of abstract principle. Mr. O'Loughlin's phraseology was light and clear, but less caustic and animated than the firm eloquence of Mr. Richards. He was engaging and impressive—Mr. Richards passionate and enthusiastic. He seemed solicitous to assuage and mollify the prejudices of the barons—Mr. Richards thought of no compromise—he minced nothing.

I now come to another department of his career. He sat in Parliament for the borough of Dungarvan, while he filled the offices of attorney and solicitor-general. The first time he spoke was on a

motion of Mr. Finnis about some Orange addresses to his late Majesty. His words were few, but they were sensible and temperate, and strongly disposed the House in his favour. Some of the present youthful members would do well to consult the *Mirror of Parliament*, and learn the road to parliamentary success from the character of his language. He first gave universal currency to the inimitable "Ebenezer Lyric."

. . . Our hope is in the Lord on high ;
Then put your trust in God, my boys,
And keep your powder dry."

A sentiment truly worthy of the Puritan heroes of Naseby. Sir H. Hardinge, with the utmost good-humour, of course, and a chivalrous passion to shield a work of genius and inspiration from the unmerited attacks of an unimaginative law-grubber, came to the relief of the bard, whose lips seraphim had touched with fire from the altar of the Most High, but he was soon compelled to retreat, after being sadly pitched about on the horns of half-a-dozen merciless dilemmas. When in parliament, he introduced some very useful measures, and was mainly instrumental in throwing out some very bad ones. The Sheriff's Bill, which abolished numerous sinecures, and otherwise saved equity suitors from heavy costs—the bill for extending the courts of quarter-sessions to remote districts, and thus actually carrying justice to the poor man's door. His character stood deservedly high with both parties. In that peculiar eloquence which goes by the name of parliamentary, he was rapidly progressing—with no imagination, no dazzling qualities of sentiment or language—none of the deep inwoven harmonies which form the constitution of the elevated orator, and enable him to reach the real sublime: the absence of these peculiarly fitted his mind for the atmosphere of St. Stephen's. A sagacious observer—an acute reasoner, mastering perfectly all the facts of a subject, and marshalling them with Aristotelic skill: not like the ancient Pentathletes, from whom many of our parliamentary pugilists have studied the art of hitting, he never practised the method of striking on all sides—he dealt his blows forward, and each told. All this he did with a mildness of manner that captivated while it convinced. On one occasion, however, his usual sobriety deserted him, and he swelled into a strain of bitter and indignant, but not unmerited, invective, as powerful and scorching as any perhaps recorded in the debates of Parliament.* A distinguished member of

* On the consideration of the Irish Church Bill, as amended by the Lords, at the close of an able and impressive speech, he begged pardon of the House for being compelled to digress from the subject before it for a few moments. "That bill," said he, "I have supported—that bill I shall continue to support—for so doing let me be called again, as I have been called before, 'a stupendous perjurer.' If that charitable and humane language be again applied to me I cannot help it. I deny that I have deserved it—I trust in God I never shall deserve so infamous a character. I solemnly deny that I ever was an enemy of the Protestant church, or of the Protestant clergy. Many of my dearest friends are members of that church. I feel, in supporting this bill, I do no injury to the cause of the Protestant religion—I feel that that man does more injury to the cause of that religion, who, raised himself to eminence in the church, be it by learning, by piety, or zeal, or by intrigue, is not awed or deterred by a sense of the responsibility at-

the Upper House (to use his own language) "took advantage of his situation in society, and his position in Parliament, to pour out on the head of one who had never offended him in the slightest degree, so overwhelming an imputation as that of having violated his oath;" and truly terrible was his reply. Aroused into a fervour, which the gentlest heart must feel when a man stands up in conscious purity to purge his honour of sinister imputations, he whipped his adversary with a scourge of steel. The cause was strong, but the castigation was savage. Another change in his fortunes arrived, which closed for ever the scene of many a future triumph. After some thirty years of judicial service, the eloquent and accomplished Baron Smith left a vacancy in the Exchequer. The eyes of all were now turned on the attorney-general, and the government did not hesitate a moment in the choice. The elevation of a Roman Catholic to the bench was the completion of their just system. But the promptitude of ministers was received by the object of their favour with hesitation. He demanded time to deliberate—his fluctuation continued, and only after repeated remonstrances he put on the ermine. Many were the causes ascribed to this reluctance, but the strongest I have heard, and most worthy of belief, from the known manliness and rectitude of his mind, was an honourable indisposition to participate in some of the proceedings of that court. A few months before, he had appeared at the bar, denouncing the cruelty of that iron instrument, which tore his Catholic countrymen from their homes to inhale the poison of dungeons—and now to appear in that same court, to justify what he before condemned—to associate his hitherto popular name with the universal odium which the people breathed against its proceedings: these reflections staggered his resolution—they were weak, but they were generous. At length he acquiesced, and for the first time since the reign of James the Second, a member of his persuasion occupied the bench. The last link of the penal chain now crumbled, and judicial exclusion departed like a sound without an echo. Notwithstanding the bloody legislation which jealousy or fear accumulated on unfortunate Ireland, it could not crush the germ of a free spirit, which still survived the wreck—that was the spirit of inquiry, which animates free communities. The persecuted Catholic asked, "Why am I a slave?" With the growth of his intellectual strength, that self-whispered breath of humbleness swelled into a murmur, thence to a cry of indignation, and at length to the fulness of a voice that thundered through and convulsed the land. He saw the holy temples of justice crowded with his vindictive oppressors—the ermine was spotted with his blood, and he wept the tears of a strong man—the stream of a burning heart. But the hour of his

tached to his high station, from assailing with calumny the conduct and character of a man who differs from him in religion—who, instead of promoting peace and goodwill among men, as the duty of a christian pastor dictates, busies himself in fanning into flames the expiring embers of strife and contention—who desecrates the sacred functions of the sacerdotal office, by mixing up religious discords with party prejudices—who evinces himself the slave of all the bad and bigoted passions that debase the christian character, and who, a stranger to every feeling of christian love and charity, incurs the unenviable notoriety of being the diffuser of every calumny which either political malice or religious animosity can invent."

regeneration arrived, and the measure of his wishes was consummated in the appointment of a Catholic judge. In the Exchequer, Baron O'Loughlin was an invaluable assistant—drilled in all its intricate practice, he was quite at home in every variety of business. Motions he dispatched in scores, and, truth to say, some of his learned brethren found his co-operation to be particularly useful. All treated the intruder with an affection quite fraternal; even his grave neighbour looked half benignant. During the short period he remained, no judge ever caught the esteem of the bar so much. Sharp eyes were fastened on him whenever a luckless tithe rebel was brought up to the side bar for contemning a process he had never heard; but he acted scrupulously on the law—he found it, and administered it. Prejudice never ascribed to him an act inconsistent with the high and solemn duties he undertook to discharge. Ho! another change. Sir William M'Mahon died, and he was quietly installed in a situation which he was well fitted to occupy, and from it the public has derived the greatest advantage. I have now carried him through every successive step of his progress; from the white-headed boy, taking notes, to an equity judgship: and now I shall proceed to investigate his character somewhat more closely than the nature of the circumstances which I had to detail in the preceding pages could permit.

In estimating the characters of distinguished men, who have ascended from an honest obscurity to participate in the first honours of the state, the panegyric of the friend is often encountered by the splenetic slander of a foe. When a man, by the pure strength of talent, and ability, without the aid of accident or dishonour, stands out from the mass of his countrymen, and claims the reward of a life of unimpeached honour and professional power, the exultation of one party is assailed by the clamours of the other, extremes of feeling are excited—the enthusiastic idolatry of love generates the malicious rancour of opposition. Such generally is the fate of successful worth. Few reach the haven of dignity without adverse blasts. Let any of the great men, who have ennobled the past, and after a protracted struggle in the cause of public virtue, reached the meritorious repose of the ermine; let them be looked at in the hour of their elevation, and, however loud the national voice rose in their favour, still, in the general acclamation, the hisses of calumny were distinguishable. In diminishing the virulence of faction, no man was more fortunate than the subject of our sketch: none had a more enlarged and attached circle of private friends—none had fewer enemies. The mild and softened glow of philanthropy, the suavity of an agreeable temper, the strong sympathy of friendship, and the conscious possession of integrity, stamped on his countenance corresponding impressions, and left little to doubt as to the formation of his character. The secret of his popularity may be traced to this. There are many who can bear depression with equanimity—few can bear prosperity. Let a man be exalted high over his fellow-men, and his understanding, however strong, and his talents, however splendid, are seldom proof against the intoxicating perfumes of vanity, or the puffed pride of successful ambition. He who is virtuous in retirement may become arrogant in his exaltation. He forgets what he had

been in the dizzy elevation of his new sphere. Power often revolutionizes human opinions and professions.

Honores mutant mores is one of those golden aphorisms which are current in the society of every country: with power, political honesty melts away from its meridian fervour into the dim obscure of twilight, and from twilight gradually into utter darkness—all the old social relations, too, are neglected or forgotten—an affected gravity supersedes the usual frankness—there is nothing of him that was. But these innovations have found no abode in the character or society of our subject. Unchanged by power, unaffected in honesty, he is now what he ever had been. If he was ambitious, his was the ambition to do good—the true and lawful end of all honourable aspiring. Although enveloped in high and dazzling authority, he never lost his way in official moroseness, or deviated from the old course of humility and gentleness. Covered with professional trophies, and standing in rank above many of his old friends, the simple-minded and simple-mannered, “Michael O’Loughlin,” was never hidden in the glare of his situation: that narrow selfishness of soul which engenders an oblivion of past attachments, and leaves its possessor intent only on the pursuit of his own aggrandisement, and the advancement of his own interests, never affected his well-balanced mind, or interposed a barrier between him and the continuation of old regards. True to the youthful habitudes of his mind, and the fine impulses which endeared him to an affectionate circle, office lost him no friend, and made him few adversaries. Public censure, which unsparingly impeaches the actions and motives of man, never charged him with the perpetration of a deed which he might wish to have undone. Party bitterness, lavish in its condemnation of an opponent, left his reputation without a stain: too sensitive of his honour to afford a pretext, his uprightness deprived faction of its sting. His honourable impartiality and proverbial sweetness of temper arose in triumph over accusation. Not a murmur was heard. In England the defence of a judge on such grounds would be considered ludicrous and absurd: there the acid influence of party never operates to a one-sided administration of justice—there the judicial ingredients are better proportioned and harmonized—the great magistrates of the law enter on the discharge of their important functions, arrayed on the side of liberty and the constitution: they are not taught in the adverse school, where the elements of judicial education are principles at variance with the interests of the popular body. The young lawyer, who has been raised to eminence on the shoulders of a party, cannot be supposed, consistently with the failings of our common nature, to throw aside his ragged prejudices with the assumption of the ermine: the feelings and affections of youth still lurk beneath the peruke, and, however solicitous he may be to hold the scales of right with a steady hand, there will still remain, perhaps, an involuntary disposition to incline the balance. I do not mean to impugn the general character of any portion of the Irish judges; far from it. On matters unconnected with old and cherished tendencies, no men more firmly and impartially administer the rights of property and sustain the dignity of the laws. The greater number of the present judges are as able and erudite as perhaps the same number of legal

functionaries in any courts in Europe. Their knowledge I dare not question; I allude to their political inclinations; and where these influences intervene, even an inexperienced eye may see that old habits have not lost their force. The man who is convinced of the noble duties of his office, who comes to their discharge without bias and without bitterness, who holds forth the urn of justice, that all may indiscriminately come and drink of its refreshing waters—such a man worthily sustains the envied part of a great magistrate—such a man is the present Master of the Rolls in Ireland. The leading attributes of his mind appear to have been a patient and undiminished assiduity beyond the capacity of most men—a tenacious memory, which held its acquisitions with the firm gripe of steel, and an unrivalled facility of imbibing knowledge. He could sit down for hours to investigate the foundation of a principle: undaunted by defeat on the first inquiry, he never sought refuge from its perplexing difficulty in the less intricate solution of another. Nothing accomplished until he had crushed the obstacle, he applied himself again and again with renewed vigour, and finally rose triumphant. The exigencies of one day he never deferred to the next; step by step he marched through impediments, and left nothing undone which time and labour could effect to secure professional success. His willingness to communicate what he knew endeared him to the junior—his unassuming manner and gentle obsequiousness made him equally acceptable to the senior. He seemed to have acquired knowledge more for the pleasure of communicating it to others, than as a means to his own fortune or his own fame. He was ever tremblingly alive to undo the difficulties of the inexperienced, and cheer him by his learning and admonition: his more advanced years confirmed this generous propensity. He had only one great aspiration through life, one devotional wish—that was eminence at the bar; that alone he pursued, from the day when, a beardless boy, he entered the name of Michael O'Loughlin on the books of the King's Inns—for that every object was abandoned. That intellectual dissipation, which enervates minds of a high order, never took hold of his—that imprudent pursuit, which, by drawing off ardent minds from the cultivation of one science to waste their powers on a more extensive and attractive range, leaves behind a superficial knowledge of many—a thorough knowledge of none. His early social habits, the warmth of his disposition, the agreeable vivacity which characterised him, never loosened his grasp on the object of his ambition. Vice never drew him from his studies; and if he ventured within that magic circle in Irish society, where wit and hilarity were the presiding gods, he at least came out untainted by its fascinating influence. His talents were useful rather than splendid; and if he did not possess that proud pre-eminence of intellect, which belongs exclusively to minds cast in the noblest moulds of nature, but which is often accompanied by faults that diminish our admiration, he possessed other intellectual virtues equally valuable to his country, and honourable to himself,—industry, prudence, sobriety, sound practical sense, a consistency never violated—an integrity never inculpated. His mind was a spot of inviolable serenity, never disturbed by the political storm which raged loud and incessant through

the land. He was never absorbed in that tremendous whirlwind of agitation, which drew within its vortex all the passion and patriotism of Ireland. Like Atticus, he was one that kept above water at all times, and was well esteemed by all parties. Through all the conflict of elements he observed a calm and dignified neutrality. Not that he possessed no fixed opinions, or adopted the unwise sagacity of those keen but mistaken observers, who trim their sails to every wind—

“ Damned neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Who are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring.”

By no means. At an early age his feelings were enlisted under the banners of that party which struggled for the equalisation of civil rights; and though he took no active part in the assault, his soul was with the stormers. That fortunate frame of his understanding, which enabled him in his profession to act with unconquerable industry and perseverance, also enabled him to look with an undisturbed eye on the bitter confusion, which extended its baneful influence on every side, and infected the minds of men with the acrimony of almost personal hostility. Nowhere did these noxious influences diffuse themselves more widely than at the bar—nowhere was man more unsocially arrayed against his fellow man. Protestant ascendancy inflamed the gall-bladder of one—Catholic equality the other. In that unnatural rivalry he never took part—equally careful not to flatter the pride of his own party, or hurt the prejudices of the other by severity or re- crimination. No man could assert that factious spleen pointed his language, or led him to a course of conduct incompatible with feelings of decent regard to the religious or political opinions of others. By such candour and moderation he earned the applause of all good men, and pursued his path to power and honour, bearing no “ heart-stain ” on the unsullied purity with which he reached through difficulties to distinction. The smiles of all men greeted him from the day when he appeared first in the hall of the Four Courts to the day of his last elevation. I firmly believe, notwithstanding the memorable onslaught on his reputation by the formidable army of nicknames, he was never darkened by the frown of real enmity. He had no sorcery of brilliant eloquence to captivate or dazzle: disdaining to catch admiration by glittering sentiments, or sonorous periods, he only said what was fittest to be said. Never deviating into the language of extravagance to seek material for a hit, a generous passion nevertheless sometimes hurried him from his habitual repose. Witness the manly reply quoted in the preceding pages. His statements were plain and unadorned—as free from obscurity as his reasoning was without perplexity. He was shrewd and lively, but his shrewdness never degenerated into sophistry, or his liveliness into petulance. Leibnitz said of Grotius, “ There is gold in that dunghill, and the fellow knows where to dig for it.” Here lies the secret of his success—he always knew where to search for the gold—in a heap of multifarious matter he detected the precise spot where the ore was to be found. This was the result of his wonderful tact and excellent memory. When he glanced at the mass, he at once got at the core. His stock of principles, and cases was inexhaustible—their application prompt and judicious. Mr. Warren, in his useful “ Guide to Law Students,” somewhere re-

marks (to prove the extent and quickness of Sir John Campbell's knowledge,) that a junior barrister, being sorely puzzled for a case, applied to Sir John, who, it appears, is not parsimonious of his knowledge. He looked at the perplexed junior's brief, and immediately referred him to a case in point, giving not only the names of the parties, but also the page of the report. The same accuracy and promptitude belonged to the Master of the Rolls. We have heard of numerous instances where seniors and juniors amply partook of his professional bounty. His perspicuity was never disturbed by violence or undue vehemence of manner. Even the irritating energy of Mr. C—p—r could never subdue his even sobriety. His positions were enforced with every species of argument, and illustrated with all the prodigality of legal science. To a capacity of research, which shrunk from no detail, he united an application undissipated and unwearied. The labours of the law seemed less a duty he was bound to discharge than a pleasure he delighted to enjoy. The theory of his profession was as perfect as the practice. He viewed large and complicated questions on every side, and the final determination of his judgment took place only after an investigation as profound as it was accurate. In examining the arguments of others, he analyzed with clearness—in laying down his own he was terse without being flippant, and concise without being obscure. Never grasping more sense than he could hold, imprudence never led him into frivolous and empty parade. Scorning to force attention by turbulent self-importance, his ways were the ways of peace; he gained over men to his opinions by processes of thinking so smooth, and transitions from their own opinions so easy, that they were compelled to believe the conviction which followed was the legitimate result of their own thought, when it really proceeded from the strength of his reasoning. He sought not to crush by insolent contradiction, or mislead by crooked sophisms. He was one of what may be termed the *intense* school of law—a term which distinguishes them from another sect, which I shall denominate the *diffuse*. The former employ the strongest possible words to illustrate or explain their meaning—like drapery on a wet statue, the language sits close to the sentiment, and the force of the argument is apparent through the close texture of the phraseology. The diffuse school, which has numerous disciples at the Irish bar, acts on a principle totally different. There, as an ill-designed sculpture, the proportions of the body are concealed beneath the vast folds of accumulated drapery—the deficiencies in reasoning are attempted to be compensated by a generous profusion of words. Sound sense to nonsense is in the proportion of an inch to an ell—an extraordinary supply of husks with few kernels. The diffuse school he early eschewed—words he properly thought should be the representatives of things, and not of nothings—so he always took care that his language should be the fitting vesture of his thoughts, and ancillary, not cumbersome, to his advance. Time with him was too precious to spend in the spiral system of travelling, where there is much motion, but little progression. Ignorance delights in curves—knowledge in straight lines. He had too much merit not to provoke jealousy; but his unvaried good-humour, while it conciliated confidence, and promoted respect, also subdued the vulgar emotions of ill-will and envy. Unconscious, per-

haps, of possessing that singular pliancy and strength of intellect with which one highly-gifted man may compass the various excellencies of being at once a great constitutional jurist, a practical lawyer, a dexterous advocate, and an accomplished orator, he prudently gauged the depth of his faculties, and chose perfection in one to mediocrity in all. He was among the first of practical lawyers. His talent was equal to his tact—but talent is of comparatively little advantage in seizing that intricate and evanescent kind of knowledge which constitutes the practice of the courts—that mysterious science eludes the penetration of talent—the far-seeing eye of genius cannot detect it—tact alone surprises the wary monster, and subjugates it to his service. Of that branch of service he was the incarnation. Besides Tidd, Buller, Archbold, and the whole phalanx of practice writers, whose elaborate accumulations he could almost sing out without a pause, there is a system peculiar to the Irish courts, which has gone on, augmented every year by new orders and rules. Dictum and decision have swollen its enormous bulk, until the whole has formed such a ramified and cross-grained mass, that the most active memory and diligent assiduity can alone compass it. He fully succeeded in circumventing its variety, and rendering it a permanent, as well as most profitable, portion of his knowledge. Talent is the union of invention with execution—tact of quickness with sagacity; the latter combination formed his distinguishing characteristic. No man was quicker in seizing a defect, and working it out to his own advantage—none more wary in exposing the vulnerable side of his own cause, or giving an adversary a loop for an objection. I have heard him, in some cases leaky as a sieve, fortify their weakness with arguments that appeared irrefragable; and when the opposing counsel bore down, armed with law and justice, he still contrived to cover his retreat with extraordinary adroitness. I shall speak a few words on his parliamentary career, which, had it not been cut short by his judicial elevation, promised to be one of utility and splendour. The failure of English lawyers in the House of Commons has become almost proverbial. Many of the distinguished men, who have sat on the bench in an atmosphere of light, have been silent or insipid in St. Stephen's. The luminous Murray lost much of his radiancy there—"Judge Festus" trembled under the terrible sarcasms of Pitt—Erskine went from the bar, which he dazzled by the purple glories of his divine eloquence, to light up the old chapel with renovated lustre, but he came out "an archangel ruined," with much of his brightness diminished. He stammered dull periods without connexion or energy, and sat down without a shout of acclamation—a silence to which his noble oratory had not been accustomed. Sugden, Pollock, &c. &c. are exemplars of the same want of success. Brougham and Denman are illustrious exceptions; but the general rule is still unimpeachable. Our Irish lawyers do not generally experience the same prostration. They have fully sustained the national character for eloquence, and conciliated the most fastidious assembly in the world by their practical good sense, and the soundness of their understandings. Lord O'Plunkett, (of whom Sir J. Mackintosh observed, that if he had been trained from an early age to a British House of Commons, he would have shared the applause of present and future ages with Lord

Chatham,) O'Connell, Shiel, Perrin, O'Loughlin, Jackson, have each met with different shades of success. The long practice of lawyers, in their own profession, certainly limits their habits of reasoning, and on general subjects tends to produce a narrowness and obliquity in their modes of thinking. "The law," says Burke, "tends more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all other kinds of learning put together, but it is not apt to open and liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion." This is true, though it is not also less true, that in no other service has the human understanding more opportunities for continual exercise, and in no other is it stretched out to its fullest extent. The Master of the Rolls entered Parliament, furnished with ample and well-cultivated powers of argument, and another great element of success, a keen knowledge of the world. Not unfitted by scruples for practical service to his country, nor lowered to the herd of vulgar politicians, which placed him immediately in a favourable light with the House, his character was sure to command respect—his intellect to secure success. When he spoke, he stated his opinions with such reserve, that they found a ready reception—avoiding boisterous assertion, he was uniformly listened to with strict attention. His parliamentary language was not very plastic or ductile, but he generally had words expressive and appropriate. His sentiments had little loftiness or dignity, but they were always pure and unaffected, always fused into and interwoven with his subject: he had no bitterness for sarcasm, or fierceness for invective—his mind was unsuited to both; but his mildness could reconcile an adversary, or lower him in the estimation of others. He preferred the clear and forcible to the elevated and diffuse; and if he was not copious, he was always correct. Coarseness of expression he never indulged in, from that repugnance to offend, which springs from true generosity of mind. He approached less to the "*diva eloquentia*," than the calm, orderly, and subtle movement of the Attic, which instructed the reason more than touched the passions. Never rising above argument, and confining his ambition to common discourse, he had more of Lysias than of Demosthenes—of Calvus than of Cicero. He studied the attainment of a chaste correctness, and found it. He now dignifies that chair on which poor Curran pined for six years: what to him was an abhorrence and drudgery,* is a delightful enjoy-

* I may be excused for quoting here an extract from his beautiful letter to Mr. Grattan on the subject of his appointment to the Rolls. In 1789 it was agreed among the liberal party, that if they should succeed to office, Mr. Ponsonby was to have the first, and Mr. Curran the second place. The period arrived, and the former got the chancellorship. Curran was promised the attorney-generalship; but after various delays, he was forcibly pitchforked into the Rolls, a situation of all others least suited to him—from the attacks of the Ponsonby party, he thus defends himself. "As to the place, it was the very last I should have chosen—it imposed on me a change in all my habits of life—it forced my mind into a new course of thinking, and into new modes of labour, and that increased labour—it removed me from that intellectual exercise, which custom and temper had rendered easy and pleasant—it excluded me from an honest enjoyment of the gratification of an official share in an administration, which I then thought would have consisted principally, if not altogether, of the tried friends of Ireland. When the party with which I had acted so fairly had, after so long a proscription, come at last to their natural place, I did not expect to have been stuck in a window—a spectator of the procession. From the station which I then held at the bar, to accept the neutralized situation of the Rolls, appeared to me a descent, not an elevation. If I had no allurement of

ment to its present possessor. His elevation to that office has been of great public utility. The late Master of the Rolls was a painstaking man, but perniciously slow. A simple motion or petition cost him a world of trouble: he looked at every corner, turned it up and down, and having exhausted as much time as, with ordinary expertness, might have committed great ravages on the list of the day, his decision at length came forth. This gentle progress always left him in immense arrear. Every day brought its accumulation, until the list groaned from the number. Barristers held briefs for half-a-dozen terms without the possibility of "slipping in" a motion. Suitors were in miserable suspense, costs were rapidly augmented—all was dissatisfaction. The present Master succeeded, and vigorously commenced the creditable process of clearing off old scores. With unexampled speed he passed through the columns of arrears, and soon purged the tremendous list. Whether solicitors were rejoiced thereat, we shall not take upon ourselves to say, but the public have much reason for delight. The old and expensive system of referring back to the chancery masters, he has in the generality of cases abolished, and thereby affected a wholesome diminution in equity costs. His motto now is, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." He slips through cases as fast as they are listed. In the old days of delay, the late Master sate nearly through the whole year, so preventing many barristers from enjoying the emoluments of circuit. The times are changed, and the Master now doffs his judicial drudgery with his brother dignitaries; and the nabobs of the inner bar may now enjoy the freshness of spring, and the voluptuousness of summer, in their semi-annual tour through the provinces. His perception is almost intuitive—he sees at once into the very heart of a case, and confirms or dismisses with astonishing quickness. If counsel are anxious to lavish their learning, he listens with ease and good-humour, and argues with them, when necessary, with the ardour of an advocate—meeting their objections, and overthrowing their subtleties, and all in such a pleasant temper, as to delight the counsel while he condemns their argument. To the junior members of the bar he is particularly kind—their feelings are never hurt by that ancient rudeness which generally welcomed their appearance in the Rolls Court, over whose door there seemed to them to be written, as over the portals of another place, "No hope have ye who enter here." Inexperience is assisted without making it sensible of its incompetency—he remembers when he wanted experience, and he keenly sympathizes with those who need it. To the junior he is not merely gentle—his gentleness partakes almost of the warmth of affection. He is their friend. The same attachment and devotion, which gathered round him at the bar, has followed him to the bench. Men of all creeds and political opinions universally concur in the opinion, that a more useful, enlightened, and impartial officer, never dignified the throne of justice.

wealth—for diminished as my income had been by the most remorseless persecutions for years, by which I was made to expiate the crime of not being an alien to my country, by birth or by treachery, it was still abundant when compared with my occasions, and was likely to continue so long as those occasions would last."

URSEL.

A TRUE STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

"'Tis mighty fine talking, Ursel," cried Nickel Wechsler, a cobbler of notable repute in the archiepiscopal and archpicturesque city of Salzburg, to his sister Ursel, one of the prettiest damsels doing honour to the Sunday balls of the suburbs, "but I tell you that no good will come of all this frisking and junketing. If half the time were passed at your knitting-needles or spinning-wheel that you spend before the glass, or in capering at profane waltz-meetings and cross-bow shootings, your name would be less bruited in the neighbourhood."

"For which reason, good brother, I prefer joining in a merry dance to dangling a woollen stocking through my palms seven days in the week, when six ought to suffice the diligence of the most persevering knitter in Salzburg. I choose to plait my hair before the glass, instead of twisting it up sullenly in a corner; I choose to dance—I choose to sing; for 'tis no reason because I am merry, that I may not be merry and wise. If my name is oftener cited among the lads and lasses of the neighbourhood than suits certain prudish ears of my acquaintance, what is the worst word they string after it? Coquette! Some call me pretty Ursel—others merry Ursel—and a few disappointed men and envious women, Ursel the coquette. I snap my fingers at them! So long as I remain Ursel the blameless, those who love me have no need to resent my being more thought of than other girls of my age."

"Less thought of—more *talked* of!" persisted Nickel, punching away at an upper leather, as thick as his own skull.

"Who dares to say less thought of?" cried Ursel, planting her round and mottled arms upon the back of his chair. "Is it not well known that every Sunday and feast day, I have as many partners pretending to my hand, as you have made eyelet holes during the sermon wherewith you have been lecturing me? Did not Count Formian's head-gardener open the ball with me last St. Fiacre's day? Did not——"

"Why do you ask me—since, frequenting no such ungodly assemblages, I am unable to reply?" demanded Nickel, lifting his dismal face towards the joyous countenance of his sister.

"Truly no! and the life of penance you lead, (by way of making court to Fraulein Agnesia, the old canon's housekeeper,) is almost an excuse for the cross-grainedness with which you pass judgment on your innocent sister. It sours your blood, my good brother Nickel, to hang over your last from morning till evening, and to waste your breath from evening till night upon that detestable trombone, which is the cause that we cannot get admitted as lodgers into any genteel abode. It is only in this dull alley, with a coffin-maker next door and a coppersmith opposite, that they will put up with clanging and

tapping all day, and a trombone all the evening! Take my advice, Nickel—(I have as much right to give advice as yourself)—throw over the Fraulein Agnesia—throw the trombone into the river, and your leathern cap over the windmill, and make a man of yourself! A mug of Bavarian beer now and then—a waltz occasionally on the greensward—a new suit at Christmas, and a merry heart all the year round, will render you happier than dangling after the prim prude, who you fancy must have dollars in her pouch, because she has the canon's keys at her apron-string."

"I would have you to understand that it is not for the hope of pelf, Ursel Wechsler, that I sometimes repair in hours of recreation to the little temple of harmony in the cathedral close," said Nickel, mysteriously.

"For what, then, in the name of heaven? You will never persuade me that you take pleasure in listening through the wainscot to the snoring of the Herr Canon, in the adjoining chamber; or to the discourse of the shrew of a housekeeper, which consists of cutting remarks upon innocent girls like myself, whose heart and heels happen to be lighter than her own?"

"The Fraulein has undertaken to get me promoted to the post of trombone-player in the cathedral," said Nickel, in a self-satisfied tone.

"She might as well promise to get me made an archdeacon!" cried Ursel, with a hearty laugh. "Because you have a knack of fancying that you prefer Beethoven's symphonies to Strauss's galoppas, do you suppose that Herr Grumph (who is said to be the first chapel-master in the known world) would let you up into the music gallery, even for so much as to become organ-blower? Bah, bah, Nickel! be wise in time—stick to your last, Nickel; and eschew the ambition of tromboning, or of rendering your sister a copy of the poor mortified looking atomy of a woman, whom you allow to pay you her addresses."

"I am ashamed of you! I say no more than that I *blush* for you," cried the cobbler, tapping away with redoubled zeal.

"So can I not say of yourself," cried Ursel, affectionately. "For of *you*, brother Nick, I am right proud, except when I find you the dupe of a hypocrite, or disposed to play the tyrant over your poor orphan sister."

"Don't say that word again—for it goes right through my heart, like my awl through this scrap of leather," quoth Nickel. "Well do you know, my dear little Ursel, that had you a father in life to control you, or a mother to counsel you, it is not your brother Nick who would take upon him to interfere with your diversions. But you have none but *me*, Ursel. We two are alone in the world; and should any harm befall you——"

"*Harm!*" reiterated the conscious maiden.

"Ill tongues are harm," persisted Nickel.

"Then heaven defend me from that of Agnesia!" ejaculated his sister.

"Better defend *yourself*," replied the cobbler. "Abstain, my pretty little Ursel, from the pink ribbons that give offence in the

eyes of the serious. Restrict yourself to one visit per month to the Rainbow Beer-gardens; and above all——”

Ursel saw what was coming, and adroitly evaded the intended interdiction.

“If it were but to pleasure *you*, brother, not one foot would I ever set before the other in the Rainbow Gardens again. But I perceive from whose quiver this arrow is launched, and I defy it. The old creature detests everything younger and better-looking than herself; and just because, and *only* because, the officers of the carabineer brigade chose to——”

“Ursel,” cried Nickel, sternly, “I won’t hear another word of all this! You have no right to slander those who are more prudent than yourself. I frequent the Canon Dietrich’s house, first, because I am artist to the establishment;—(I mend his reverence’s soles, and keep Miss Agnesia’s clogs in repair;—)and secondly, because, as I have already informed you, thereby hang my hopes of preferment. Once established in the music-loft, I might rise to be organist—*Kapell-meister*! who knows, perhaps, to be a Haydn, a Mozart, a Beethoven! But neither my pride nor my vanity has the smallest share in the advice which I give to my motherless sister, that she be more cautious in her comings, and goings, and delectations. That vapouring jackass of a drum-major, who holds himself for the finest sight between this and Innspruck, will be the undoing of your good name, Ursel. ’Tis a fellow who will hint more slander by a twinkling of the eye, than others circulate by a whole week’s backbiting.”

“Not a word against Conrad Stein!” cried Ursel, primming her pretty mouth into an air of determination. “I am resolved not to listen to a syllable against the drum-major.”

“You must put something thicker than cotton into your ears, then,” exclaimed Nickel. “Not a man, woman, or child, within half a mile of the Linzer-Thor, but warrants him a jackanapes!”

“I don’t say nay,” replied Ursel, mildly. “Our neighbours here at the Linzer-Thor are scandalous folks. The best word they have for yourself, brother Nickel, is *stockfisch*! I should be sorry to repeat the epithet they apply to the canon’s housekeeper.”

“And is Otto Wirbel also a man of evil tongue?” demanded Nickel. “Inquire of Otto Wirbel what *he* has to tell of Master Conrad’s proceedings at Naples, during the last campaign.”

“Inquire of Otto! when I have your express interdiction against intercommuning with anything that bears firelock, sabre, or sword,” cried Ursel. “No, no, brother. If Otto Wirbel has anything to say against Conrad, he may put it in his pipe and smoke it, for me. I want to hear nothing on the subject; and least of all from *him*; of whom, as a fellow townsman and old acquaintance, I would fain think handsomely, and not as a vender of scandals.”

“E’en as you list!” said Nickel, wearied by frequent repetition of his task of monitor. “All I can tell you is—(and I said as much last night, when warming myself in the old arm-chair beside the stove of the Herr Canon)—that after all the admonishments you have had, if you still persist in running head-foremost into evil, I shall think it no duty of mine to make a war of extermination against those who

think and speak lightly of one who chooses to give them cause. I have said it, Ursel! Henceforward, as you are your own enemy, become your own champion."

"I have no recollection of having imposed a tax upon your valour in my behalf," said Ursel contemptuously. "You may even join, if you will, the host of my ill reporters; for I have more fear of the harshness of my own brother, than of that of Conrad Stein."

Yet with all this vehemence of defence,—for Conrad Stein pretty Ursel cared not a straw! Like others of her sex, the cobbler's sister strove to conceal her real inclinations, by pretended enthusiasm in favour of one who was no more to her than a straw drifting along on the waves of the Inn. Otto, her fellow-townsmen and neighbour—Otto, over whom, from twelve to seventeen, she had tyrannized, just as, from two to twelve, the boy had tyrannized over herself, was the secret idol of Ursel Wechsler; and nothing but the poverty, which had driven the poor lad into the stern ranks of the Austrian army, prevented the fair maid of the Linzer-Thor from giving him so much encouragement, as might wring from him the confession of a reciprocal attachment. But the young soldier was pennyless; Ursel had not smiled, and Otto had not spoken. Reading rejection in the frowns of her scornful brow, he resolved to think of Ursel Wechsler no more; and if some evil spirit derided his vow by nightly reproducing in his dreams the form he had dismissed by day from his thoughts, it was no fault of Otto.

To the interrogations of his commanding officer, he would sometimes half distractedly reply the name of Ursel: and to the sallies of his wild companions, still "the one loved name." In the spirit though not in the flesh,

Ursel was ready, ere he called her name;
And when he called, another Ursel came.

The more the living Ursel despised and misused him, the more the Ursel of his visions was disposed to heal the wounds inflicted by her breathing prototype. The spiritual copy bore truest witness of the secrets of Ursel's heart. Whenever at the Rainbow Gardens, or in the public promenades, or even in the aisles of the cathedral, or Thestiner's church, the saucy sister of Nickel turned slightly away at the approach of the handsome young carabineer, sometimes to bestow her choicest smiles on the drum-major, sometimes to exchange a glance with a group of young college-students, among whom the name of Ursel Wechsler was a favourite toast;—as sure as he laid down his head that night on the straw bolster of his barrack-bed, the ærial form of the skittish damsel would glide to the bedside, breathing words of kindness, and promising eventual reformation to reward the constancy of his affection.

"Heaven knows best!" mused Otto at times, when facing a severe drill under a summer's sun, or enduring the ungracious reproofs of some boy-officer on a rainy field-day.—"In spite of her seeming savageness, at heart the girl surely loves me. The drum-major is a liar as well as an ass. It is the drum-major, and not poor Otto Wirbel, she

is deluding. I would not give a kreuzer for the chance of the drum-major."

Ursel, meanwhile, would not have given a kreuzer for the drum-major's whole person, accoutrements included, from the tip of his regulation feather, to the point of his jack-boots. A coquette at heart, she was unable to resist the temptation of leading in her chains a hero six feet four in his boots, and six feet nothing without; and was too apt to accept his love-tokens of nosegays and Grätz gingerbread, and fine protestations; but in her soul she despised him for an empty coxcomb; and did but follow the example of the great ladies, her betters, who encourage empty coxcombs, when handsome and fashionable, to the disparagement of many a worthy fellow, plain-spoken and plain-looking.

Not that the latter epithet was applicable to Otto Wirbel—a fine soldier-like young fellow, who had brought back from his Neapolitan campaign a sprig of laurel, and a scar that added a more manly character to his fine bronzed open countenance; never clouded, save when the skittishness of Ursel caused his heart to swell, and the gossips of the barracks to take note of his discomfiture; and never so bright as when dreaming of making her his wife, when the death of a rich uncle, the miller of Newmarkt, was to enable him to purchase his discharge. In spite of the adverse projects of the demure Nickel for his sister's establishment in life, and in spite of Ursel's perplexing coquetry, it was not more than twenty times a month that Otto was driven to despair, or to the vowing of a vow that he would never again set foot in Nickel's house, or call down by his assiduities the disdain of Nickel's sister.

One afternoon, meanwhile, a week or so after the foregoing remonstrance, Ursel sat impatiently waiting her brother's return to the house from his visit to the cathedral close, that she might be at liberty to fulfil an engagement with the young wife of her neighbour, the coppersmith. Having drawn forth Nickel's darling trombone from its case, she laid it on the table, with a book of anthems open beside his chair, and a bottle of beer ready to be opened beside the book of anthems, placed a clump of wood in the stove, and closed the shutters for the evening, in order that her brother might devote the time of her absence to his favourite pursuit. But, in spite of her thoughtful zeal, no Nickel made his appearance. In process of time, she was compelled to place a lighted candle beside the music-book, and gather together the embers of the exhausted clump—yet Nickel was still absent. He had, doubtless, been retained to supper by the prim housekeeper. Regardless of his sister's convenience, he was sharing the Fraulein's light porridge, while the coppersmith's fritters were getting heavy and cold, and Ursel's heart grew heavy as they. She was actually vexed into a fit of fretfulness—nor was it till, at half past nine at night, it became time to put her glistening locks into curl-papers, she heard a low tap at the window, which was Nickel's mode of announcing himself. Hastily drying up her tears, and assuming an air of sullenness, worthy the injured wife of some truant husband, Ursel now prepared herself to unbar the door.

But to her amazement, instead of the apologies for which she had

prepared herself, Nickel brushed hastily past her, without an attempt at excuse; and leaving her to replace the bolts and bar, dashed down his fur cap upon his unoffending trombone, and threw himself doggedly into a seat.

"I hope you found the Fraulein's cheer savoury, brother, and her March beer sound," cried Ursel, having completed her task, and taking up her candle to retire to bed.

"I have tasted neither the one nor the other," rejoined Nickel in a surly voice.

"Another time, then," resumed Ursel, with dignity, "when you have pledged yourself to smoke away your evening at the beer-house, forewarn me, that I may make no promises to go abroad. As your carouses occur not above once in a twelvemonth, the difficulty will be the less for all parties."

"I have not had a pipe betwixt my lips, nor have I crossed the threshold of any house of entertainment," persisted Nickel, in the same morose tone.

"I will make no further questions or conjectures, then," cried Ursel; "for they might lead to answers unseemly for me to listen to; but——"

"You will *not*—eh?" cried Nickel, bursting forth into sudden violence. "Then, what I have to say to you, girl, shall be delivered without query or prompting. I have been to the carabineer-barracks, Ursel."

"So much the worse for your shoe-leather," replied Ursel, nothing daunted by the explosion of his voice; "for the hill is steep, and the pavement sadly out of order."

"It may be so; but my heart ached too sadly to leave me leisure to note it," replied Nickel, lowering his voice, and the alteration of his manner subdued at once the heart of Ursel. Her attention was now engaged. She set down her candle, and prepared to listen.

"You will not ask me what caused my heart to ache?" continued the cobbler, pushing away the trombone, and making a space on the table for his two elbows, on which to rest his chin. "*You*, sister, who just now found so many idle questions to gabble over to me, are suddenly struck dumb."

"By no means. Of course you visited the barracks to confer with your friend, Herr Hähn, the band-master, touching some professional matter of trumpets or cymbals," said Ursel, with assumed carelessness; "or, perhaps, because you wished to enjoy a game at dominoes with ——"

"No more trifling!" cried Nickel, sternly. "My visit, sister, was no matter of recreation. I went to the barracks to visit the infirmary."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ursel, in a faltering tone. "Has the drum-major got the ——"

"The drum-major has got less than his desert," replied Nickel, sternly; "poor Otto somewhat more!"

"Otto!" cried Ursel, turning pale as death. "Otto Wirbel in the infirmary? I saw him yesterday. How long has he been ill?"

"He was wounded this morning about half an hour after parade?"

"Wounded?" faltered Ursel, falling into a chair.

"By Conrad Stein, who is at this moment under arrest!" and Wechsler was about to add more, when he perceived that all colour had forsaken the cheeks of his sister, that she was almost insensible, and wholly motionless.

"Ursel, look up!—Rouse thee, wench!—rouse thee—rouse thee!" cried Nickel, patting the palms of her hands, unfastening the belt that bound her slender waist, and terrified at the evil consequences of his harshness.

"What brought about the quarrel between Otto and Conrad Stein?" said she, when at length she recovered the power of utterance. "Answer me, brother—answer me truly."

"No mortal knows what caused the two blockheads to fall to the words which caused them to fall to blows," replied Nickel: "they quarrelled this morning as the regiment was quitting parade; met half an hour afterwards behind the garden of the old Kapnziner cloister, fought with small-swords, like fools or madmen; and by dinner time Wirbel was carried into the infirmary, mortally wounded."

"No! not mortally; if you love me, don't say mortally!" cried Ursel, springing to her brother's arms, and hanging round his neck.

"I say not only what I *fear*, but what the regimental surgeons have announced," replied Wechsler. "The drum-major was arrested this afternoon and thrown into the black-hole; which is what causes, I suppose, these tears and sobs."

"Who cares for the drum-major! Let them hang or shoot him, if they will," cried Ursel, almost frantic. "But why sent you not home to apprise me? I should have been at the barracks as speedily as my feet would carry me."

"Because I would not have you mortified by being bidden to trudge home as fast as they would carry you back again."

"Are not women suffered, then, to enter the infirmary?"

"Not suffered! How else would poor Otto's old mother be at this moment weeping and praying at his bedside?"

"Is she at his bedside?" moaned poor Ursel.

"Marry is she, poor heart-broken creature! I felt half ashamed to show my face in her presence. But she bore me no ill-will. *She* guessed not the cause of the duel."

"And do *you* guess it, then, brother Nickel?"

"I know only the common report of the barrack-yard. The soldiers were standing in groups, when I entered, discussing their comrade's misfortune; and *your* name, Ursel, reached my ear in every direction, as the motive of Otto's disaster. Did I not forewarn you against that ass of a drum-major? Did I not tell you that evil would come of your caperings and junketings?"

"But as yet we know not that *this* evil, at least——"

"I know it," interrupted Nickel. "In the look of compassion, sister, with which our poor dying friend regarded me, as I stood beside his pillow, I read your accusation. I am as convinced as I now strike my hand upon this table, that it was in defence of my sister's good name poor Wirbel drew his sword!"

"O weh! O weh!" faltered Ursel. "What cause have I ever given for slander?"

"As much as many who have gone out of the world leaving but a ragged reputation to cover their memory," said Nickel. "It was but last night, the good Agnesia thought it right to apprise me that Conrad Stein had been giving out to all who chose to hearken, that you had met him last week by appointment in Count Firmian's garden——"

"And so I did," cried Ursel, too impatient to listen to the end. "But our meeting, God knows, had a blameless motive, and my friend Frau Schmidt for witness. And if such be the cause of dispute between Stein and my poor dear Otto, I will up to the barracks at daybreak, and set Wirbel's mind at rest, by a full and true explanation of the affair."

"Wirbel's mind will be at rest by daybreak without any explanation of yours," said Nickel, gloomily. "He is condemned—his name is on the black roadster. It is all over with Otto!"

"In danger—in imminent danger? Methought you did but say so to punish my heartless coquetry," cried the now-distracted Ursel. "Good Nickel, dear Nickel,—beseech you accompany me this very moment to the barracks—beseech you, do: I have words to say that will bring comfort to the suffering man."

"I tell you it is useless," cried Wechsler; "Wirbel would no more consent to see you than to see a demon; and even were he so minded, I was myself turned away by the surgeons. The patient is to be kept strictly quiet till the second dressing of his wound. They have ordered that none but his poor old mother shall keep watch by his side this night; and 'tis thought this night will be his last."

"At least, dear brother, let us *try*," sobbed poor Ursel.

"I will forth upon no such fool's errand: content yourself," said Nickel, doggedly.

"Then truly I will forth alone," cried Ursel. And in a few minutes, arrayed in her hooded cloak, and bearing a night-lantern, she prepared herself for the expedition.

"Since you are so wilful, it shall not be said that I exposed my father's daughter to the insults and misusage of a barrack-yard," cried Nickel, clapping his fur cap upon his head; and lo! with Ursel hanging on his arm, he retraced his steps up the steep ascent towards the barracks, and there, bidding her await him a moment at the postern, contrived to obtain such an answer to her application, from the soldiers on duty, as sent her home weeping and hopeless. That was a grievous night for the penitent Ursel.

Next morning, soon after day-dawn, she was again at the barracks; no longer accompanied by the surly Wechsler, but by her compassionate friend and neighbour, the coppersmith's wife. Her success, however, was no greater than on the preceding night. The surgeons would allow no visitors to Otto Wirbel. She returned in the afternoon—she returned again in the evening; and at this fourth visit managed to have her name taken up to the accident-ward, in which the wounded man was confined, by a comrade admitted to visit the infirmary. But alas! her last hope faded on the return of the soldier. Otto Wirbel begged not to be disturbed. He wished to hear no further mention of Ursel Wechsler.

Pride ought now, perhaps, to have come to the maiden's aid; but

at this crisis of misfortune, not even pride would stand her friend. The more she found herself spurned by her victim, the more willing she was to grovel on the earth at his feet, confess her fault, and implore his forgiveness. There was no sacrifice Ursel would not have made to vindicate her honour to the ears of the dying man, and implore his pardon for her heartless levity. But it might not be. Otto was positive in his refusals; and Ursel was at length fain to content herself with despatching her brother to the barracks twice a day to obtain tidings of the sufferer.

For some days they sounded sadly in her ears. For some days the surgeons feared the worst. But at the end of a week, Otto was declared out of danger; at the end of a fortnight he was almost convalescent. An unimpaired constitution had seconded the efforts of his attendants; and ere the month was at a close, Otto Wirbel was reported to his commanding officers *not* as fit for duty, but fit for imprisonment. It had been proved during his illness that the challenge had originated with himself; and he had now to answer for his breach of discipline.

A court-martial was accordingly impanelled; the two offenders were brought forth; and as it was known to be the emperor's desire to check by rigorous measures the propensity to duelling which had of late years manifested itself in the ranks of the Austrian army, a severe sentence was anticipated. All Salzburg interested itself in the event: the female kind in favour of the handsome drum-major—the male in that of their brave fellow-townsmen, Otto Wirbel.

But who can describe the bitter anguish of Ursel? Who depict the struggles of conscience with which, till the sentence transpired, she accused herself as the ruin of her good Otto—her beloved Otto—her cruel Otto; wringing her hands in unavailing remorse, and supplicating her brother, almost on her knees, to go and bear witness against her in court, as the sole cause of his breach of subordination. Fortunately, the cobbler was of a more sober frame of mind. It did not need the sage counsels of the canon's housekeeper, to advise him that the council of war cared little for the cause, though much for the sequel of so condemnable a breach of discipline.

If, however, there existed among the gossips of the Linzer-Thor any so hard-hearted as to wish that Otto and Conrad might have to atone by the gauntlet, or perhaps a yet more cruel punishment, for their offence in the eye of the law, they were disappointed. As much to the amazement of Fraulein Agnesia as to the delight of Ursel, such honourable testimony was borne by his comrades and superior officers to Otto's gallantry in the Neapolitan campaign, that his sentence was commuted to hard service and suspension of pay for six months to come; while Stein was degraded to the ranks, and required to abdicate the staff of his beloved office of drum-major.

Most people admitted the sentence to be over lenient, yet regretted deeply the mode in which it had fallen upon Wirbel. For every *kreuzer* of the young soldier's pay and allowance had been heretofore devoted to his poor infirm mother; and as to hard service, the consequences of his wound had so enfeebled him, and the disturbance of his mind so tended to retard his recovery, that he was scarcely fit for

his ordinary routine of duty, much less for laborious work. Still the court had been too merciful to admit of his hazarding an attested petition to that effect to the president. He chose to submit in silence. It should never be said of him that he showed a more craven spirit on the occasion than Conrad Stein. Whatever duty, therefore, was assigned him, was cheerfully executed. Courage stood him in stead of physical force. His brave spirit conquered all difficulties, and while his comrades insisted that he ought to report himself sick, young Wirbel, with wasted brow and feeble step, was seen fulfilling tasks such as would have appalled a galley-slave. He fancied that should a portion of his six months of punishment be passed in the infirmary, the suspension of his pay might be extended beyond the term, to the injury of his destitute parent.

But there was one person who endured all this with a keener pang than the sufferer. Every grievance sustained by Wirbel fell with heavier weight upon the soul of Ursel Wechsler. Her strength failed with his—her cheek paled with his—her heart sank with his. She kept watch over all his movements—*distint* watch, for his unrelenting heart still refused to entertain a syllable offered in extenuation of the past; and every day she breathed her self-accusing murmurs to her brother—"that the council of war had better have condemned Wirbel at once to an honourable death, than to die by inches"—still ending with the declaration that *she*, the most unhappy maiden in all Salzburg, was the cause of all!

These occasions were not, of course, left unimproved by so judicious a moralist as Nickel. Many a time and oft did he lay aside his awl of a morning, and his trombone at even-tide, to repeat with "damnable iteration" in the ears of his weeping sister, the homilies daily recited to himself in the canonical tone of the cathedral close; setting forth that Otto was indeed dying of weakness, Otto's mother of hunger and cold, and that Ursel, the coquette, and no longer the blameless, ought to die of shame, as the remote origin of the evil. Fortunately, however, for the wounded spirit of Ursel, she knew one part of these accusations to be unfounded. No privation had as yet befallen the old mother of the chivalrous, but cruel carabineer, inasmuch as the hoardings of her previous industry, and all she could gain in addition, by plying her spindle or knitting-needles at the leisure hours once devoted to girlish recreation, were now devoted to replenish the widow's cruse. Artless as she was, Ursel had too much delicacy to appear openly as the benefactress of Wirbel's mother. She contrived, with the assistance of the coppersmith's wife, to make her gifts appear the donations of a charitable lady of rank; and the poor old woman's limbs were warmed, and her meals made plenteous, by the industry of one who was denied, now and for evermore, the happiness of being to her as a daughter. Frau Wirbel was as resolute in refusing to have the name of the Wechslers pronounced in her hearing, as Lady Capulet could have been in turning a deaf ear to that of Romeo Montagu.

Unluckily, the winter set in hardly—early frosts darted forth their chilly influence from the gorges of the Salzburg mountains. Even in November the ground was covered with three feet of snow. The

sledges went tinkling and whirring along the roads, and the glittering Inn, rippling through the city between shaggy borderings of ice, that vainly strove to unite its surface with the frozen banks. Poor Ursel was forced to cover herself round in her cloak and eider-down quilt, while, for several hours after midnight, she plied her busy wheel, unknown to her brother, who snored away the night, dreaming of fugues and motets, oboes and trombones, unwitting the toils and sorrows of his disheartened and repentant sister. But never once did Ursel allow herself to indulge in the luxury of fuel—so long as the aged limbs of Otto's mother were dependent upon her for warmth, it was her duty to suffer, and be frugal. Her teeth chattered—her blue hands could scarcely hold the knitting-needles—her whole frame ached with intensity of cold—but not a murmur escaped her lips.

One night—it was just twelve days after Christmas—and all Salzburg was holding its feast of the Epiphany, or *heilige drey Königstag*, after the fashion common to all Christendom, of eating spicy cake, and electing a king (or magi) for the night. The stoves glowed with social fervour from one end of the city to the other. The river reflected back the illuminated windows of the quay; and but for the bitter whirling gusts that blew across its half-frozen waters, there would have been pleasure in contemplating the streaming of those innumerable lights upon the embankments of icicles and snow. But it was anything but pleasure to be abroad in such a night. The cutting blast drove every living thing to shelter. A few miserable masterless dogs sat cowering close beside the house-doors, as if striving to imbibe the warmth exhaling through the crevices; and beside one or two doors, where the festivities of the inmates had congregated a sledge or two, the drivers, dismounted from their boxes, leant against their beasts for comfort, while the horses seemed reciprocally comforted in the vital contact. All was frost—cutting, penetrating, darting, exterminating frost.

Ursel Wechsler, meanwhile, having declined the invitation of the Schmidts to solemnize with them the cheerful festival of the *königstag*, sat solitary beside her scarce warm stove, awaiting the return of Nickel from Canon Dietrich's, whither he had taken his trombone to recreate the ears of his ancient dulcinea with a sonorous *Weihnachts lied*. The evening had been long and dreary; but she comforted herself with the reflection that on that night the second month of Otto's sentence of punishment expired, and the earnings of her preceding week had exceeded the amount of a whole month of Otto's forfeit pay. These happy thoughts, and the hum of her busy wheel, beguiled the time, till Nickel's usual knock was heard, and the cobbler, bearing his instrument in its green-baize bag, was admitted into his domicile.

"A cruel chilly night, take my word for't!" cried he, proceeding to rake the all but extinguished embers of his iron stove. "'Tis not twelve minutes' walk from the cathedral hither; yet I doubt whether the most wretched French caitiff of the Moscow campaign had more ado to keep his fingers' ends from freezing, than I, as I crossed the bridge;" and Nickel shuddered audibly, suiting the action to the word.

"I thought Fraulein Agnesia had promised you a draught of the Herr Canon's Twelfth-night spice-bowl?" said Ursel, looking up from her wheel with a smile.

"And so she did, and kept her word, and even favoured me with a second to wash down the first," said Nickel, stamping his feet upon the brick-floor, as if to restore animation. "But even spice and wine lose their zest in such a night as this. I swear to you, *liebe schmester*, I am as chilled as though I had been lying a twelvemonth, stiff and stark, in the vaults of the cathedral."

"Jest not upon the dead," replied the now sobered Ursel, in a grave tone.

"Faith! I am ill-inclined to jest upon anything," cried Nickel; "the cold seems to have got into my heart."

"Will you try a glass of *kirsch*?" demanded Ursel, compassionately. "I have not yet opened the flask which our cousin Johann brought me from the Tyrol last summer."

"No, no!—keep the gift for some better occasion," cried Nickel. "Tyrolian *kirschwasser* is a thing not to be sneezed at, or tipped idly in a corner. 'Tis the sovereignest cordial on earth, and beats to sticks the cherry-water of Switzerland, or the Black Forest. Some feast-day or other, I will tell you news of Johann's *kirsch*."

"Have you had a merry evening?" demanded Ursel, putting by her wheel with the intention of preparing for bed.

"Merry is scarce a befitting mood for the sober hospitalities of the Canon Dietrich's establishment," replied Nickel, demurely; "but I played my *weihnachtslied* completely to my own satisfaction, and smoked my pipe by the stove, and drank my draught, or draughts, as I have already acquainted you; and had it not been for the intrusion of that noisy senseless brute, Agnesia's cousin, the foreman of the saltworks at Hallein, the evening might have sped glibly enough. But, for my part, I would as soon be in the company of an ox, as of that Alpine bear."

"He is often at the canon's house of late?" said Ursel, carelessly.

"Too often—as you would doubtless infer," replied her brother. "The excellent Agnesia takes more pleasure in his company than altogether pleases me, while *I* take nothing but disgust. Never does the rude rascal omit saying something malicious and mortifying—sometimes reflecting on Salzburg,—(*he is a Bavarian by birth*,)—sometimes on my calling—sometimes on my sister—sometimes on myself; while, far more frequently than is becoming, his deluded relative thinks it courteous to reward with a smile, the stale pleasantries of her kinsman. This night, for instance, when I apologized for the somewhat impaired tones of my instrument, as being chilled by the frost, not only was he pleased to be jocose touching the freezing of the tune in baron Munchausen's horn, but when I enlarged upon the bitterness of the weather, could find no better answer than to bewail the fate of Otto Wirbel, who, it appears, for his sins, is mounting guard this night on the summit of the Mönchsberg. The Herr Stephen passed him at nightfall almost expiring of cold, and swears that the poor lad will be dead before morning. He intended the intelligence, my pretty Ursel, as a reflection upon *you*."

"On whom else is it a reflection?" sighed Ursel. "But what cruelty to select a man recovering from heavy sickness,—a shadow, a very shadow,—to occupy such a post on such a night! The Mönchsberg! Why he will be scarcely able to keep his footing against the blast."

"And a storm of snow and sleet setting in for the night," added the considerate brother; "I warrant he'll be found three feet under drift, by morning, poor dear Otto!"

"At what hour is the guard relieved?" demanded Ursel.

"'Tis a twelve hours' watch; from seven till seven, I fancy," replied Nickel; Otto has now been three hours exposed to the biting night winds. A strong man is puzzled to withstand them in such weather; far more a poor puny sickly invalid. By Sant Stephen! 'tis a heinous thing to expose a poor ailing being like Otto to such a peril. But they say there's strife against him among the officers of his corps. The lieutenant, young Zachy, has some cause of enmity against Wirbel."

"Who knows it, alas! better than myself?" ejaculated Ursel, conscious that her indignant rejection of the young baron's insolent love-suit, by a bold avowal of unalterable fidelity to Wirbel, had proved the origin of his animosity. "Nickel, if you are a charitable soul," she continued, "gird on your sheep-skin cloak, and carry poor Wirbel a draught of this comfortable cordial."

"And why, I pray you, should I put in peril my own life by confronting the inclement skies, to solace a man who has been the innocent cause of so much annoyance to us all?" demanded Nickel, with indignation.

"Christian charity—gratitude for his services to your sister," Ursel began.

"Bah!" interrupted the cobbler, "charity begins at home; and the difficulties I experienced this night in getting through my *winternachtslied* convince me that, were I now to take cold, my trombone must be laid aside for the winter. My lungs, Ursel Wechsler, are no longer what they were."

"Nor your heart neither," mused Ursel, in the depths of her own. "You will positively not go then?" said she aloud.

"Positively, definitely, firmly, I will not budge this night from my comfortable home."

"Good night, then," quoth Ursel, seizing the candlestick, and moving towards the door of her bedchamber; "good dreams to you, brother, till to-morrow."

And having returned her salutation, and deposited his trombone in the cupboard and his beaver-skin cap on a peg, Nickel went and did likewise. In a quarter of an hour he was snoring sound asleep.

But it was not with a view to repose that Ursel had hurried into her chamber. Ursel's first movements there were to drop on her knees for a hasty prayer; and having commended herself to the protection of Heaven, she donned her warmest cloak, her clogs, her fox-skin breast-plate, and having tied over her chin a long silk shawl of Italian manufacture, the gift of Otto Wirbel, on his return from Naples, waited till the silence of the place, interrupted only by the

ebb and flow of Nickel's audible slumbers, assured her that she might venture forth. Then, stealing towards their little buttery-hatch, she filled a small bag with refreshments (not forgetting Johann's memorable flask of Kirschen-wasser,) and turning the key stealthily in the lock of the house-door, sallied forth into the snow. Her first encounter with the chilly night-wind deprived her for some moments of breath; and as she took her way towards the Mönchsberg, Ursel continued to sob like a child recovering the shock of its first plunge into a cold-bath.

The way was long—the way was bitter—the way was solitary: but so pre-engrossed was Ursel by her own reflections, that she never once noticed its hardship. It was not till, having reached nearly the summit of that steep rock, through which the passage cut by a defunct archbishop, bears eternal and eloquent witness to his memory, (“*Te Saxa loquuntur*,”) that she found herself scarcely able to stand against the whirling eddies of snow. The city lay at her feet with its thousand lights; yet all appeared to be in utter darkness;—so blinding were the snow-gusts which drove against her frozen face.

Ursel, having now advanced within a few paces of the lonely outpost guarded by Otto, expected every moment to be saluted with the “*Wer da?*” of the vigilant sentinel;—but not a sound. The watch-box was close beside her. She stood upon the little eminence exactly overtopping the Mönchsberg-gate; but not a word from Otto. Overpowered by presentiments of evil, Ursel rushed forward. No Otto was in the sentry-box: it was only by turning the light of her little lantern in all directions that, a short distance off upon the snow, she discerned some dark object, which her forebodings did not deceive her in announcing to be the prostrate form of Wirbel.

In an instant she was by his side, chafing his cold hands, warming on her bosom his senseless brow, and at length, insinuating between his lips a few drops of the restorative cordial with which she came provided. But still, Otto gave no token of life. His arms hung listless—his form lay half embedded in snow—his eyes were closed. No breath was on the blue lips of the soldier.

“Oh God! he is dead—he is gone! He hath died here, succourless, of feebleness and cold. And I, miserable fool that I am, have been the cause of this!—Otto!—my own Otto!—my only love!—my love from childhood!—my good, brave, precious, generous, loving Otto! Oh! what will become of his mother, when these miserable tidings reach the ears of the widow Wirbel!” And either the kisses wildly bestowed by Ursel upon the cheeks of her victim, or these frantic outcries, at length reached the torpid soul of the soldier. Wirbel heaved a deep sigh, and unclosed his eyes, to find himself lying under the overclouded canopy of heaven, his head upon the knees of a woman, whose warm breath and falling tears seemed to have recalled him to life and consciousness.

“How is this?” faltered the soldier, attempting to uplift his feeble limbs. “Where am I? and who hath thus charitably relieved me?”

“Drink this, dearest Otto,” murmured Ursel, again offering the flask to his lips. And without heed of the voice that addressed him, the soldier imbibed a mouthful of the kindly spirit. He was revived

Struggling with his sense of helplessness, he gradually raised himself; and Ursel, too, rose and stood upright beside him. But the little lantern, which still lay on the drifting snow, threw no light upon her face; and Otto had still no suspicion that he had been assisted by more than an accidental passenger.

"I thank you, good woman," said he, "for having thus providentially preserved my life. But for your accidental arrival at this desolate spot at this late hour, I should have been found dead at my post, when the patrol came its rounds. A thousand and a thousand thanks. I am an ailing man; unmeet, God knows, to weather nights like this; and how I shall make through the hours to come He only can tell who hath this once preserved me. In *His* mercy do I put my trust—in *His* strength I am strong. Farewell, good friendly wayfarer. Take a grateful stranger's advice, and lose no time in regaining the city. A hurricane is coming on."

"Regain the city, and leave you here alone?" cried Ursel, in her natural voice; "never."

"*Ursel!*" ejaculated the soldier, starting from her side, "*Ursel* Wechsler? Is it to *you*, then, my safety is owing?" cried Wirbel, snatching up the lantern and turning it upon the pale face of his devoted assistant. "Rather would I have perished in the snow; maiden, than be in aught indebted to such friendship as your own."

"Say not so!—Oh! say not, say not so!" cried Ursel, joining her hands in supplication. "Be merciful, Otto!—be forgiving. My girlish fault has been expiated by the anguish I have endured during your danger—your sickness—your imprisonment—your trial. I am here, my own dearly loved Otto, alone in the darkness of this dreadful night, only to aid and comfort you. I heard of your being on guard at the Mönchsberg outpost, and guessing what would ensue in your present weak and wasted condition, flew hither to be your comforter. Do not reward me thus! Give not curses for blessings."

Involuntarily the warm-hearted soldier extended a hand, which was instantly locked between those of Ursel, and covered with her kisses. "It is generous of you, I admit, to be here," whispered he. "But far rather than that you should have done this rash thing for my sake, would I learn to forget that hateful assignation with the villain Stein, at Count Firmian's garden. O Ursel, Ursel! you whom I had hoped one day to make my wife!—that you should have deigned in favour of that fool—that knave—that castaway—so much that——"

"What on earth did I ever vouchsafe to Conrad Stein which was not granted in the eyes of hundreds of witnesses?" cried Ursel, interrupting him. "Once only, I admit, we met at the Firmianische gardens—once, when by invitation of Kaspar, the head-gardener, I accompanied thither our neighbours the Schmidts to view the orangerie; the drum-major, having overheard the appointment, contrived, as by chance, to meet me there. But what did his sauciness avail him? So coldly was he received by us all, that he was forced to say a hasty good day, and make his way back again to Salzburg."

"And was this really and truly all?" cried the overjoyed Wirbel.

"All—all! as God hears and judges me! Nay, there were wit-

nesses! Inquire of my friends the Schmidts—inquire of Kaspar himself—too jealous a man to have supported the presence of Conrad Stein, or countenance my folly.”

“Ursel, I have been hasty,” cried the relenting soldier. “Yet had you heard the vilifying vaunts with which this lying fellow, in presence of the whole barrack-yard, alluded to the circumstance——”

“I should not, on such testimony, have condemned the friend of my childhood,” cried Ursel. “But enough of Conrad. To-morrow, Otto, if we live so long, I will bring you into the presence of those who witnessed the whole of the transaction. To-night, think we only of yourself and your sufferings. Eight terrible hours still remain to you, my beloved Otto. How will you abide the trial? You are scarce able to stand. At any moment the faintness may return.”

“I am indeed chilled to the very marrow!” faltered Wirbel. “A soldier ought to be ashamed to confess so much. But my wound has recently reopened. I am fitter for the hospital than for this post, only that I chose not to report myself on the sick list, for reasons relating to my poor mother.”

As he spoke, a sudden whirlwind drove the blinding sleet in eddies around them; and while Ursel stood firm, the enfeebled soldier had great difficulty in keeping his feet.

“Were I but once warm again,” said he, with chattering teeth, “I would be wiser in maintaining circulation by keeping myself in continual motion.”

“That advantage might easily be accomplished,” said Ursel. “The kilns are not above a quarter of a mile down the mountain side. I rested there on my ascent; and could scarcely support the unnatural heat of the place.”

“Be the temperature what it may, it avails not to me,” cried Wirbel, “since I may not, for a moment, desert my post.”

“And who is to know that you deserted it?” cried Ursel.

“There pass occasional travellers and carriers along this road; who, missing the challenge of the sentinel, and suspecting that mischief had befallen him, would probably institute inquiries.”

“If that be all, I flatter myself I am as well able to shout, ‘*Wer da?*’ and demand the word, as the best man of you all!” cried Ursel, with spirit.

“You, Ursel?”

“Lend me your cloak, schakos, and musket, and I will cheerfully mount guard till you return.”

“You fancy that I would leave you alone in this dreary, desolate place?”

“I fancy that you will obey my injunctions, Otto, as you used formerly, when you loved your poor little Ursel. And I hereby protest to you, that only on condition of your repairing instantly to the kilns, and remaining there half an hour, till you are thoroughly warmed and restored, will I consent to overlook your want of faith, in giving ear to the calumnies of Conrad Stein. Refuse me at your peril. But, no! you will not refuse me, Otto!—you will not afflict

the soul of your own Ursel!—you will comply with my entreaties, *Nicht wahr?* Dearest, dearest Otto! say yes, and set my heart at ease.”

“But should the captain take it into his head to go the round of the outposts, at midnight, according to regulation?” demanded Otto.

“You well know that it is not once in fifty times the Mönchsberg post is visited. But let us not lose our opportunity. Quick! your schakos—your carabine—and away with you to the kilns.”

The woman tempted Otto, and he did go. After more disputing than it might amuse the reader to record, he eventually complied with Ursel's request. Arrayed in her lover's accoutrements, the stout-hearted maiden assumed his post; while her lover, with faltering steps, staggered his way towards the genial atmosphere of the kilns.

Ursel Wechsler's meditations, in the interim, were far from agreeable. She was alone on the isolated summit of the Mönchsberg; alone, in the most dreary night of the dreariest winter. All that Ursel had ever listened to in childhood, by her father's fireside, of goblins and *geister*, black, white, or gray—aërial or terrestrial—forest kings or gnomes—Bübezahl, and every other spirit of Germanic account—now recurred to her imagination! She was in the very position to be exposed to the temptations of unearthly beings. Half-way betwixt earth and sky, on the top of a mountain, it would be a mercy if she were not half-way between the Mönchsberg and the antipodes, before daybreak. It would be a mercy if she were able to call her soul her own by the time of Otto's return.

The wind whistled shrilly, like the spectral voice of some unseen power. The sleet, like arrowy darts, drove piercingly against her face. Deeper howlings soon appeared to arise in the distance,—the howlings of the night wind, imprisoned among the stems of the mountain pines. But the terrified soul of Ursel ascribed them to another origin. She had heard tales of wolves frozen out of the Rhetian forests, coming down in herds upon Salzburg, during an inclement winter. These prowlers of the night were doubtless already abroad, to prey upon such human stragglers as they might obtain. The wolves were upon her! Otto would find nothing on his return but her mangled remains.

Overpowered by this new terror, Ursel sank upon her knees; and closing her ears resolutely with her hands to exclude the hideous sounds by which her spirit was appalled, began to mutter aves and paternosters, determined to beguile the time of Wirbel's absence by unremitting prayer. The fiercer raged the inclement winds, the closer she ensconced herself in the sentry-box—the more fervent became her orisons.

“Heaven will have a care of me,” thought Ursel. “I should never have persuaded poor Otto to quit his post, but by representing to him the ruin his untimely death must bring down upon his poor destitute mother. The same good motive which determined him, will secure divine protection to us both.”

And lo! as she uttered this pious aspiration, a pattering was heard on the snow. It was too soon for Otto's return. The beasts of

prey were doubtless at hand; and groaning aloud in her agony, covered her face with her hands, to meet her fate. In a moment, she was roughly seized—fiercely shaken. But as her ears became uncovered by the movement, it was easy to discern that the rough terms in which she was addressed were uttered in good round German, and that the brutes by whom she was beset were of the human species.—It was Zachy!—It was the captain and his guard!

The consternation of Ursel at this discovery was only to be exceeded by the astonishment of the officer and his men, on finding the Mönchsberg outpost guarded by a woman, and that woman Ursel Wechsler. The young baron, who had been moved to this unusual zeal of duty by knowing that Wirbel was on guard, and hoping that he should find the feeble soldier at fault, was irritated to frenzy by so public a display of Ursel's fidelity. Directing the girl to be dragged to the guard-house, and refusing to give ear to her protestations of Wirbel's dying condition, he left two of his men at the piquet, with orders to arrest Otto Wirbel in case he should make his appearance.

Next day, the barracks rang with intelligence that the antagonist of Conrad Stein was once more a prisoner; and on this occasion, for an offence so heinous in the estimation of military law, that there remained no hope of pardon. Over his accomplice in error, the commandant of the garrison could exercise of course no authority. After passing a night of misery and shame at the guard-house, softened only by the compassionate good faith with which the soldiers listened to her recital of their comrade's sufferings and her own share in producing his misdemeanour, the fair maid of the Linzer-Thor was suffered to depart; to encounter on her brother's threshold the most cruel revilings, as a dishonour to her father's house and a curse to his existence. Not a word would Nickel hear in extenuation. Her good name, he protested, was gone for ever. What honest man would take to his bosom a maiden detected in passing the night with a soldier at a lonely outpost?

Though hard to bear, Ursel Wechsler listened to these upbraidings with comparative unconcern. Before quitting the fortress, she had been assured by the oldest soldiers that nothing remained for Otto Wirbel, but to commend his soul to Heaven; that he was a dead man, as thoroughly as those alluded to the preceding night by her brother as tenants of the cathedral vaults. There was no pardon for an Austrian soldier convicted of having deserted his post.

For a moment the spirit of the exhausted maiden gave way under this pressure of calamity. Otto was to die!—*she* would die too. The widow Wirbel would find shelter for her gray hairs in the grave; and Nickel, who had cast her from his heart, would perhaps afford tears to the memory of his poor sister. But her natural energies were soon roused again. She would not despair—she must not despair;—she would throw herself at the feet of the mayor of Salzburg, in whose household her late mother had been a domestic servant;—she would engage Kaspar to intercede with Count Firmian for his interposition; she would beset every member of the town council—she would procure a petition from her neighbours of the Linzer-Thor. Even the Canon Dietrich should be pressed into the service of mercy.

But strong as was Ursel Wechsler's courage, and diligently as her projected measures were brought to bear, all profited her nothing. The mayor addressed a memorial to the commandant—the town-council interceded—the neighbours petitioned—while the spectacle of Ursel's sweet face, perpetually bathed in tears, might have moved the very stones of the Mönchsberg, far more the human heart of an Austrian general of brigade. Yet the commandant remained inflexible. In military law example is everything; and for example sake, Otto Wirbel must be shot, in order to secure the subordination of the hundred thousand men at arms of his kingly and imperial majesty, the Emperor Francis. Sentence of death was duly pronounced upon the prisoner.

And how did Ursel support this consummation of her evil destinies? Alas! who could reply? Driven from her brother's roof by the severity of Nickel, and the taunts of the savage Agnesia, Ursel had already disappeared. Most people were of opinion that the silent waters of the Inn rolled over the corse of the fair maid of the Linzer-Thor.

The day of execution arrived. At daybreak the troops of the garrison were drawn out in order, to witness the legal butchery of the poor, frail, wasted form of Otto Wirbel. The soldier had exchanged words of comfort with his priest—words of forgiveness with Conrad Stein. His old comrades had shaken hands with him, many of them with watery eyes and heaving bosoms; while his old mother remained locked silently in his arms, till the booming of a gun from the battery, gave signal that the procession was approaching. The coffin of the condemned man was borne forth; the *de profundis* rose from the attendant priests. A company of his fellow soldiers, with their carabines reversed, were in attendance to perform the behest of the law upon Otto Wirbel.

Every heart sickened, as the brave young soldier stepped forth into the winter sunshine; his countenance fixed and firm—his athletic form wasted by confinement and disease. With unflinching gait he took his place in the procession; and the crowd, which had forced its way upon the platform of the fortress appointed for the execution, drew together in closer condensation, to breathe a friendly ejaculation as he passed.

"God bless thee, Otto Wirbel!" cried one.

"Heaven have mercy upon the soul of the best of sons!" cried another.

"Die bravely as you have lived!" shouted a third; "and God forgive your judges."

"He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow!" was murmured in fainter accents by many.

A gleam of satisfaction at these tokens of human sympathy, irradiated the sunken eye of the victim.

Arrived at the fatal spot, marked out by the provost-martial, Otto stood a moment erect, raised his eyes and hand to the sparkling winter sky, as if breathing the submission of his soul to a decree sanctioned by the will of Heaven; and all eyes gazed with sorrowful admiration upon the wreck of that manly form.

At that moment, in compliance with the orders of Baron Zachy, the officer on duty, he was about to strip his uniform from his breast, in order to kneel down for better exposure of his breast to the fire of his friends and comrades—when, lo! a deafening shout rose from the multitude—a shout not to be overpowered by the roll of muffled drums, or repressed by the authority of military despots. Every face was turned towards the spot where the commandant and his *etat-major* were stationed; for a scroll was in the general's hands, and Ursel Wechsler was at his feet.

"A reprieve!—a pardon!—a special messenger from Vienna!" rent the air in all directions, and for once the general voice spoke true.

Moved by the forlorn condition of a stray lamb of his flock, who had thrown herself upon his mercy for personal interposition with the emperor, it was the venerable Archbishop of Salzburg who had condescended to forward to the Imperial Council of War the documents and certificates providently collected by Ursel. The prayer of the righteous man had availed much. The archbishop, a rare petitioner, was not to be rashly refused. The case was taken into consideration, and consideration had redeemed the life of Otto Wirbel.

Not a soul in Salzburg but rejoiced in the commutation of his sentence. Not a soul in Salzburg was surprised when, within a twelve-month of that fatal sixth of January, the discharged soldier was united, at the cathedral altar of St. Ursula, by the hands of Canon Dietrich, and under especial archiepiscopal favour and protection, to the sweet sister of Nickel Wechsler.

It is rumoured, though not expressly written in history, that the Fraulein Agnesia would fain have profited by so auspicious an occasion to become "Frau Nicklas Wechsler;" but the reserved cobbler had withdrawn his suit. Vexed at having suffered himself to be deluded into harshness towards his innocent sister, (or perhaps satisfied that through Ursel's influence he was secure of his promotion to the music-gallery without the interference of either the canon or his housekeeper,) the trombone-player avowed his intention to remain a bachelor. In evidence of this determination, on Ursel's secession from his household, he persuaded the widow Wirbel to become its inmate, who, being stone deaf, presided to the day of her death over the chopping of his *saurkraut*, and the salting of his *gürken*, undisturbed by the gruntings of the trombone. And of all the happy couples now alive and merry in Salzburg, commend us to Otto and Ursel Wirbel, at the Wirthshaus of the "Jolly Carabineer." It was from the lips of the worthy Ursel we had the satisfaction of learning this "true story of true love."

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—Liberal Members.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE — MR. E. J. STANLEY — MR. E. S. CAYLEY — MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY — MR. SMITH O'BRIEN — MR. C. VILLIERS — MR. WILLIAMS — MR. LYNCH.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, the member for North Hampshire, is, as the name imports, of French extraction. As a speaker in the House, he is not much known; but the respect in which he is held by all who know him, in conjunction with his popularity among the members of his own party, entitle him to a notice in a work of this nature. He is a man of excellent private character, and has always acted with the strictest consistency as a politician. He is a special favourite with his constituents; even the Tories of North Hampshire hold him in such high esteem, that it is understood many of them would as much regret his retirement from the representation of that division of the county, as the Liberals themselves. I chanced to be present in Winchester at his re-election* last year, when I heard the highest encomiums pronounced upon him by all parties. His conduct and demeanor are

¹ Continued from p. 152.

* The last election for North Hampshire reminded me of one of the elections in the Town Councils of Scotland under the close borough system. Mr. Shaw Lefevre himself, owing to a domestic affliction, was not present; but the other candidate, Sir William Heathcote, was one of the spectators of the ceremony. The two candidates were duly proposed and seconded, and elected in the regular matter-of-course style. There were the usual shower of eulogies. Sir William Heathcote, the Tory candidate, heard all that was said in his favour by both mover and seconder, without a blush. The sheriff having declared him duly elected, he was at once expected to make a speech by way of returning thanks for the honour done him. "Now then for Sir William's speech!" shouted scores of voices: and many were the ears that were opened to drink in his eloquence. "Ah!" said a lady of considerable antiquity who stood beside me, "you'll get no speech from him. He is not so fond of talking as that." Just as the venerable lady made the remark, a fight was commenced in the crowd. All eyes were withdrawn from Sir William, and turned towards the parties who appeared pugilistically disposed. Hints were dropped that the fight was a sham one, got up for the purpose of affording the honourable baronet a pretext for dispensing with a speech. This was probably an invention of the Liberal party, in the depth of their mortification that he should have been returned. Be this as it may, Sir William did certainly avail himself with great adroitness of the opportunity thus afforded him of escaping from the labour of speech-making. He instantly snatched up his hat, quitted the window whence he was expected to speak, and walked himself out of the room, and away from the place of meeting, without even one word in the shape of returning thanks. "Ah!" said the old lady referred to with much glee, "I knew how it would be. Sir William was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He'll never take any trouble if he can help it." It was edifying to see how soon the fighting ceased after the honourable baronet disappeared; and it was no less so to find that neither of the pugilists had inflicted the slightest injury on the other.

such as could not fail to command the esteem of all with whom he comes in contact. He is a man of great urbanity of manner. He is also a man of extensive information on most of the topics which occupy the attention of the legislature. I am surprised that with his respectable talents, the extent of his information, and the respectful attention with which he is always listened to by the House, that he does not speak oftener. I am convinced that if he were to do so, he would soon attain a more than respectable status as a speaker. His matter, if deficient in depth, has usually the attribute of good sense to recommend it. His speeches are always short. He seems to be in a hurry to get through what he means to say; hence he gives a great deal of matter in a small compass. His style is smooth and easy, without exhibiting any appearance of that polish which is the effect of study. His delivery is rapid, but always fluent. He is scarcely ever at a loss for the proper phraseology; nor does he, except in rare cases, and then but slightly, falter in his utterance. His enunciation is distinct; and he has a clear and agreeable voice of considerable compass. He is moderate in his action. When he rises, he usually puts his hat under his left arm; and makes a gentle movement with his right hand. He generally fixes his eye as exclusively on some particular member, as if that member were the only individual in the House.

In person Mr. Shaw Lefevre is about the middle height, with a slight inclination to the athletic form. He is a good-looking man, with a very intellectual expression of countenance. His complexion is clear, and symptomatic of good health. He is on the right side of fifty.

MR. E. J. STANLEY, secretary to the treasury, and member for North Cheshire, is by some people supposed to be a brother of Lord Stanley's. This is a mistake; they are but distantly related to each other. Mr. E. J. Stanley seldom speaks; scarcely ever except when his office renders it necessary. He is an intelligent man; but is deficient in the vigour of mind which is requisite for acquiring any weight as a speaker in the House. He is one of those who appear to the greatest advantage when, what an American would call, "a mighty deadly" attack is made upon him. Witness the exhibition he made when, in the middle of last session, Sir James Graham so furiously assailed him on the subject of the writ for the Glasgow election. Against the assault of the right hon. baronet he made a most spirited and effective defence. Had that been the first and only speech he ever made in the House, he would have acquired no slight reputation as a speaker in parliament. It was a bold and fearless vindication of himself, and was delivered with an animation which he does not usually display. It was not only a defence of his own official conduct; it contained some effective thrusts at his right hon. assailant. That, however, was perhaps the happiest effort the hon. gentleman ever made. The chief characteristics of his speeches, on ordinary occasions, are the good sense of their matter, and the perspicuity of their style. He seems to have no ambition of attaining to oratorical distinction: I never saw any indications of an attempt to soar. I have no idea that he ever employed a trope or figure—I mean a figure of

speech, not the figures in which Mr. Hume delights to 'deal—in' his life. Speculative subjects have no attractions to him: if he is to have anything, give him a plain, business-like sort of question on which to address the House. The great ambition of most parliamentary orators is to speak at as great length as possible: Mr. Stanley's ambition is to make his as short as is consistent with justice to the subject. If he exceed ten minutes in the delivery of his speech, he is quite miserable: five minutes' occupation of the floor seems to him a very fair allowance of oratory. His voice is clear, but has no variety: were the sounds he emits the result of some mechanical process, there could not be a more entire monotony of science. His lungs are not stentorian; but they are sufficiently qualified for their office to make him audible in all parts of the House. He does not waste his gesticulation: he moves his head backwards and forwards within a very narrow space, which he scarcely ever exceeds. His right arm, too, is of some slight use in his oratorical exhibitions; but he does not on any occasion, however important, exact too much service from it. Personally, his appearance is in his favour. It is not commanding, but it is agreeable, and calculated to win the favour of the spectator. He has an open, placid expression of countenance. He usually looks well pleased: it would not seem as if the cares of his office weighed heavily on his mind, or deprived him of his night's rest; and yet, it is but right to say, that he has the reputation of being very punctual in the discharge of his official duties. He is of the average height, and well made. His complexion is clear, and his hair rather light. His face partakes, in some measure, of the oval form: his features are regular, and wear an intelligent aspect. Judging from appearance, I should think he must be somewhere about forty years of age.

MR. E. S. CAYLEY, the member for Yorkshire, (North Riding,) is a man of some note among the farmers. His opinions are respected by the landed gentlemen in the House. He seldom lets slip an opportunity of expressing his sentiments on agricultural subjects, when those subjects are under consideration. In currency topics, too, he takes a deep interest. He is a zealous opponent of an exclusive metallic currency, and strenuously advocates a recurrence to a small-note circulation. He hardly ever speaks on any other subjects than agriculture and the currency. Occasionally he addresses the House at some length: the longest time, I think, he ever occupied its attention was about the beginning of last session, when he gave them a full hour, not by the Shrewsbury clock, but by the clock of the House. He is one of the prosy gentlemen with whom St. Stephen's abounds. His more lengthy orations are only tolerated, not listened to. And even the toleration which many members—Mr. Peter Borthwick and Mr. Arthur Trevor, for example—would be delighted to receive;—even this toleration is only extended to him in consideration of his only speaking at any length two or three times a session. I am satisfied that with the exception of some half-dozen landed gentlemen, whose ears are taken captive whenever they hear the words "agricultural interest" pronounced; I am satisfied that, with this exception, not one of the "deliberative" senators in the House could repeat as

much of what he has said when he resumes his seat, as a seven or eight year's urchin could of a minister's sermon, when asked by its parents to be attentive. Mr. Cayley's manner is much against him. His articulation is very imperfect, and he is seldom sufficiently audible. He opens his mouth wide enough, and yet the words come out of it as if some extraordinary violence were offered to them in the process of their birth. His utterance is, besides, much too rapid for his articulation to be distinct. His voice is either feeble, or he gives very unfair play to his lungs. His voice has no variety. Anything more monotonous it were impossible to conceive. He has now become so habituated to the same everlasting low tone, that I do not think he could, by any effort, succeed in varying it. Were he himself to say to his friends, that he meant to make a speech on some given night, in a different key from that in which he is in the habit of addressing the House, and that he meant, in the course of his oration, to treat his honourable auditors with sundry modulations of his voice, I am sure the betting would be twenty to one against his succeeding. Not more unchangeable, I am satisfied, is the Ethiopian's skin, than is Mr. Cayley's voice. Nor is the heaviness which attaches to him in this respect as a speaker, in any measure redeemed by his gesture. It is quite as monotonous as his voice. He always, when addressing the House, does one of two things: he either places his arms a-kimbo, and in that attitude hurries through his speech, or he gives a gentle incessant motion to his right arm, which is nearly as regular in its undulations as the movements of a pendulum.

But though Mr. Cayley be no orator, he is a very intelligent man. There are few members, perhaps, who are better informed on the currency and agricultural questions; and the matter of his speeches, though never brilliant, has always the quality of good sense to recommend it. His style is plain but correct, and he seldom has occasion to hesitate for the proper word, or to recal an unsuitable one, to replace it by a happier. In his political opinions he is a liberal Whig.

Mr. Cayley's personal appearance is not commanding. His head is deficient in hair: it is partially bald. To counterbalance, however, his deprivation of hair on his head, he can boast of a couple of whiskers of very ample proportions. They are of a brownish colour; so is the limited harvest of hair on his head. His face is thin and his features are somewhat hard. He has a pale complexion; the expression of his countenance is, on the whole, agreeable and intelligent. In stature he is about the middle height, and is somewhat slenderly made. He is seemingly about forty-five years of age.

MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY, the member for West Gloucestershire, makes just one speech every session, and that speech is always on the same subject. The subject is the admission of ladies to the gallery of the House, to hear the debates and witness the proceedings. As a member of the legislature, this is the only question with which Mr. Berkeley identifies himself. He is a good-enough reformer, and a very respectable member of Parliament otherwise, as far as his votes go; but still no inducement in the world would make him open his mouth in the House on any other subject. "Every one," says the proverb, "to his taste;" and speaking with all sincerity, I can see no

reason why people should quarrel with Mr. Grantley Berkeley—as I know they do quarrel with him—for indulging in his. There are dozens of members who, like him, have but one idea in their minds. Mr. Thomas Attwood, for example, was never known to make a speech in Parliament, be the subject of debate what it might, without an effort to hammer his notions respecting the currency into the heads of members. Mr. Wallace and the Post-office are synonymous terms; and Mr. Tennison D'Eyncourt and triennial parliaments are a species of Siamese twins; that is to say, if one can with propriety apply the expression in a case where one of the subjects is physical, and the other a mental abstraction. Now, I should like to know what are Messrs. Attwood, Wallace, and Tennyson D'Eyncourt, that they should be allowed to have their stated field-days every session when bringing forward their favourite subjects, while some people set up a growl of dissatisfaction at Mr. Grantley Berkeley for bringing forward his annual motion for the admission of ladies into the gallery. The trio of gentlemen, whose names I have mentioned, usually occupy from two to three hours of the time of the House every session in wading through their dull details, while Mr. Grantley Berkeley's speech is invariably restricted to ten minutes' duration. Is not this superior brevity a great recommendation in the hon. gentleman's favour? I am surprised at the shortness of his speeches on so tempting a theme. I admire the philosophy of the man who can expatiate in such a place as the House of Commons on the claims of the ladies, and yet with unflinching regularity limit the duration of his oration to the short space of ten minutes. There are few men in the House, who can speak at all, whose philosophy would prove so effectual a match for their gallantry. I know some men in the House, though I will not name them, who, if once they were set a-going on such a subject, would, as an Irishman would say, not stop at all.

I am surprised that in a house where such transcendent gallantry is professed as in the House of Commons, Mr. Grantley Berkeley's efforts to procure admission for the ladies into the gallery should always be defeated. And what may appear still more surprising is the fact, that in most cases the greatest dandies—those who profess to pay such extreme attention to their dress from their devotion to the fair sex—are the most strenuous in their efforts to continue the exclusion of the ladies. But as a cockney would say, "I see how it all is;" these coxcomb legislators are so vain of having their own persons admired, that they cannot bear the idea of having such a phalanx of female beauty in the House as would, of necessity, withdraw attention entirely from themselves. Some of these dandy legislators not only display a profusion of rings on their fingers, and sport "splendid chains" on their breasts, and lace as tightly almost as the ladies themselves, but you may nose them at a distance of many yards through means of the rich perfumes with which they scent the surrounding atmosphere.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley acquits himself very creditably as a speaker. I presume he previously prepares his brief speeches. At any rate he delivers them with seeming ease. There is nothing peculiar in his voice or manner. He is tall and athletic in his personal appearance,

and has very gentlemanly manners. He has a round full face; with rather marked features. His complexion is rather darkish. I should suppose his age to be about forty-five.

Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN, the member for Limerick, is a gentleman well known and much respected in the House, though he does not speak very often. His plain unassuming manners are much in his favour. He possesses highly respectable talents, but has no pretensions to depth or originality. His speeches, which are for the most part short, are chiefly characterised by the good sense which pervades them. He is always clear; there is no possibility of mistaking his meaning. I have sometimes thought, that by means of these qualities his speeches would be more likely to convince those, whose minds were open to conviction, than those of men of greater oratorical celebrity. He possesses respectable extemporaneous resources. I have repeatedly heard him make good speeches in reply. He acquired for himself some distinction by his speeches on the Spottiswoode conspiracy at the commencement of the session. In fact, he brought the subject before the House, on one occasion, and acquitted himself, both in his opening speech and in his reply, in a very creditable manner. He is not a verbose speaker. His style is sufficiently correct, but has no appearance of being the result of labour. He speaks fluently enough. He never seems embarrassed. He appears to have quite as many ideas, and as great a capacity of expressing them, as are necessary for any useful purpose. He seldom hesitates; but goes on, sentence after sentence, smoothly and seemingly without effort, to the end.

Mr. O'Brien is not prodigal of gesture. His action, indeed, is rather tame than otherwise. His voice is clear, and his enunciation good. Were he to modulate the tones of his voice according to its manifest capabilities, his elocution would be generally admired. As it is, there is a sameness in it, which impairs the effect of his speeches.

Mr. O'Brien is a young man. Judging from his appearance, I should take him to be under forty. He is about the middle height, rather slenderly made. His face is round, and his features, with the exception of a prominent expression about his brow, are regular. His complexion is clear, and his hair partakes of a darkish hue. His countenance has a smiling, pleasant aspect, and is so far, I believe, a correct index of his disposition.

Mr. C. VILLIERS, the member for Wolverhampton, is one of those who are well known in the House, though they seldom take part in the debates. When he does speak, you may rest assured that he will not inflict on you a long harangue. He very justly thinks—and happy were it for Mr. Abercromby, the House, and the country, if all other M.P.'s were of the same opinion—that it is very unreasonable for one man to monopolize all the talk to himself, for a mortal hour or hour and a half. If Mr. Villiers were to occupy the time of the House for more than half an hour at a time—he seldom speaks above ten or twelve minutes—I am sure he would feel that he had committed a sin of too great magnitude to admit of his extending forgiveness to himself. He is an intelligent man, and of more than respectable talents. If he have no pretensions to a great or comprehensive mind, you

never hear him speak without deriving information from what he says, and without having many solid arguments in favour of the view which he takes of the question before the House, impressed on your mind. His style is not polished, yet it is perspicuous and expressive. He is always clear, and rarely wanders from the point. He is not of the discursive school. He does not aim at effect. To make a display is a thing which does not appear ever to have entered into his head. He does not speak in order that he may be admired as a speaker; but because he either can, or fancies he can, contribute in some degree to place the question before the House in its proper light.

As a mere speaker he does not rank high. His voice is not good. It wants power, and has not sufficient fulness or clearness of tone; it is occasionally husky. His elocution is at fault in other respects. He sometimes speaks too slowly: at other times his utterance is too rapid. He displays on some occasions considerable animation; an animation which indicates that he speaks from conviction and from a devoted attachment to his principles. He speaks with much ease and fluency. His action is moderate, and consists of a constant movement of his head, made with some rapidity, backwards and forwards. He never looks to the left hand or the right, but always straight before him. His hands are pretty nearly useless while addressing the House; they are for the most part as motionless as if they lacked the moving power.

Mr. Villiers is a good-looking man. His features are small, regular, and pleasant, and have withal an intellectual expression. He has a fine lofty forehead. His complexion is fair, and his brown hair is carefully combed up, so as to have a perpendicular form. He dresses with taste, but can scarcely be called foppish. He is above the usual height, and of a well-formed figure. He is in the prime of life, not being, I should think, above forty.

Mr. WILLIAMS, the member for Coventry, is also one of those who are well known both in the House and out of doors, though they speak but seldom. He addresses the House three or four times in the course of a session; he thinks it would be an unwarrantable intrusion of himself on its attention, were he to present himself oftener. What his notion may be theoretically about long speeches, I have not the means of knowing; but, judging from his own practice, he has no predilection for them. If brevity be with other people the soul of wit, the same quality is, to all appearance, with him, the soul of a good speech. I have no doubt he has come to this conclusion from observing, as every one must have done, who has been doomed, like him, to spend night after night in the House of Commons, that short speeches usually tell with the best effect. Ten minutes I should take to be the maximum of the time which Mr. Williams ever takes in the delivery of his speeches. He is not a man of superior talents. He has no originality; nor does he show ingenuity in his illustrations, or vigour in his mode of expressing himself. His chief merit as a legislator consists in his intelligence, his good sense, and his integrity. He is a man of considerable information; he usually takes a sensible view of a subject; and is allowed, on all hands, to be a consistent and straightforward politician. He generally acts with the

extreme Radicals in Parliament, though he rarely or ever attends any of their meetings out of doors. He is a great favourite with his constituents: indeed, the manifest honesty of his purpose, his good nature, and his unassuming manners, could not fail to commend him to all who came into contact with him. Mr. Williams has no pretensions as a public speaker. His matter is heavy: he seldom seeks to enliven it with anything of a light or sprightly kind. He deals, too, on most occasions, rather liberally in facts and statements. His style wants polish, and is often made to appear worse than it is by his imperfect delivery. He occasionally mutters, and has to recal his words to substitute others more appropriate for them. His voice has no flexibility; it is the same at all times and on all subjects. It partakes of the bass quality. He has little or no action; beyond a moderate movement of his right arm, he can scarcely be said to use any gesture at all. He is more animated, and seemingly more at home in the common council, of which he has been long a member, and in whose proceedings he takes an active part.

Mr. Williams, as already intimated, is a plain-looking man. He dresses plainly, and has all the appearance of one who glories in the absence of everything fine or affected. He is above the general height, and proportionably made. He is of a dark complexion, and has dark bristly hair, which looks as if it had a natural tendency to form itself into imperfect curls. His face is common-place. It partakes slightly of the round form. The hon. gentleman is apparently between his forty-second and forty-sixth year.

MR. LYNCH, the member for Galway, very rarely speaks, except on Irish questions, and even then but seldom on questions of paramount interest. He prefers addressing the House on subjects of ordinary importance to Ireland, and usually acquits himself in a very creditable manner. There is little show in his speeches; but they are always characterized by much practical good sense. He is one of the few members in the House in the habit of getting on their legs, as the phrase is, whose mind is so intensely occupied with the subject as to exclude all considerations of self. He never rises for the purpose of having it in his power next day to tell his friends that he has made a speech; but because he has something of importance to say which has escaped the observation of all who have preceded him on the same side of the question. I have no idea that he is an admirer of the Jeremy Bentham philosophy: indeed, I may say pretty positively, that I know he disclaims all sympathy with that philosophy; but he is, nevertheless, quite a utilitarian in the matter of his parliamentary exhibitions. If he sees no useful object to be gained by rising to address the House, he sits on his seat as closely as if he were glued to it. Eloquence, however great, matter, however brilliant, go for nothing in his estimation, unless they are associated with something which promises a practical benefit, either to the country generally, or to some particular portion of it. As might, therefore, be expected, Mr. Lynch has nothing flashy or ornamental about him as a speaker. He rises for the purpose of laying before the House his views of the subject; and his object is to have those views made clear to all who hear him. That object gained, he sits down with

the most perfect self-satisfaction. What may be thought of him as a speaker, is a point on which he is never troubled. I believe he would afterwards reproach himself with a species of mental weakness, if he were to waste a thought about what either the House or the public are likely to think of his speeches, considered merely as oratorical efforts. It will naturally be inferred from this, that not only are his speeches few and far between, but that they are never tedious. He may have made, in the course of his parliamentary career, speeches of longer duration in the delivery than a quarter of an hour; but, if so, I have never happened to be present on such occasions: neither has any such instance been ever mentioned to me. Of this I am tolerably certain, that if on any occasion he occupied the time of the House for more than fifteen minutes in the delivery of one speech, he would not only before sitting down beg the pardon of the House for trespassing on its attention, but he would do so with the most entire sincerity; which, by the way, is a very different thing, as matters go in the House of Commons, from doing it in pretence. I am also certain that, in such a case, he would have much greater difficulty in forgiving himself than would the hon. members whose pardon he supplicated. I wish all our legislators were, in this respect, like Mr. Lynch. Such a consummation would be a happy one for the nation; we should then have as much business done in a couple of months as there now is during the session. Mr. Lynch, as may be presumed from what I have stated, applies himself strictly to the question at issue: though a lawyer, and in constant practice in the Chancery Courts, he never, when on the floor of the House of Commons, allows himself to wander into irrelevant matter, which is so common a blemish or fault in the parliamentary speeches of barristers. Neither does he load his views or sentiments with a quantity of unnecessary words. He has the rational notion that the intention of words is to express ideas, and that the fewer the words—assuming, of course, there is a sufficient number to express his meaning—the more numerous will be the ideas he will be able to unfold to the House within a given time. His style is plain; it has nothing in the shape of rhetorical embellishment. Imagery is a thing which he holds in the lowest possible estimation. To speak more correctly, indeed, he holds it in no estimation at all. Let me not, however, be understood as implying that his style is defective in accuracy. No such thing: it is a good, clear, expressive style, of which no one need be ashamed. Of the quality of his ideas, I need say nothing after what I have already stated. You are never struck with them as being the emanations of a comprehensive mind, or fertile imagination; but you are satisfied they are the results of careful meditation, and the conclusions of a sound judgment.

It will not, I am sure, be expected, after the observations I have already made, that I should represent Mr. Lynch as an attractive speaker, as to his manner. His manner partakes a good deal of the plainness of his matter. His fat round face looks very pleasant while he is addressing the House; and his action is agreeable enough. In saying this, I have said almost everything that is necessary to enable the reader to form an idea of his manner. He would be all

the better if he had a little more animation. That would keep up the attention of hon. gentlemen better; though it is but due to him, and but a matter of justice to them, to say, that he has no reason to complain of inattention. His enunciation is easy, and his voice clear and audible. He always speaks in one key. He either cannot or will not vary the tones of his voice.

His personal appearance is sufficiently marked. He is a little thick-set man, with a head bald on the crown, but having a considerable quantity of long white hair on either side. In his face there is no marked expression. It has neither the sharpness nor the longitude of that of the lawyer. His appearance altogether is homely and farmer-like. He is devotedly wedded, in the article of apparel, to a coat in which there is abundant room; and has a decided antipathy to a stiff collar or fashionable stock. He is singularly partial to a white neckerchief, tied with a large double knot. An excessive politeness of manner, or anything approaching Beau Brummelism, in dress, are things which he regards with positive dislike. He is about his fortieth year. His recent appointment to the office of master of chancery has given the greatest satisfaction to the profession.

SONNET

TO MRS. JAMESON, ON THE PUBLICATION OF HER "CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN."

As one who looks on some old classic land—
 Seen with a new delight when seen anew,
 Paphos, with whitest swans on waters blue,
 Have I now felt swayed by your magic hand:
 Purer in your pure mind before me stand,
 All the divinest creatures Shakspeare drew,
 'To him, to Nature admirably true,—
 Lady! the wand you wield is Prospero's wand.
 Days, days have come and gone, I am yet
 Lost to all out-door pleasures I might find:
 All glories of the season I forget,
 To what you bring me happily resigned—
 Charmed to behold the gem of Shakspeare set
 In the rich casket of another's mind.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE DEVOTEES.

" O Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be lov'd? Ah! why
With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd thy bowers?"

BYRON.

A RECOLLECTION of the many pleasures I had experienced during several summer tours through England and Wales, as well as through Ireland and Scotland, pressed itself strongly upon me in a moment of mental resuscitation, after a long period of inactivity, and my peripatetic predilections were once more aroused within me. And, stimulated by the pleasing anticipations of similar enjoyments, I determined on again setting forth in "search of the picturesque." After some cogitation as to the precise point of the compass to which I should direct my vagrant course, I decided on a visit to

"That water-land of Dutchmen and of ditches,"

Holland; sagaciously thinking, like a true philosopher, that if the unamiable monotony of "Der Teutschland" should, by contrast, be disagreeable to the eye, accustomed, as was mine, to dwell on all that is lovely and romantic in nature—the remedy was in my own possession.

Behold me, then, in the spring of the year 18—, setting forward in bright anticipation of the oft-enjoyed "feast of reason and flow of soul," which my former excursions had afforded me. It happened fortunately, for one of my contemplative turn of mind, that the "patent age of new inventions" had not then commenced. Railways had not disfigured the fair face of my native country, nor had the "smoky devils" of steamers effected such a wonderful revolution in travelling, as now. No, no, a sober, quiet vagrant, like myself, had no desire, in those days, to be whisked with breathless expedition, "swift as a falling star," from one end of the island to the other, to the imminent danger of his own body-corporate, or for the pecuniary emolument of those disinterested bodies, the Railway Companies. And it would well suit my peculiar disposition that such monstrosities should never have been brought to birth.

For I am a philosopher of Nature. I love to repose in contemplation on her fair bosom, and drink the nectar of her breath of roses; and I love to view her when gaily clad in the rich and variegated drapery of flowers, or when robed in the more matron-like garment of russet-green. There cannot, I think, be a higher enjoyment to the truly philosophic mind, than the contemplation of nature in her summer dress. Her delightful scenery is a volume of beauties open to every eye, even a transient perusal of which, must awaken in the heart of the sceptic, sublime and holy feelings—feelings of admiration and gratitude—feelings, such as the mere materialist, in his grovelling speculations, can never hope to enjoy. I cannot bring myself to believe that there "breathes a man with soul so dead," who can behold

the pleasing though cultivated simplicity of English scenery ; the quiet yet romantic beauty of Wales ; or the wild and abrupt, yet sublime and soul-inspiring, scenery of Erin and Scotia, without feeling a pure exaltation of mind, or without his imagination and his heart being at once regaled and delighted. For my own part, whenever I contemplate these rich and lovely scenes, I fancy that I experience those divine ecstasies of soul, which the poet is supposed to enjoy when his imagination revels in an elysium of his own creation. A contemplation of this kind must—however obdurate the heart of the beholder may be—invariably refine the grosser feelings appertaining to human nature—subdue the bad passions excited by the cares of the world—refresh the woe-worn spirit—and, in him who is properly disposed, melt the soul in an emotion of gratitude to the beneficent Being, who has created all these things for our enjoyment.

But, alas ! for our modern travellers ; *they* are shut out from a participation in such enjoyments by the velocity of their transition. The delightful landscapes—the verdant lawns, and all the sylvan scenery of “ merrye England,” all, all pass by them with the rapidity and indistinctness of a vision, leaving “ not a wreck behind ” upon which memory can dwell !

A month from my setting out found me, in pursuance of my original intention of penetrating into Westphalia, in the beautiful town of Cleves, a neat little watering-place in the ancient duchy of that name ; having wandered with a weary heart, but not with disappointed feelings, through that country of fogs, and bogs, and vapours, the land of dykes and Dutchmen ; whose only virtue is cleanliness—whose only gods are Mercury and Plutus—and whose acquaintance with Apollo and the “ Glorious Nine,” is about as intimate as an Old-Bailey lawyer’s with honesty, or a priest-cardinal’s with humility.

During my sojourn in this neighbourhood my life was truly pastoral. It was my custom to wander, accompanied by my ever-pleasing companion, the sentimental Yorick, into the delightful neighbourhood of Cleves ; along the plain, or on the high road, as my fancy directed me ; ever and anon stopping, by the way, to hold “ sweet converse ” with the blooming nymphs at the doors of their pretty Arcadian cottages, which stood here and there, looking like so many little Paphian bowers, and giving a pleasing variety to the appearance of the charming landscape.

Upon one occasion I had strolled unconsciously out of my usual latitude, and being overtaken by one of those passing showers, which, at that period of the year, come and go in an instant as it were, I betook myself, for shelter, to a modest-looking mansion by the wayside, (it was somewhat larger than those which I have called cottages, and therefore entitled, I thought, to be dignified by the term “ mansion, ”) having all the appearance of being inhabited by a person of some consequence in the neighbourhood. I did not, however, wish to invade the privacy of the inmates, but contented myself with a seat within the porch. But I had been observed crossing the little lawn which fronted the house, and with that hospitality for which the Westphalians are so remarkable, I was invited by the owner of the

mansion to "enter his homely dwelling, and partake of the humble cheer it afforded." This invitation was communicated to me by the owner himself, who conducted me with the most polite urbanity of manner to the parlour, where was seated an elderly female at a table, upon which were the remains of what I presumed was the supper-meal. The pleasing frankness of my kind entertainer made me at once feel at home, and having concluded my repast, I soon became engaged in deep conversation with him. But let me say a word or two in description of this good man. I think I never in my life beheld a being of such commanding exterior: his figure was erect; his stature much above the middle standard; his countenance and bearing were reverend, imposing, and grand. His hair descended upon his shoulders in flowing locks of snowy whiteness, for in years he had evidently long since passed the "grand climacteric;" yet in his eye there still lingered the fire and vivacity of youth, though slightly tempered with the frigidity of declining age. His conversation showed him to be at once a scholar and a man of the world, unmixed in the smallest degree with the pedantry of the one, or the often over-strained acuteness of the other, yet so highly entertaining as to enchain the attention of the most indifferent hearer. In the course of our conversation he informed me that he was the Catholic curé of the little village which lay in the adjoining valley, and also father confessor at a convent of Carmelite nuns in the vicinity.

I had been so pleasantly engaged—and I may add instructed—by the charms of Father Van Braine's conversation, embellished as it was from the rich stores of a powerful and highly-cultivated imagination, that the shades of evening began to fall, ere I had thought of wending my way homewards. I therefore rose to depart; but the good father kindly pressed me to take up my abode under his roof for the night, as I was a stranger to the neighbourhood, and might probably not find my way in the darkness of the night. "Besides," said he, "I have something in the way of an adventure for you, which, as you appear to be of a romantic disposition, (for all wanderers are more or less romantically inclined,) may not only afford you some pleasure, but furnish a pretty little incident for a leaf in your note-book."

I did not require much solicitation to accede to his request, and therefore, with a few words of acknowledgment, I accepted the invitation. "I have," he said, "a call to make at the house of one of my parishioners, whither I shall be happy to be accompanied by you. My parishioner's niece, a young and very pretty little girl, is about to sever herself from her uncle, who is a worthy good man, and to bid adieu to the world. She is to enter upon her noviciate, in the convent I have mentioned, to-morrow. Her sister has concluded her probationary term, and will at the same time take the veil."

Though the circumstance of a young lady secluding herself for ever from society had not much the appearance of what the good priest called an adventure, it was an incident in itself sufficiently interesting to awaken my curiosity, and I agreed to accompany my host on his visit to his parishioner, and also to witness the ceremony.

Father Van Braine beguiled our way by giving me a brief history of the family to whom I was about to be introduced.

The two girls who were to appear so prominently to-morrow were left to the care of their maternal uncle, by the sudden decease of both their parents; while they were yet very young. This uncle was a bachelor, in good circumstances, and he, with greater warmth of heart than is usually attributed to that calumniated class of persons, accepted the trust thus reposed in him, as it were by Providence, with more than parental pleasure, and discharged it, if possible, with more than parental fidelity. His whole earthly felicity seemed to be concentrated in his two nieces. He watched with anxiety the gradual developement of their mental faculties, guiding and directing them to the acquirement of every accomplishment suited to their station in life, while he viewed with pride and unaffected delight their undisputed pretensions to almost perfectibility in personal beauty.

Isabella, the elder of the two nieces, was a lovely girl, with beautiful blue eyes, but jetty black hair, which presented a singular but an interesting contrast. Her form was of exquisite symmetry, and her

Feet so small, they scarce seem'd made to tread,
But rather skim the earth.

No wonder then, that with the almost unequalled graces of mind and person which she possessed, Isabella had an abundance of lovers from amongst the admiring youth of the surrounding villages. But to none did the haughty fair one listen, save one, young Edwin Larew; to him only did she pay the sweet homage of her young heart, and with him only had she plighted her maiden vows. Larew, thus happy in the thought of having secured to himself the possession of the only object for which he felt life worth enduring, reposed in the fancied security of successful love, in the fond but impatient anticipation of the happy hour which should unite him with his Isabella.

But, "a change came o'er the spirit" of fair Isabella's dream. Fancying or supposing some slight in her lover, she suddenly formed the determination of retiring from the world and taking the veil.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
But mockeries of the past alone.

Despite the almost heart-broken entreaties of Larew, and the affectionate remonstrances of her uncle, Isabella took the preparatory step towards immuring herself for ever from that society of which she was at once the pride and the loveliest ornament.

The poor uncle reconciled himself in some degree to the bereavement by the hope that his other niece, Annette, would still be a blessing and a comfort to his declining years. And in this hope he was somewhat strengthened by the circumstance of the difference of disposition between the two sisters. Isabella was rather of a pensive cast, and had, if it may be so said, a bias to seclusion, with the supposed excitement of a tender disappointment. But, that Annette, the gay, the lively Annette, should forsake the gaieties of the world, for the gloomy cloisters of a convent,—one would have thought it impossible! Yet so it was, and the distracted uncle saw before him the utter extinction of all his domestic comforts, in the loss of this his last

—his only hope. Annette, too, was addressed by a lover, with the full sanction of her uncle, and, as it was believed, with the full approbation of her own heart. What then could have actuated the fair eccentric in the formation of this strange resolution? I must leave it to those who are better acquainted with the workings of that incomprehensible piece of machinery, the human heart, to answer the inquiry—I cannot.

In the course of our walk, I could not refrain from hinting to Father Van Braine, that I suspected he was not wholly innocent of the cause of this strange conduct, as I feared the infatuated girls had been wrought upon, perhaps, by some of his discourses on the imaginary happiness of a life of seclusion and devotion to religion: but he firmly yet gently rebuked me, for my uncharitable supposition, as he called it, and declared that he had always endeavoured to dissuade them from the step. I then ventured to suggest his using the authority he was supposed to possess as a pastor, to prevent the fair enthusiast from completing her purpose. This, however, he declined, as he said he always considered, that when a person made up his mind to perform a certain act, not inconsistent with morality or religion, he ought not to be authoritatively dissuaded from it, as he had brought himself to believe that every individual arrived at years of discretion, was, or ought to be, the architect of his own happiness.

We had now arrived at his parishioner's residence, which was pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence near the entrance to the village, at a short distance from the right of the road. After waiting some time in the parlour, to which my companion, with the familiarity of a friend, had introduced me, the unhappy uncle entered. I could perceive that a deep gloom had settled upon his manly features, and that he had been weeping. Father Van Braine having introduced me, entered into conversation with him, which naturally ran upon the ceremony of the morrow. He informed us, that Annette had gone into the village, on a circuit among her neighbours, to bid them her *eternal adieu*!—that he had again endeavoured to persuade her to relinquish her intention, as well for his sake as for her own, but no entreaties could prevail—that he had had a visit from her lover, Bernard Gottheimer, who was in a perfect state of frenzy, and he much feared, from some incoherent expressions that fell from him, with which the name of Isabella's lover, Larew, was coupled, that something unlooked for would interrupt the ceremony of to-morrow. The good priest, however, endeavoured to dissipate these gloomy anticipations, and turned the conversation into another channel.

Annette now entered to prepare her uncle's coffee, having bid adieu to all her neighbours and friends. She was indeed a lovely little girl, and apparently as full of life and spirits as if the important step she was about to take was to be married, and not—to be buried alive.

On our departure, she laughingly invited me to witness the ceremony—"For," said she, "I should wish to have as many friends as possible to attend me in my last moments!" That they would really be "her last moments" how little did the giddy girl then think! But let me not anticipate events.

At an early hour in the morning I waited upon the uncle, by his invitation, to accompany him to the convent, whither Father Van

Braine had preceded us. I found the former, habited in a suit of deep mourning: he had evidently passed a weary night, and it was easy to perceive that it was not merely the "customary suit of solemn black he had put on"—there was a deeper gloom at the heart. After the usual salutations, he sank into a profound reverie, from which I felt it almost a sacred duty not to disturb him. The convent bell aroused him, and seizing my hand, he said, in a tremulous tone, "Hark! Poor Annette's funeral bell tolls—we must be going." I obeyed his motion, and we walked to the convent.

A great number of villagers, and others, from the surrounding country, had assembled in the ante-chamber at the convent; but we were immediately admitted into the gallery in the chapel, directly in front of the part where the sisters were to take their station during the ceremony.

Only two of the novices were as yet in the chapel, and they strewed the floor with fresh-gathered flowers, which diffused a pleasing fragrance throughout the place.

Soon after some other preliminary preparations, the soft tones of the organ, stealing upon the senses "like a may-day breaking," and gradually swelling into fulness and grandeur, announced that the ceremonies of the entrance had begun.

First came the superior of the convent, then the nuns according to their order, then the two sisters, followed by the novices who had not yet completed their probation. The sisters were led by two of the nuns to a little altar in the centre of the chapel. Each had a lighted taper in her hand, and their dresses were distinguished by the black hood and the white.

I had now an opportunity of seeing Isabella; she had been twelve months secluded from the world, yet her eye of "liquid blue" had lost none of its intensity; her pallid cheeks, however, showed that the practice of the austerities of the Carmelite Order had been sufficient to rob them of that bloom, which the society of the world, and nature, and the heart, give to youth. Annette, who had too recently taken leave of the world, and of the gay and freshening air it breathes, and who was, moreover, of a more impassioned disposition, afforded a striking contrast, by the sunny radiance of her eye, and the rosy bloom on her cheeks, to her pallid sister.

I pass over a description of the imposing ceremonies which were gone through on this occasion—such as the disrobing of the devotees of their gay attire, and the barbarous spoliation of their beautiful locks—and will advert to other, and perhaps more interesting, objects.

Both the sincere and sorrowing lovers of these beauteous victims were present—the one, in the vain hope of prevailing on Annette, even while at the altar, to change her cruel resolution; the other to attempt this also with Isabella—or, perhaps, to enjoy the melancholy pleasure of seeing her once more previously to her tearing herself from his love and his hope for ever.

They had placed themselves so as perfectly to see, but not to be seen, entrenching themselves, each behind a pillar, under one side of the gallery, whence they could make a sortie at the moment they might judge most favourable for their purpose.

Young Larew had been exceedingly ill ; and in opposition to the advice of his medical and other friends, he determined, in desperation, to make one, a final effort, to regain the jewel his heart had lost. He conceived that Isabella's sensibility would be strongly called forth by a sight of him, in his present woe-worn appearance, on such an interesting occasion. He even suffered himself to be deluded by the hope that she might at length relent. Vain was that hope !

He did not know how hate can burn,
In hearts once changed from soft to stern.

But, no ! I am wrong in insinuating that hatred took possession of Isabella's heart. That heart—a woman's heart—could not nurture such a feeling. There is no asylum within the gentle bosom of a woman, for so dark a passion as that of hatred. It was, nevertheless, a strange sentiment that pervaded Isabella's mind ; it was something akin to selfishness—an indifference to, or a cold contempt for the outraged feelings of him who was once her soul's idol—a wayward determination to follow at any cost, even at the cost of her own peace of mind, this new-born impulse of her altered heart.

Bernard rested his hopes on the lively temper of Annette, feeling confident that one of her disposition would soon sicken of a monastic life. But he determined to make a desperate effort to regain her, ere it should be too late.

The sisters having gone through the accustomed ceremonies, rose from their kneeling attitude. They now, after a short pause, retired some paces, and threw themselves upon the ground at full length, with their faces to the earth. Thus, humbled to the ground, they impressed on it an audible kiss, to express their lowness of spirit, and to signify that they had renounced the follies of the world, to whose pomp and vanities they were henceforth dead ; and the better to carry on this idea, the passing bell tolled, and the sisters, thus symbolically buried alive, were covered with a pall.

The office for the dead was then chanted to the solemn notes of the organ, assisted by the voices of the nuns. This part of the ceremony (though I could not help thinking it was somewhat theatrical) had a thrilling and electric effect upon me, and apparently on the whole assembly. I was moved to tears.

At this interesting, and I may say awful, moment, as the sisters were rising from their lowly position, and ere yet the strains of the solemn music had died away, the two lovers had emerged from their hiding places, and, each placing himself before his adored, and seizing her hand, knelt before her in a supplicating attitude—but neither uttered a word—the mute eloquence of their expressive countenances bespoke the purpose of their intrusion, and the agitation of their souls. Alas, for poor Isabella ! notwithstanding her determined resolution, human nature was not yet quite extinct ; the tremor of her delicate frame showed the fierce contention that was raging within, and a moment more she had flung herself into the arms of her despairing lover. She turned her weeping eye, as if for assistance, to her sister ; but in its passage, it met the admonitory scowl of the superior, which at once called back her wavering resolution, and

covering her marble-like face with the veil which she had just assumed, she gently but firmly repulsed the supplicating youth. As for Annette, her rejection of Bernard's attempt was decided and abrupt; she turned her face from him altogether, but did not move from the spot.

The lady abbess was now about to advance, when the youths, who had stood for a moment as if chained to the earth, suddenly embraced, and then advancing, rudely seized the devoted fair ones, and in an instant the hapless maidens fell lifeless on the ground. They had received their death wounds by the hands of their infatuated lovers!

All was now consternation and confusion—the bitter shrieks of the nuns, together with the maledictions of the priests, and the loud wailings of the neighbours, and others of the congregation, were truly agonizing. There lay the beauteous and bleeding victims of the uncontrollable passions engendered by unrequited love. They who, but a moment before, had lived and breathed the “fairest of God's creation,” now lay before us inanimate corpses! The nuns crowding around them, bewailing in loud accents of grief their untimely fate, completed the harrowing interest of a scene, such as I hope I shall never have the misery to see again.

But what became of the now truly-bereaved uncle? I had watched him closely during the supplicatory scene between the lovers, and I thought I saw a smile of approval and of hope light up his countenance; but when the fatal tragedy was perpetrated, he fell like one dead, and for some time I was fearful that this painful scene would be terminated by the exit of another soul from the troubled stage of life. During many weeks he lingered in a state of stupor, and his attendants were apprehensive that his reason would not survive the dreadful shock. He at length, however, slowly recovered.

The criminals escaped in the confusion.

Such was the domestic tragedy which occurred, during my sojourn, in the peaceful little village of Juliers. As for the poor uncle, it was indeed a sad and sorrowful day for him; on his recovery, he could not endure to remain in a neighbourhood which at once reminded him of by-gone happiness, and kept alive the recollection of his melancholy bereavement. He therefore left his native country for some distant clime.

I learned some time afterwards, that the bodies of the unhappy homicides had been found in a wood a short distance from Cleves, locked in each other's arms, each having the self-same instrument which had drunk the “last life-drop from the bleeding breast” of his ill-starred victim, buried in his own bosom.

Before leaving that part of the country to proceed on my journey, a promise had been obtained from me by the good Father Van Braine, whose truly benevolent heart was greatly afflicted by the distressing event which I have related, to repeat my visit, a promise which I afterwards performed; and from him I gleaned some incidents, which may probably (by leave of the kind public) form the subject of a future “Chapter from my Note-Book.”

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

" Chi va lontan dalla sua patria, vede
Cose, da quel che gia credea, lontane."

ORL. FUR.

No. I.

Farewell to Naples—An incident—Meeting an old Friend—Symposium on deck—
College *chanson a boire*—A dance and a boxing-match—Challenge and change
cards—An explanation—A calm in the Mediterranean—Turtle-fishing—A squall
—Palermo.

HEIGHO!

" 'A plague o' this sighing and grief,' I say with Falstaff. Strange
that we atrabilarians—men with livers,

' Who take hard biscuit,
And broiled brisket,
And Cockle's antibilious,'

and study the book—το βιβλιον—of that most priggish of prigs—
glorious John—(*Requiescat!*)—strange, I say, that we, while all the
rest of the world are looking forward in the direction their noses nat-
urally index, with Hope, rosy-fingered Hope, leading them thereby on
into the bright sunniness of the future, that we, with our 'heads
turned' like the hypochondriac, till our chins are right over the heels
of our shoes, should be perpetually puffing our sighs over the receding
past—Maledetto!"

Thus did I philosophize as the tight little brig Europa went dream-
ing away, with her sails listlessly drooping from the yards, past the
Molo at Naples. It was a still mild April eve—the sky calm and
cloudless—the bay without a wave. Moonlight and daylight were
struggling for mastery—but already a long line of waving silver, ex-
tending over the bay towards Castel-a-mare, showed the triumph of

" That pale sphere
That smiling near our planet came."

On one side lay the city—la bella Napoli—with its molo and
chiaja, palace and castle, fading into a chiaro oscuro, while the lights
glinted forth more and more numerous from the water's edge up to
the battlements of St. Elmo. On the other, towered Vesuvius, filling
up with its broad back the whole back of the bay, and stretching its
long pennon of smoke towards Calabria; while, at short intervals, a
flash of ruddy haze glanced over the eastern sky. I could hear, rising
above the hum of the thronged city, the shrill cries of the fish-sellers
and limonadiers; while every now and then there broke in, in noisy
chorus, the voices of a group of ragged contadini, our own fore-castle
passengers repeating the refrain of a little love canzonette, that one
of their party was singing to an accompaniment on the guitar.

" And yet it is not much wonder," I continued, as I leant over

the bulwarks, "*Vedi Napoli è poi muori*," says the proverb. I never knew the pith of it till now. The leaving of it is enough to kill one. Fare thee well, Parthenope!

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well!"

Farewell the morning walks in the Giardino Reale. Farewell thy delicious figs for breakfast. Farewell the study of Metastasio's melting lays in the balcony, with thy sunny sky above, and a garden like that of Eden below—Calessino races to Puzzuoli—the moonlight sail from Ischia—the ride to Pompeii—the cool siesta afterwards—the social unceremonious dinner at the cafe d'Italia—the Fiorentino—the St. Carlo—the St. Carlino—operas and balls, masquerades and macaroni—and thou, too, dear, dark-eyed, deceitful Donna Flaminia, jilt of jilts as thou art—*Addio per sempre*.

"But, stay, what have we here?"

"Stand by at the gangway!" shouted the captain; "here are some of our passengers coming on board."

A four-oared boat came dashing towards us. It carried several persons at the stern, and one small slight figure at the bow. They stood up as the boat approached, and I almost thought I recognised the one who acted as figure-head. On she came, the oarsmen, as usual, rowing one way and looking another, did not perceive their close proximity to the brig until it was too late to slacken their way, and the boat came against the vessel's side with a bump that made her rebound again. Forward swung the passengers, and one, the little gentleman whom I had perceived at the bow, went down head-foremost with a smothered shriek.

"Sant Antonio!" screamed one of the sailors.

"Mille diavoli!" grumbled the captain.

"Mein Gott!" said a phlegmatic German, with a red cap and yellow moustachios, who was leaning over the bulwarks, and merely took his meerschaum from his mouth to give passage to the exclamation.

The next instant, however, a little white face emerged from the water into the moonlight, and the collar of the coat belonging thereto was instantly seized by one of the parties at the stern. The "poverino," as the sailors called him, clutched the gunwale with a death grasp, and struggled frantically in his endeavours to clamber in, drawing long wheezing gasps that intimated a near approach to suffocation.

"Surely, surely," thought I, "that is Ned Igins."

"Gently, gently," said a voice, the rich, good-humoured brogue of which could have belonged to no other than Dick Dawson. "Gently now, Ned; man alive, you'll only hurt yourself kickin' about in such a savage manner. Here you, Polichinello, leave your oar a minute, and take hold of him at the other side. Easy, now, easy—there you are, safe and sound, Ned, dear."

"Hwrrraw!" answered Igins, clutching his throat, and drawing a long hoarse gasp somewhat similar to the exclamation of a tiger at Wombwell's, when his keeper stirs him up with the long pole.

"Raw enough, I dare say, Ned, dear. Saltwater neat is poor stuff. But, come, you Neapolitan nincompoop, what are you gaping at? Get us alongside, and we'll dilute it with a little brandy. Steady now; why man alive you're shivering like a Holyhead steamer. Come, doctor," (addressing a stout gentleman, who had been sitting beside him,) "don't *you* go studying ichthyology, as Ned did, in a sudden paroxysm of practical science. Here we are at last, St. Patrick be praised."

"What! Dick Dawson," said I, as he gained the deck,

"'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear.'"

"Bless my soul, Lanty, is that you? I would as soon have expected to see the ghost of my great grandfather. Igins, and the doctor, and I, are bound for Sicily, and you quadrate the party gloriously. Ned, it is true, was near going home this minute to the tune of

'Hearts as warm as those above,
Lie under the waters cold.'"

"Come, man, get below and take off your wet kerseymeres; you'll have your teeth flying in flinders if you chatter them at that rate. Steady, now, down the stairs—go to bed, and the doctor will send you a prescription in the shape of a rummer of toddy. Repeat the dose till it operates, and you'll be all well again in no time."

"Poor little finnikin mannikin," he added, as he put his arm in mine for a walk along the deck.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, I forgot. Mr. Launcelot Lamprey, Dr. Danks—Dr. Danks, Mr. Launcelot Lamprey. Now that you're introduced, do get acquainted as fast as you can, and abbreviate, as much as possible, that horrid *quart d'heure* that usually intervenes between an introduction and good fellowship. Lanty here, doctor, is an unfortunate briefless barrister, who has been driven, by the neglect of stupid attornies, to enjoy himself in place of gathering guineas; and will probably be under the miserable necessity of living happy in place of dying rich; and the doctor here, Lanty, having got rich and fat in running up pairs of stairs at one-pound-one a-piece, has done what his patients had not the sense to do, thrown physic to the dogs, and is now as merry and happy as the thought of his dead men will let him be. Bakers and doctors are to be pitied in that respect, poor devils."

Dr. Danks, a short, fat, dumpy man, in professional blacks and knee-breeches, with a round belly, a smooth ruddy cheek, a funny twinkling eye, and an oil-skin travelling cap, shook his fat frame with a silent *subrisus*, and good-humouredly intimated that Dick Dawson was an impudent scamp.

"Well, Dick," said I, as we paced the deck, "it is singular my foregathering with you in this fashion. When we parted at Geneva, you were, I thought, hastening home to become a staid sober Bebedict, and sue out a *ne exeat* in the shape of a marriage license."

"Jilted! Lanty, in simple English, jilted—six feet two—black

moustachios—dark eyes, and a pair of spurs—what woman at eighteen could stand it?"

Poor Dick! his voice trembled through all its gaiety, and I hastened to change the subject.

"Did you come again through Switzerland?"

"Visited every foot of it, where we have knapsacked together. Lausanne and Chillon, Yverdun and Bienne, Bern and Zurich, and Lucern."

"And the Righi? and the three pretty sisters who kept the inn at Art?"

"To be sure—where we had such a merry breakfast, teaching little dumpy Gabrielle English; who, however, could not get over 'zimble' for thimble."

"And who taught you in return the pretty little liedchen, 'Wenn ich die blümlein schau.'"

"O Lord yes! The doctor here was quite sweet upon little Gab. Coming into the breakfast-room one morning, I heard, as I opened the door, something very like a douse in the chops. Gabrielle looked ferocious; there were tears in the doctor's eyes, and his left cheek was, if possible, redder than the other the whole day after."

"My dear sir," said the doctor, laughing inwardly, and raising his short fat hand in a deprecatory style as he addressed me, "I trust you know Mr. Dawson sufficiently to be aware of the inveterate habit of jesting which he has unfortunately acquired. It is, I must say, amusing; but with strangers who are not aware of my character——"

"Get along with you, you're a wag," said Dawson, inserting his elbow in the mass of fat that hung round the doctor's ribs, an operation which produced an apoplectic giggle in the patient. "You're a wag, doctor; but, come, let us have a cigar and a glass of brandy and water cold without, on the top of the companion, and talk over old times at our ease."

And a most delicious evening we had. A pedestrian tour through Switzerland is a never-failing topic of conversation to those who have shared it together; at least, if they have any portion of that susceptibility of enjoyment which is the highest possession that nature or fortune can give us. The romantic village inn—the chat at supper over the events of the day—the sound dreamless sleep—the plain delicious breakfast—the constant moving panorama, with its lake and mountain, pine forest and glacier—the lunch in bivouac—the jest and laugh with the passing peasant—the occasional share in the village festival, or the merriment of the village wedding—the rude health that accompanies all this—O! there is a glow of pleasure in every limb at the very thought of it.

We were dreaming across the bay towards Capri, with scarce wind enough to give us steerage way. Our passengers were lounging about the quarter-deck. There was a number of long moustachioed German students, and six or seven short dumpy men in military undress, who, it subsequently appeared, were officers in the Neapolitan service. Dr. Danks sat puffing his cigar opposite the open lantern that supplied us with a light, and stood on the top of the companion;

his bulky shadow spread over the drooping sail behind him. His contributions to the conversation consisted principally of memoranda of antiquarian lore, with now and then an anecdote or an appropriate quotation. I could not make out the doctor—he seemed a wag; but there was a degree of *naïveté* about his waggery, which made it difficult to say whether you were laughing at or with him. If it was art, it was the perfection of it, for it looked like nature; just as, it is said, the perfection of manners is only to be attained by studiously returning to that simplicity that left us with our childhood.

“Come, a little more brandy and water, doctor,” said Dawson.

“No more, I thank you, Dick. I really feel what I have taken already. I find my face quite flushed.”

“Faith, my dear doctor, I should be seriously alarmed about you if it were otherwise. I should think you were going, as they say in the vulgar vernacular, to kick the bucket.”

“If I turned a little pale—eh?”

“Fie, for shame, doctor; a man at your years to be given up to the boyish iniquity of punning. Come, another glass, with a mild Havannah, and as Jean van Decuyper’s college alphabet goes,

A. A. A.

Valete studia—valete studia—

Studia relinquimus,

Patriam repetimus.

A. A. A.

Valete studia—valete studia—valete studia.

E. E. E.

Ite miseræ—ite miseræ—

Bacchus nunc est dominus,

Consolator optimus.

E. E. E.

Ite miseræ—ite miseræ—ite miseræ.

I. I. I.

Vivant philosophi—vivant philosophi,

Studiosi parvuli,

Etiam sunt bibuli.

I. I. I.

Vivant philosophi—vivant philosophi—vivant philosophi.

O. O. O.

Nil est in poculo—nil est in poculo,

Repleatur de novo,

Nummi sunt in sacculo.

O. O. O.

Nil est in poculo—nil est in poculo—nil est in poculo.”

“Come—chorus, doctor!”

“Nil est in poculo—nil est in poculo—nil est in poculo!”

“A very good song,” purred the doctor in a soft, though rather wheezy bass.

“A very good song, and very well sung,

Jolly companions every one—

Put your hat on, keep your head warm;

A little more grog will do us no harm.”

"Come—chorus, Dick!

"Put your hat on, keep your head warm—
A little more grog will do us no harm."

"Bravo! bravissimo! eviva il Signor Dottore," said Dawson, as he half filled the doctor's rummer with the strong and fragrant spirit.

"Now, 'pon my conscience, Dick, you'll have me drunk," said the doctor, filling up his glass with the *aqua pura*, and lighting another cigar.

Not long after, but not before the doctor's glass had again got pretty low, the increasing mirth of our fore-castle passengers grew so loud as to attract our attention.

"They are dancing the tarantella, I think," said I; "I saw the party before you came on board, and a wild set of savages they are, but as merry as grigs."

We listened. A very tolerable voice was singing to an accompaniment on the guitar, a kind of serio-comic love-song. It was in the Sicilian dialect, which, like the Neapolitan, and other vernaculars in Italy, has even in its most serious moods an air of droll burlesque about it, which makes it hard to say whether the speaker is in jest or earnest. I could with difficulty follow the meaning of the song, but it ran on somewhat in the following fashion:—

"Come where the sun is shining,
Cara mia,
Where the leaf and grape are twining,
Cara mia.
There in the shade reclining,
In the noon-tide, after dining,
We'll laugh away repining,
Cara mia.

I'm young, and you are pretty,
Cara mia.
Then listen to my ditty,
Cara mia.
There are Bess, and Sall, and Kitty,
Think it smart, and gay, and witty,
If *you* don't, more's the pity,
Cara mia.

I can't eat my macaroni,
Cara mia.
Nor my soup, nor my polony,
Cara mia.
And if your heart be stony,
Soon will death—that grim old crony,
Come for me on his white pony,
Cara mia."

"I can't quite make it out," interrupted the doctor; "but I can hear there's some fun in it," and he sung, brandishing his cigar, and stamping frantically with both heels on the deck—

"Tol dera lol dera lol,
 Cara mia.
 Tol dera lol dera lol,
 Cara mia.
 Riddledum riddledum riddler,
 Diddledum diddledum diddler,
 I'm as tipsy as a fiddler,
 Cara mia."

"A splendid improvisation, doctor; you and our neighbour at the bow might

Sing alternate verses,
 Like Corydon and Thyrsis."

"Egad—not a bad idea," said the doctor, rising up, and balancing himself for a minute against the companion, as he gazed at me with open mouth; "so come, my boys, and I'll carry the lantern before ye, singing

"Tol dera lol dera lol."

And snatching it from the companion, he toddled along the deck, repeating the beautiful stanza he had just composed.

Dick and I followed laughing, and arrived in time to hear the doctor close his chanson, in the midst of a circle of wondering peasants, to a vigorous accompaniment on the bottom of the lantern. The parties whose dancing was thus interrupted seemed at first inclined to resent the intrusion. Dawson assured them, however, that the doctor was *un gran poeta e un vero fanatico per la musica*. The audience took the joke, illustrated as it was by the doctor's continued "tol dera lol," and its lantern accompaniment, and the girl who had been dancing, after a whisper with her partner, approached him, and in the best Italian she could command, laughingly solicited the honour of a dance.

"With the greatest pleasure in life, cara mia;" and in an instant he had disencumbered himself of his coat, hooked the lantern in the rigging, given his partner a buss that made the youngster with whom she had been dancing look as black as a thunder-cloud, and placed himself opposite to her, with his arms a kimbo, ready to begin.

"Largo! Largo!—room for the dance."

A spacious circle was soon formed, and a singular appearance it presented. The officers, Germans, and peasants, all mingled together. The latter were clothed in the true bandit costume. The tall peaked hat, ornamented with a broad ribbon, the short jacket and its bright buttons, the voluminous garter covering the whole leg, and fastening on the square piece of cloth that served as a sandal, made the males of the party look like an assortment of broken-down opera Fra Diavolos. The women, though not old, looked, as almost all the Italian peasantry do, withered and haggard. The doctor's partner, however, had a fair share of beauty, and those dark lustrous eyes, the light of which prevents one from seeing any feature but themselves. The whole ship's company had joined the spectators, some standing on the bulwarks, some hanging in the rigging—never did dancer at

the opera make his *début* to a more attentive, or, if one could judge of their temper by their laughing, a more highly amused audience.

"I am afraid, Dick," said I, "the doctor is rather too heavy for this kind of work."

"Wait till a while ago, and you'll see. There's not such a springy toe under any man of fifteen stone among my acquaintances, and he has studied the tarantella at the St. Carlino till he knows every step of it as well as he does sulphate of magnesia."

The prelude was played, and off they went.

I was quite astonished at the doctor's activity as he skipped and bounded here and there with the elasticity of a ball of India-rubber. Giving us now a bit of a reel, now a fragment of a jig, now a stray step from a hornpipe, and now and then astonishing us with a touch of the double shuffle, and the cut over the buckle. The bystanders laughed, the doctor's partner absolutely screamed, and when they arrived at that part of the dance where it became his duty to kneel on one knee, while she danced round coyly leaning over him, the grotesque style in which he pressed both his hands on the left side of his fat stomach about the region of the heart, and followed her round and round with his glossy red face and twinkling eyes, called down a shower of "bravos" and "evivas!" There was, as the French press says, when an ultra-liberal deputy makes a fool of himself, "*une vive sensation*."

The doctor rose with a stagger, and the dance went on. The unwonted exertion, however, (perhaps the brandy and water,) began to produce a little unsteadiness in his steps, and when it came to his turn to dance round his kneeling partner, he leant over so far as finally, in the language of the natural philosophers, to bring the centre of gravity beyond the supporting base; and if, according to the dictum of one of our learned legislators, a drowning salmon will catch at a straw, much more will a falling doctor catch at a pretty partner, and the two rolled over and over on the deck together.

He did not fail to imprint on her lips the compliments which the occasion made appropriate, and to which were opposed but passive resistance and uncontrollable laughter, when the performance was suddenly interrupted by the peasant who had been dancing with her, when the doctor broke in upon them with his song and his lantern. He sprang forward, and siezing his rival by the cravat at the back of the neck, dragged him to his feet, while in a transport of passion he lavished upon him a choice vocabulary of Italian abuse, in which the terms "bestia," "assassino," and "cuccio Calabrese," were plainly distinguishable.

It is trying to the temper to be half-strangled, shaken ignominiously by the cravat, and called a Calabrian donkey by a rough youngster six feet high, with whom you have not the honour of being personally acquainted. Dr. Danks was evidently not at all gratified by this mode of address, and as he turned round and round in the grasp of his assailant, made the most furious exertions, first over one shoulder, and then the other, to seize him. The Sicilian at last let go, and the doctor, facing round on the instant, returned the compliment bestowed upon him in true English style, with a one—two—the effect of which

on the nose of the recipient was a fine specimen of extemporaneous phlebotomy.

The Sicilian shrieked and staggered back, then thrusting his hand down inside the voluminous covering of his right leg, drew forth the long knife, which among his countrymen of that class is usually deposited there. These knives are about nine inches long in the blade, straight in the back, and tapering to a point from about two inches at the haft. He rushed at the doctor, holding the knife in the position in which it is usually held by a Neapolitan in a quarrel. The handle tightly grasped in the hand, the point upward and forward, and the thumb resting firmly upon the side of the blade. The blow is thus upwards, and usually received in the lower part of the person, being at once more dangerous and less easily warded off. The doctor, who was in the mean time sparring away with great alacrity, would probably have failed in doing so. I pushed as quickly as I could through the ranks that stood between me and the scene of action, and closed upon the doctor's assailant just as the former was about commencing the second round, in happy ignorance of the unenglish weapon with which his opponent was armed. I had practised wrestling in my younger days, and the Sicilian being in a position most favourable for the "lock," I instantly passed my right arm in front of his left, round his back, and grasped firmly the elbow of the hand, with which he was about to strike. By merely bending myself back a little, I at once brought him across my right knee in a perfectly helpless position, his left arm lying powerless over my shoulder, and his right forcibly drawn back by mine. It so happened, however, that this manœuvre, which was performed in a much shorter time than it can be described, brought my head into the proper position to receive the doctor's blow, and being both well meant and well delivered, it crushed through the crown of, one of Hill's best beavers with an emphasis that told with considerable effect upon the cranium below. I was a little staggered by this, and coinciding, as it did, with a struggle on the part of my Sicilian friend, I lost my balance, and swinging round, we both came to the deck together. Fortunately I retained my hold, although my fingers were a good deal bruised by the weight with which my opponent fell upon them, and he also being a good deal shaken by the fall, was disarmed by the bystanders before he had an opportunity of doing mischief. He rose, however, mad with rage, stormed and screamed with that wild gesticulation in which the Italians are so prone to indulge, while he poured out his vituperation in a torrent. His companions began to whisper and draw their hats over their eyes.

"Dick," said I, "we must get the doctor below—we shall else have mischief here presently."

"What a confounded unlucky tumble that was—we were getting on beautifully," said Dawson, with a sigh.

"Well, we can't help that now—we had better get him into his crib as quickly as possible."

"Come, then, for a little gentle persuasion."

What was our surprise, on bustling through the crowd that intervened between us and the weather bulwarks, to find that the doctor

had taken advantage of the short pause in the combat which my interference had occasioned, to divest himself of every particle of clothes above his waistband. His white cravat, his broad frilled shirt, and black silk waistcoat, were carefully laid on the deck, and surmounted with the oilskin travelling-cap. There he stood, like a member for Pontefract, his fat white shoulders glistening in the moonlight, "his soul in arms, and eager for the fray."

"I am ready for him—where is he?"

"O, I rather think he has had enough," said Dawson; "come, my conquering hero, let us go below, and either get your clothes on, or tumble into bed. I don't think you'll find it agree with you to be playing Lady Godiva *in putis* at this hour of an April night. Come along, doctor."

"Does he give in?" replied the doctor, with the dogged dignity of a man who has had a drop too much.

By the way, how fond we are of a periphrasis when we mean to say a man is drunk. Lichtenberg has collected about eighty modes of saying it in German. Probably, in this respect, the English language is fully as copious.

"Does he give in?"

"O yes; he does. Come along."

"Let him come, and shake hands then; I'll not budge till he does."

"Come, Lanty," whispered Dawson to me, as he gathered up the doctor's habiliments; "I'll take his arm, and do you push behind. Let your charge be like that of the Guards at Waterloo, sharp, short, and decisive; and we'll have him in the cabin before he has time for resistance."

So said, so done.

"What! Dawson!—and you, sir—how dare you, sir?" shouted the doctor, as we whirled him along the deck, and safely landed him at the top of the cabin stairs, with a rapidity which, combined with the resistance he opposed to our efforts and the excess of his indignation, rendered him almost breathless. "Sir!" he said, gasping, as he turned round, and leaned against the companion; "sir!—you, sir!—I don't know you, sir. How dare you, sir—take such a liberty, sir? And you, Dawson—give me my coat, sir!"

He took it, and diving into one capacious pocket after another, pulled out his pocket-book. "There's my card, Mr. Dawson—may I trouble you for yours."

"Certainly, Mr. Danks, *la voila*."

"You shall hear from me to-morrow," said the doctor, as he walked cautiously backwards down the cabin stairs.

"I had no idea the doctor was so far gone," said Dawson, as he disappeared.

"You shall hear from me to-morrow," said the doctor, once more raising his red face to the level of the deck; but it was only for an instant, and the next it vanished "like an eclipsed sun."

"Come," said Dawson, "I must carry the olive-branch to the fore-castle."

It was rather a delicate embassy. The Sicilians were talking in groups, with low voices but the most earnest gesticulation. The one

who had received the blow stood with folded arms, looking moodily over the sea; while his partner, with her arms round his neck, was weeping bitterly and imploringly on the shoulder of her Caro Domenico.

To the latter Dawson took care not to address himself; but, speaking sufficiently loud to be sure that he was heard, apologised to the signori generally for the misconduct of his friend, protested that it had occurred solely through his having drunk somewhat too deep, and having administered a scudo, to be spent in wine, left his prescription to take its chance with Domenico.

Danks and Igins were both fast asleep when we descended to the cabin, the floor of which was littered with mattresses, for the accommodation of the Germans. The Neapolitans were lodged in the jolly-boat on deck. I had fortunately secured a berth, and tumbled in, Dawson having laughingly engaged my services as his second in the promised rencontre with the doctor on the morrow.

When I awoke the level morning sun was streaming through the cabin-windows; and looking out of my berth, I saw the doctor busily engaged in drawing on his black shorts. My movement attracted his attention.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Lamprey?—glorious morning, is it not? It is a shame to be wasting such sunlight." And cautiously picking his way among the sleeping Germans, he reached Dawson's berth, and shook him vehemently by the shoulder. "Come, get up, Dick—get up."

"I am astonished," replied Dawson, rubbing his eyes; "I am astonished at this freedom on your part, doctor, considering the particular circumstances in which we are placed."

"Come, wake up, man. Talking in your sleep? You'll blab some of your secrets presently."

"I am quite awake, doctor," said Dawson, solemnly. "Are you aware of your behaviour last night? Do you know that you danced the tarantella—boxed with a Sicilian, and narrowly escaped some nine inches of cold steel—turned upon me and Lamprey, because we got you out of the scrape, and defied me to a mortal duello?"

"You don't say so!" said the doctor. "How very drunk I must have been!"

"Yes; formally changed cards with me—here is yours, and a very pretty one it is—light blue, with a gold border, and bearing the inscription—'*Mademoiselle Marie —, Rue bas de la Cité, à Geneve.*'"

The doctor, without saying a word, snatched the card out of Dawson's hand, hastened back to his own side of the cabin, as fast as the crowded state of the floor would permit, huddled on his coat, and bolted up the cabin stairs, amid a burst of laughter from Igins, Dawson, and myself, that put an end to the slumbers of our German fellow-passengers for that morning at least.

When I reached the deck, I found we were but a short way beyond Capri, and the bay was as smooth as a mirror. A calm in the Mediterranean, to one who sees it for a first time, and is not in a hurry, is a pleasant thing enough, at least, if one has pleasant companions on board. We breakfasted under an awning on deck, whiled away the

time between that and dinner in watching the dolphins, as they bounded after one another in circles of foam, or in looking out for sleeping turtle. A little black speck in the distance was the signal for lowering the boat, and a wonderful noise the Neapolitans made about it. They pulled away very quietly, however, when once seated on the thwarts, and we managed thus to pick up three turtle in the course of the day. These amusements, with an occasional cigar, a doze in the shade, (which, however, was frequently disturbed by the visits of the sun as the vessel floated about without steerage way,) and an occasional quiz at the doctor, brought us to dinner-time. This meal we also enjoyed under the awning, and the passengers beginning to get in some degree acquainted with one another, we made probably as merry a party as ever embellished a quarter-deck. The captain provided us very liberally. First came the usual whet of olives, ripe and unripe, salame and sardignes, with bread and butter. Then the minestre and the macaroni con sugo, or, as our cook called it, from the colour of the gravy that was poured over it, "*macaroni sporchi*."* Fish, dressed in various ways, and ragouts of different kinds, the component parts of which were to me an untasted mystery, composed the next course, with an addendum of slices of turtle, broiled with bread crumbs. The whole was wound up with cheese and several kinds of fresh and dried fruits. A bottle of wine, which the captain, with serious facetiousness called *lachryma*, was allotted to each. It was not of very superior quality, but, with a piece of ice in the tumbler, it made a very refreshing drink.

Our conversation was a perfect Babel—German and English, French and Italian—but it rattled on merrily enough, and the universal language of laughter was heard as frequently as any. Indeed, I imagine that a joke is sometimes all the better for being only half understood. Then came the songs. The doctor gave us "*Bright Chanticleer*." Dawson sung "*A Sprig of Shillelagh*." We had the "*Huntsman's Chorus*," in splendid style, from the Germans; a great variety of *canzoni* about "*amore*" and "*Italia bella*" from the Neapolitans; and one Norwegian, who happened to be of the party, gave us, to a very sweet and characteristic melody, one of his national legends—something about a gray horse and a golden saddle. This gentleman, I afterwards found, was passionately fond of music, and master of several instruments, among others the flute and the piano. He kept a very copious journal, which consisted, however, solely of the new tunes which he had heard at various places, and he assured me, that on sitting down and playing over a few paragraphs of these musical memoranda, the effect of the association was to bring back to his memory, with the most vivid pleasure, the scenes of which he had been a spectator when he heard them. I was able to supply him with several which were new to him, and one especially which he particularly admired, the more that it was in character very similar to those of his own country. It was that sweet Irish air to which Burns wrote "*Sae flaxen were her ringlets*," and Moore his immortal words "*While gazing on the moon's light*." There is a soul in the national melodies of every people, which the manufactured music of the composer can never reach, in those that

* Dirty macaroni.

have sprung up amid society in the gaiety of its youth, that have been invented by those who knew not they were inventing; but came carolling from lips whose tones were modulated by the feelings of the heart.

We kept it up to a tolerably late hour, and finished with a *rund-gesang*, in which one of the Germans acted as leader of the band or *cappell-meister*, and apportioned to each his share of the performance. One was to imitate a first violin, another the second, a third the flute, a fourth a trumpet, and so on. Each appointment was prefaced by the following lines :—

Ich bin ein deutscher cappell-meister
Der ein concert anstellen will.
Die erste violin fangt hier so an.

And then came an imitation of the instrument and the part it was to play, somewhat in the style of the leader of the band in *La prouva d'un opera seria*. It was one of those noisy trifles that only succeed at an advanced stage of good-fellowship: on the present occasion it was performed with great humour and good-humour. The doctor's trombone was splendid.

The next day we had a light breeze, which swept us on gaily towards Palermo. It put an end to our turtle-fishing, and we dined below, quite as merrily, however, as the day before.

About eight o'clock, I came on deck for the purpose of enjoying a cigar before turning in. The increased motion of the vessel had attracted my attention some time previously. She was sweeping through the water at a great rate, and the sailors were busily engaged in taking in sail. In the west, on the very edge of the horizon, lay a deep red streak, strangely contrasted with the pitchy mass of cloud, of which it formed the margin. The sea looked very black, except where the phosphoric light followed in the vessel's wake, like a fiery serpent, or flew off in lurid flakes, as her bow surged against the rising wave. It looked like a rough night, and the captain intimated as much to me, in a tone which was not calculated to give one any very high idea of his courage or to assure that of a landsman.

I got into my berth, however, and fell asleep. About midnight the increasing storm awoke me. The brig was pitching very heavily, and her bulk-heads, when she reeled over with the deepening gust, strained, and groaned, and creaked, as if she were about to come to pieces. I was lying awake, listening to the wind howling through the rigging, and the hasty tramp of the sailors, diversified occasionally by an oath from the captain, or a half-suffocated groan from Igins, when a sea struck the vessel with a smack that made every individual timber quiver, and was followed by a rush of water and a chorus of terrified screams. Instantly down the cabin-stairs poured the inmates of the jolly-boat, each *brave* bearing a basin, and dragging after him a mattress, which he flung on the cabin-floor, without much regard to the vested rights of those who were already located there, and who had been slumbering in blissful ignorance of the invasion with which they were threatened.

"Ach! mein Gott! um Gottes willen! was machen sie?" gurgled out a German, on whose legs a fat Neapolitan officer, who had been

boasting of his prowess the day before, had thrown his whole weight in the heavy abandonment of despair.

"Oh—h—h, Sant' Antonio!" said the person addressed, ducking his head parenthetically into the basin beside him at every pause; "Oh, santissima e beatissima Vergine, pray for me, that I may reach in safety that blessed terra firma, and I will never again tempt Providence by venturing my life on board one of these confounded ships—mai, mai—never, never."

"Mais, mossu, il nay vaut bas," said the German, expostulating.

"Oh, santissima e beatissima vergine," repeated the Neapolitan, with clasped hands, quivering lips, and tear-filled eyes.

"Mais, mossu, mes jambes."

"Oh, Sant' Antonio!" &c.

This is but a specimen of the contest which was going on at the same moment in all quarters of the cabin. It was a fine illustration of the Malthusian doctrine of over-population. The storm within raged as furiously as the storm without. The invaders, however, proceeding on the passive resistance principle, finally made good their ground with an indifference to vested rights common to sea-sick men and corporation commissioners. The squall gradually subsided, and the cabin, its silence only occasionally disturbed by a moan or a grumble, put me vividly in mind of the Nora Creina, in the British Channel, after a rough night from Waterford with a cargo of live bacon.

I was well pleased, however, to get on deck about daybreak, the captain having announced our near approach to Palermo. The sun was just rising and lighting up the grim, rugged, sun-burnt Monte Pellegrino, which stood like a centinel, at the north-east extremity of the bay, and round whose base we were slowly creeping. The wind had again nearly died away, and the waves rolled past us smooth and glassy, though we could see them break heavily on the shore. It soon became perfectly calm, and during several long and uneasy hours, we logged about, with the sails flapping against the masts and the blocks clattering among the rigging, as the vessel rose and fell. The boats were at length lowered, and the crew employed in towing us into the harbour. As we neared the pier that runs out on the western side of the bay, a prospect of great promise opened to us. The whole sweep, from Monte Pellegrino, on the one side, to the rugged promontory that bounds the bay on the other, looked delightly Eastern—the scattered range of low flat-roofed houses running along the shore from the pier to the city, a palm here and there rising above them—the sloping valley, covered with the richest foliage, orange, and almond, and acacia—looking all more lovely by contrast with the rugged mountains that fenced it in, and the city itself, with its domes, and spires, and minarets, set like a jewel in its golden shell.*

Such was the elege of Dick Dawson, as we dropped anchor. "It is all very fine," said Igins, who was standing shivering against the bulwarks, "but I can't get up my sentiment without a shave and a breakfast. I wish they would make haste, and put us a-shore."

"Now then, gentlemen," said the captain, intimating to his passen-

* The *Conca d'Oro*. The name given to the Bay of Palermo.

gers that they were to take their places in the ship's boat, which was now alongside, and over which an official, in a cocked hat, sitting in the stern of a gig at about three yards distance, was exercising an authoritative superintendence.

"What is the matter, captain?" said Dawson. "Are we going ashore?"

"No, signor; to the Lazzaretto."

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

REMEMBER thee! my loved one—yes!
 So long as life and mem'ry last,
 Though absent could I love thee less?
 Or cherish less the blissful past?

O no! believe me, though I roam
 From clime to clime, from sea to sea,
 My heart dwells with my happy home,
 My thoughts and wishes all with thee!

'Tis vain that destiny thus strives
 A faith like mine, to change or break;
 From absence it more strength derives,
 And trials more devotion wake!

How oft as in the stilly night
 Our ship glides through the trackless sea,
 I gaze upon the moon's soft light,
 And think, mayhap, 'tis seen by thee.

That thought endears each lucid ray,
 And wakes new beauties to my eye;
 For, O! thy gentle heart then may
 Re-echo to my lonely sigh.

Forgive me, lov'd one, if that thought
 A selfish ray of comfort brings;
 To know thou grieve'st surely ought
 To wake in me but sadd'r feelings.

And yet the selfish truth I own,
 To know thou weep'st and weep'st for me;
 Has sunshine o'er the dark paths thrown,
 I'm doom'd to traverse far from thee.

Remember thee! my lov'd one, yes;
 The sun may cease to rise or set,
 The seas their stated limits pass,
 Ere I shall thee one hour forget!

Thy gentle image ever dwells,
 The cheering inmate of my breast,
 It thence each dark'ning cloud expels
 And soothes to hope, to peace, and rest!

To it I turn when worldly things
 And worldly men my scorn excite,
 And, lieu of hate, mild pity springs,
 The prompting of thy spirit bright!

Ah! why then say Remember me?
 Thou didst not think I could forget,
 Or changed must that kind heart be,
 Which trusted when by doubts beset.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

“Fortunate Senex !”

IN the latter summer of 1815, when the British and the Prussians besieged such Flemish towns as still held out in favour of the banished Napoleon, Colonel Von Bremmel was serving with his prince, Augustus, though the veteran still limped from a Waterloo hit. After such a day's work as that a soldier has good right to halt; but he pushed on, till, at one of the last places which fell, he was temporarily blinded an by accident—here, and now, more frequently talked of than felt. An explosion of gunpowder had—what shall I say?—damaged his eyes, blown off their long white lashes and bushy brows, obliging him to substitute a green shade for the glasses which were wont to rest on the bridge of his reap-hook proboscis. There had always been quite fire enough in those large light optics; much comic humour too would have been visible on the full lips below, had they not been veiled by a long and thick pair of moustaches; for the rest of the visage, it was tanned, scarred, wrinkled, nearly bald, and worse than iron-grey, the colonel's hair, in youth, having been almost as sandy as his fatherland. His tall thin figure was slightly bent, yet, for a warrior between sixty-five and seventy, *der Obrist* Frederick Von Bremmel was a hale, active man. He spoke French, and even English, pretty intelligibly, mixing up these languages with his own, to suit his mixed auditory; so that translation will do poor justice to his style; it blended, also, the scholar with the soldier, in a way that plainly showed for which of the two characters this original was best fitted, by nature and education. Indeed, he confused the commonest persons and things in his abrupt laconic descriptions. If *such* brevity be *not* the soul of wit, it is often quite as ludicrous, if not more so, than wit can or need be.

One fine afternoon, towards the close of September, the hero sat, meerschaum in hand, uttering volumes of smoke and sentiment, for the edification of an English military guest, and of a young peasant, named Jean de Ligny, who, hearing of the old gentleman's eclipse, and consequent helplessness, had hired himself to aid the servants, and waited on the dark man, like an unseen angel, in a blue blouse. Jean was a noble-looking fellow, about five-and-twenty; while he *could* keep his features still they were rather pale; yet some suppressed emotion frequently not only flushed, but even distorted them. At every queer grimace, every extravagant gesture, every odd tone, perpetrated by his master, Jean unconsciously betrayed his sympathy. The sufferer could not see this, but liked his new boy quite as much as he might have done had he himself been more quick-sighted. “This Maubeuge here, my—whiff—sons,” began Von Bremmel, “reminds me of other days. Close by, lived Baron—puff—Delorme; elegant man! gave me this pipe; very moral; curious in Rhenish wines—Ambrosia! extremely learned; did caricatures to the life; had a musical sister and a great Flanders mare, not so pretty—looked like the wooden horse—of old England. Well, she was to have been

mine—doated on her—young brother—visited too—could fawn, pamper; I? never! kept her heart from me—yet—Greek fabulist—dog in manger—didn't want it himself—left it to break."

"He might have been content with breaking her wind, sir," remarked Jean, with vast *nüiveté*.

"Bah! stupid! not the mare—the maiden—Agnes: well, my brother—married some other—good—but poor—not German—nor Flemish—broke hers too—by his—Schnapps, *garçon*."

Jean placed the schiedam and liqueurs on table.

"Well, he died first—left, I'm told, one child—girl—don't know where—wish I did—want something to love—adopted daughter—Haw?"

Here my compatriot overheard the domestic thinking aloud.

"If one were not so *tall*, now," the colonel went on, "or—but ye will laugh if I tell all, children—yet 'tis a fact."

"What, sir?" demanded the Englishman, "pray tell *me*."

"Why, *he*—my true brother in arms—*he* married—*his* lady died—left—Agnes Second from his last bed—two years ago—confided her to me,—till wishing the families united—birth—fortune—equal; age—nearly twenty; reported beautiful, good, clever—writes very proper letter; modest—feeling—would *have* me, if I liked; soul of my kingly namesake! Agnes Delorme!"

"And why not, sir?" asked the Briton, demurely; "invite us all to the wedding, and——"

"Haw! this cut—this *blase*—must look better first—lame too—not graceful: general peace soon—no hurry."

'Twas evident that the colonel anticipated no obstacle from his every-day increasing disqualification, age; yet felt inconsistently sore as to his recent, superficial, and surmountable defects. He heard a titter, and continued—"Laugh not, capitaine; I should not have lived over the great battle, but for a grinning boy—so I like boys. I did love my brother—fine fellow!—owe him my life—so prompt, kind, brave—never saw him before—nor since."

"Your brother, colonel?" asked Jean simply.

"Bah! no; 18th June."

"True; even such days come but once," quoth my countryman.

"No joke: pooh! young volunteer—saved me—no matter how—long story—soon after he was borne by—worse—Latin poet—Dutch tulip—weighed down by inundation—so he looked—pale, but pleasant—handsome, but heavy; did all I could—when possible went to him. Karl Clauren—widowed mother—just dead—orphan—offered gold—wouldn't take it—gave my other pipe. Doctor wouldn't let him drink—shame!—made him laugh though—he couldn't speak. Next day went again—had hired a litter—gone—none knew where—volunteer—*hors de combat*—had a vight—yet—I'm sorry—can't find him; make him my heir—bones of Frederick, I would!"

"But your niece, and your future wife, sir?" said the captain.

"Plenty for all—divide it amongst 'em."

"And let me live with you, when you are married, sir," added Jean, humbly.

"To be sure—honest lad—attentive—only—a fool." Google

Jean whispered a few words to the visitant, who, after a start, resumed. "But, colonel, you don't know to what a malicious looking youth you gave that promise. Come, 'tis dusk, the surgeon says you may soon begin, by degrees, to discard your shade; do take one peep at this precious hypocrite."

Something in the speaker's tone excited the old man's interest; with one hand he uncovered his weak eyes, with the other dragged Jean's face close to his; then, spreading his arms, exclaimed, "What—you my nurse—my foot boy! Karl Clauren?"

"No—Frederick Von Bremmel," was the reply.

"You might give me my rank, sir, though you *are* my preserver."

"I mean, colonel, that I am your brother's only child."

"Haw! a boy?"

"By the bones of our great namesake!"

"Ho, joke!" roared old Frederick, hugging, kissing, and crying over this found treasure, who laughed all the while, got his ears boxed for such presumption, then knelt, entreating his uncle to do that again.

"No—no—tell me—prove yourself my Karl—my Fritz."

"Sir," said young Frederick, seriously, "my mother was a Parisian actress, but an excellent woman. She supported my father and myself. Soon after his death a fever disabled her for life, and I—she had educated me well—I taught music and other matters, till I lost her, in May. I longed to join the army, but did not choose to seek your notice till I had done something to deserve it, so called myself Karl Clauren. The fortune of war favoured me more than I asked. You were in a mood of which I dared not take advantage; therefore decamped, to get well, ere I offered you my duty. Coming hither, for that purpose, I heard of your late mishap, and could not resist the temptation of improving our acquaintance, before I confessed myself—either as the volunteer or as your kinsman."

"Capital, Karl! *Joli Jean!* funny Fritz!" clamoured Von Bremmel, and each went to bed as sober as a bishop, in a bowl, could make him. The two evenings which followed, they were reported to be closeted *tête-a-tête* on family business. By day, the colonel's withered phiz assumed a self-complacent smirk quite new to it; yet, before folks, he raved of Agnes First; his only living idol appeared "*Mien libre Fritz.*"

Legacy hunters are adepts at flattery; but this poor *protégé's* familiarities with his benefactor seemed the out-breaks of an independent spirit; his foibles lay more on the side of careless levity than on that of sordid selfishness. To him the colonel confided his every thought; their acquaintance believed them inseparable. Three motives might exist to induce Fritz's persuading his relative that he ought to claim the hand of Mademoiselle Delorme. First, unworldly disinterested partiality; second, a wish to efface the ill effects of his father's lang syne coquetry; and thirdly, a love of mischief, of placing a hoary man in an absurd situation. Any or all of these feelings were *likely* to influence the counsels of this trusty nephew. No one, however, except his uncle, knew *what* he advised, or if his dictates pleased their hearer.

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The Baron Delorme had trained his only and motherless child in great seclusion, at the ancestral château; early familiarizing her with the wrongs and merits of his friend Von Bremmel, whom he described as the jilted lover—the brothers in arms not having met since the period of that tragedy. Agnes was told that it would be her duty to love, honour, and obey, this kind being, whenever she met him; a rational woman must be more secure of peace with a worthy man *some* years her elder, than with a fickle tyrant of a boy. How had the youth, for whose pretended liking her aunt rejected his elder brother—how had Charles Von Bremmel turned out? The innocent girl implicitly believed her father's every word; on his death forwarded his letter to the colonel, with a submissive note from herself. Study and charity divided her lonely hours; she had nor governess, nurse, nor maid to be her confidante; only one female acquaintance, indeed, a matron who knew Colonel Von Bremmel, and had met him recently. Unaware of the young lady's situation, this dame depicted the veteran as he *was*;—a quizzable blunderer, the laughing-stock of boys.

"If," thought Agnes, "I can yet look up to him myself, it must be very painful to see one's lord and master derided." Unless he renounced her, she must shut her senses against all other men; should any worthy of the name cross her path. She began to wonder why he did not seek her, as a friend, at least; but she could not write to ask this Lubin what he was going to do.

In such perplexing suspense came a cordially courteous billet, asking if Von Bremmel might pay her his personal respects that evening. She returned a grateful assent, and, in some anxiety, dressed to receive her important visitor. The autumn twilight closed in—he came—he spoke. She raised her eyes. They sank again, in a moment. He was more antique than she had dreamed; far more so than her late father; worse than her intimate had represented; though his baldness was concealed by a black silk skull-cap. Yet grizzled locks, brows, lashes, beard, spectacled eyes, ponderous nose, a face weather browned, powder-blued, curiously carved by war and time, a stooping back, and accents that seem hitching in loose teeth—all these attributes, seen in a virgin's visions, become an old soldier; but present them as those of her future bridegroom!—ask any one of the ladies who persecuted Blucher for a kiss, would she have liked being made Mrs. B.?

A rather left-handed apology did Agnes offer for her agitation, murmuring, "Pardon me, sir—the recollection of my father."

"Agnes Delorme—look on me—as his substitute—unless—until—understand?"

Here were the habitual breaks, though their first cause, the pipe, was absent. Pressing her tiny fingers in his expansive palm, he led her to a seat. She felt that his hand shook, and that he was lame. Servants brought lights.

"Lend me that screen;" he coughed; "had a blast—wore blinkers till yesterday—blind Cupid—got here—see! May I keep my head covered? ugly cut—least draught makes me deaf. No matter—heart sound—health and spirits—try to love me—aware of disparities—old Obrist—young *angel*—do my best—make you happy—every

indulgence—own way in all things—father's wish—if you can, glorious—if not, say so—no compulsion—trust me, command me!”

Agnes, reassured by the frank tone of her guardian, yet unable to thank him in words, impulsively threw herself at his feet, pressed his hands to her lips, and bedewed them with tears of joyous yet revering affection. He raised her quickly to his heart, saluted her with great *gusto*, and detaining her on his knee, said earnestly, “Any other attachment? haw!”

“No, dear colonel; none, I assure you,” she answered with perfect candour.

“What—never? odd! how's that? lovely, and above nineteen.”

“Why, sir, as yet I have seen no one—nobody has seen me.”

“Sure? quite sure? but where are you going, dear?”

“O! my weight would fatigue you, that's all.”

“Pooh! carry you over the world—feather! but—but—glad of it—very! *may* happen though—must—some day—if—when it does—tell me, won't you?”

“What, sir? tell you to *carry* me?” ventured Agnes, sportively.

Von Bremmel laughed, “No joke, young rogue; no—should you fall in love.”

“I would tell no one *but* you, indeed; yet no such thing *shall* happen unless I fall in love with *you*.”

“How d'ye know, my life? Boys are *boys*—youth is—beauty—bold, yet cunning—dangerous, I'm told—haw! perhaps—bones of my namesake—after we are—eh?”

“Dear sir,” uttered Agnes firmly, “I will answer for my *conduct*—” she checked herself, then added, “with Heaven's help and your's!”

“Good,” sighed the colonel, ardently, “that's everything—I said so—but, darling, conduct's not all; feeling is something—much; costs health, reason. *You* don't know yet, lamb—I do; so mark. I love *you*; yes, I do—already—dearly—for your beauty?—partly; that's natural; for your virtue?—most. Well, can't make you my child, live with you as a father—different feeling, quite! Think you can be constant, comfortable, while I last? course of nature—not long—make my few days happy—survive—rich—pretty widow—get a young husband—I look down and bless ye—haw!”

“No, not so, never!” almost sobbed the pure-hearted damsel. “Our porter lived till nearly ninety; could see, hear, walk, talk; merry, kind, nice-looking creature; he died without a pang. God grant that I may myself be old, ere I lose you, dear Frederick Von Bremmel; for never will Agnes Delorme take a second—take any other husband. What could console me?”

“What! I'm thinking, Agnes,”—here the colonel folded her again in his arms,—“you might have obeyed your father, even had his choice been a cross, helpless invalid—but soldiers—cosmopolites—wait on themselves—look, no spindle-shanked pantaloon. Fancy I want to make a nurse of you; no such thing—that is, not my nurse—another matter—if—when—haw! children left—*they'd* console ye—eh?”

Agnes blushed, but without displeasure or incredulity; it seemed a

mere instinct to like this hearty old man, who now said, considerably, "Never mind, dove; talk of something else; what d'ye do? draw? play chess? sing? fond of music?"

"Passionately, and of painting too."

"Let's see—let's hear; don't mind me—old stump."

Agnes, without display, entrusted him with her little stock of accomplishments, and fancied Von Bremmel a tasteful connoisseur; encouraging, yet suggesting improvements. They talked of books too. *She* thought him a well-read man. His memory was stored with quotations, witty, impassioned, pathetic, argumentative. While he cited a favourite author, he was carried out of his own short, dry manner. She marvelled what any one could find in him to quizz.

At supper he was so *au fait*, and well-bred, that Agnes felt quite sorry when he ordered out his horse. She invited him to dine with her on the morrow; he declined, unable to command leisure, till after her usual early dinner-hour; but would ride over in the evening. Ma'amselle Delorme sought her pillow, satisfied with him, and with herself; full of peaceful hopes and kind intentions.

On descending, next morn, to the breakfast-table, a packet was given her, just left by an orderly. Some little present, she thought, from her good colonel. Within the first envelope was a letter, the hand-writing surely his, or very like it—the signature his own. She read as follows:—

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE DELORME,

"Since last night you have had time to think over your first interview with a maimed, rugged man, old enough, almost, to be your grandfather; yet who has contemplated your sacrifice to himself; not from a cruel or sensual disposition, but because he knows less of the world, general life, your sex, the passions of youth, than you do yourself. You would be faithful, but both must be wretched—the step, then, cannot but impair his respectability. I, his only consanguine tie, risk his patronage by dissuading him from it. I love, and am obliged to my rash but good uncle. A portionless volunteer could never aspire to your hand; therefore it is not for my own sake that I warn ye, beauteous Agnes; no matter when, where, how, I have seen you, heard your voice." Who can do so without loving? The fame of your intellect has reached me; your pensioners rave of their *angel*. A thousand lovers, every way my superiors, will hail your appearance in society. Within is the portrait of one who dared hope he could deserve you. I need no picture of the gentle lady whose image is for ever engraven on my heart. Pardon, pity, and, if you deign to answer me, write ere you have again met the colonel. My man shall call about noon. At worst, adored girl, forget not

"Thy devoted

"FREDERICK VON BREMMEL."

Agnes was shocked. Sympathy, gratitude, admiration, and esteem, for the letter's style and meaning, pleaded in her heart, as she recalled the aspect of her colonel, and glanced at the looking-glass: vanity, gratified, for the first time, sighed, "True, such marriage must seem preposterous—to this—Frederick. I cannot blame him."

Locking up letter and packet, she would fain have hurried into the air; yet somewhere out of doors must this luckless dependent have "seen her, heard her voice;" she would not know *his* features, nor list those vows set to living music. She dared but leave word with her servants, "Should that orderly call again, say there is no answer."

Time hung heavily till the gallant grey arrived, more blythe than before.

"Dear colonel," began Agnes, "I must beg a boon of you."

"And I of you," he retorted; "elders first, sweet! suffered martyrdom here—last night—brought my meerscham now—any objection? haw?"

"Oh, no, sir! papa made me love his pipe."

"Very well, love mine!"

Flint, steel, and amadou, having kindled the fragrant weed, in his *ecume de mere*, he took a preliminary puff; and said coolly,

"Well, child, now—*your* request—speak."

"Why, colonel, I learn you have a nephew."

"If so—what then?"

"He ought to be your heir."

"Bah! my heir—shall be—my son."

"Ay; but you will provide for this Frederick."

"Don't know—mocking puppy!—mongrel—mother an actress—father treacherous—flirting spendthrift—son, cross between mirror and echo—mimic."

"O, but he's so young—he loves you—his only friend—you are too good to take offence; promise me—he means well—he is unhappy. Mind, dear sir, I have never yet seen your nephew."

"No—how should you? Well!"

"But he has—seen me."

"Haw! then—of course—in love with you."

"Not seeking *my* love, though, as his note proves ——"

"Let me see it."

"Certainly; my duty to you were above any faith I could owe a stranger, even did he forbid me to betray; but he owns that he has attempted to dissuade you from ——"

"My marriage with you. I defy him!"

"Yes, yes; but ——"

Von Bremmel hastily looked through the paper, then demanded—"And your answer?"

"I sent none, of any kind."

"Well! his portrait—what d'ye think of him?"

Agnes pointed to the unbroken seal of its cover. The colonel scrutinized it and her—she only said, "Had it been unfastened I would never have looked on it; but then I could hardly have expected you to believe that I had not done so."

"I'd have taken thy word, my blessing!" exclaimed he, approvingly; "and yet—my own signet—women are called curious—how could you forbear? why did you not?—afraid? Bah! he's not handsome—looks decent while singing; that's all."

"Does he sing well?" inquired Agnes, eagerly.

"Ay, has taught—be glad to give you lessons, no doubt—but, as to face—look!" he uncovered the miniature, seized her wrist, and, stamping his foot, thundered, "Here—is he handsome? See."

Agnes did as she was bid, replying firmly, "I think him so."

"No—do ye, though?—flattered then. Any likeness between us—haw?"

"Yes, about the lips and eyes there is the same engaging expression; but, my only Mentor, why force me to behold this? If you two remain friends, and Heaven grant you always may! if he visit us—after I am——"

"As he will—of course—what then? You said that you could answer for your *conduct*, girl."

"So, I trust, I can; and, had he not written, I could have met him as a brother. Now, you, sir, must take care that *we never meet*."

"Ho! I knew it," grumbled Von Bremmel; "told him so—never mind, my comfort—not angry, only I can't dismiss him—you must see him once—bring him to-morrow—give him back this bauble—bones of Frederick! think to shake your prudence by his portrait. Haw! the vanity of these boys—ho, joke! Bah!"

"Colonel," said Agnes, "of course you are dearer to me now than your nephew can be, as yet; indeed, I am displeased with him; so you need not be; only, after to-morrow, never ask me to receive him more."

"My own Agnes!" cried Von Bremmel, embracing her; "when you are my wife, you must—well, no matter what you must do. Good by!"

He departed; his mildness seemed to spring from a blind self-conceit, which lowered him in her opinion. Why would he insist on creating difficulties and dangers for himself? She began to understand that he might appear very ridiculous to such a man as the original of that picture. Agnes could not sleep a wink that night. Next day her dress was singularly plain and muffling. Long ere she expected the kinsmen, they were announced—she stood in downcast tremor before them.

"Mademoiselle Delorme," began the uncle, "your conduct—character—excellent. As friends, all easy—my match with you—out of the question, There's my heir—have *him*."

Agnes saw a pair of splendid legs approaching her; the knees touched the floor at her feet. She gave one cold proud glance to the young Frederick; it sufficed to convince her that he was far handsomer than his miniature; then darting towards the old one, she uttered wildly, "Von Bremmel! you said you loved me, called me your own Agnes! You!" She stopped short.

There was the uniform, a stoop, a scarred, weather-beaten, furrowed, grey-head, its baldness now uncovered; there was certainly a large nose, but this was a younger, better-looking man, though not half so dear; there was not the *identity* of her last night's guest. She missed the sheltering support of *her* Von Bremmel, in presence of the noble gallant, who still knelt, bashful as a dairy-maid, before her.

"Beloved Agnes," huskily articulated the old man; but *he* was looking at a profile of her aunt; *her* colonel had never noticed that.

"What means all this, gentlemen?" inquired the girl, with pretty dignity.

"Ho, joke, my child," quoth the senior; "that boy—right enough—pointed out perils—for thee—as my wife—so I said 'prove your words'—persuaded him to be my proxy—experiment—travestie—masquerade—bit of acting—imitation—disguise—incog. Flavius Josephus says—never saw—so old a body—so young a head. Letter—picture—my consent—not angry. Haw! spurs of my namesake, Fritz! get up—speak."

"Gentle lady," cried young Frederick, rising, "the kindness with which you have treated me as my uncle, the just severity I have met as myself, assures me of your—perfection. I will deserve you; but must I paint my face again, and resume my false nose, ere I can hope for pity?"

"Insolent ingrate!" faltered Agnes, dismayed at the recollection of the unrepulsed familiarities he had extorted from her credulity. She continued more haughtily, "I acted under a mistake, and cannot love the man who has dared deceive me."

"Why, that was me," pleaded the colonel; "I commanded—it was his duty to obey—and yours too—your father bade you—Haw! Well! I order you to love my heir. Didn't he do me well, *niece*?"

"No, sir," hesitated Agnes, "he caricatured you, as much as his painter *flattered* him."

The old man laughed.

"Ah, adored Agnes," said the lover; "but all I vowed to thee, as my uncle, my last breath shall prove that *I* meant, as myself—*et vous*?"

"O Frederick!"

* * * * *

The *farçeur* became a good and happy husband; himself, wife, and fine family, live with the now patriarchal Obrist, fond as ever of Bischoff and Meerschaum. Their British friend heard of them but lately; and, by their leave, empowered me to relate this masculine instance of "*Love in Wrinkles*."

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.¹

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH," "GENTLEMAN JACK," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

DAY dawned on board the frigate—bright, clear, and glorious. The lieutenant of the watch, whose commission had reached him at a period of life when everything that is beautiful most affects the mind, stood looking from the weather gangway at the full round orb of light, the segment of whose circle just uprose above the wave. A myriad of gorgeous tints and splendid forms, crowded together in magnificent confusion, towered above the rising sun into the deep-blue ether. Cities, forests, spanless rivers, interminable plains, all that the fancy could coin, or eye of the dreamer enjoy; while over the fresh and almost fragrant water, a dazzling streak of living fire seemed to skip from crest to crest, sparkling as it came along, a golden messenger of day from another world.

"Any orders, Gregson, from the captain?" demanded a strong voice, at the ear of the musing officer. The latter turned—the first lieutenant of the ship stood before him.

"Any orders!" repeated Gregson, endeavouring to collect his thoughts, then adding, "No; I have not yet called him."

"No! the more fool you then. See the sun's disc is clear of the horizon; and if he happens to have seen that, stand clear. Your orders were to have called him at daylight. Did you receive them?"

"Yes; but I thought——"

"Ay, ay, I see. It's clear you hav'n't sailed long with Henry Livingstone, or you'd know that with some men the letter of the law is worth as much as the spirit."

"Very possibly more; but, however, I'll go at once."

"It certainly does strike me, my fine fellow," added the first lieutenant, as he watched his junior down the hatchway; "it certainly does strike me that you hold your commission with your fingers greased; and yet one would think that the sight of his late messmate, Ramsay, before the mast, might have made him keep at least a civil tongue. When the captain comes up, I'll put a spoke in your wheel, young man, that won't make it run a bit the easier on its axle, I know. Holloa, sir! don't come running up on the quarter-deck in such an unofficer-like manner; you nearly knocked me——why, what's the matter? has anything happened?"

"Heaven above knows, sir. The captain is not in his cot," replied Gregson, whose hurried and startling reappearance on deck, had drawn forth this rebuke; "nor do I think in his cabin; for though I called his name loudly several times, he made me no answer."

"Pooh! stuff and nonsense! he's dressing, I suppose, in his spare quarter gallery; did you look there?"

"No, sir; if there, he must have heard me, and would have replied."

"Not at all; he may have been savage at your breaking your orders, and letting the sun clear the horizon before going down; or he may have got out in the middle of the night for the cool air, and fallen asleep—a thousand things. Wait a few minutes, and go down again. Pipe the watch, meanwhile, to clean decks."

"Ay, ay, sir. Boatwain's mate—watch, clean decks."

"Watch, clean decks!" repeated the thunder-toned old seaman, after the proper wind upon his whistle; and while the men began to get their buckets, brooms, and other apparatus, for this operation, Gregson went below once more to call the captain. But little time elapsed ere he again returned.

"I wish, sir," said he, addressing the first lieutenant, "that you would come down with me to search the cabin; for the captain has neither returned to his cot, nor does he make any reply to my calls for him."

"Psha! what idle mummery is this? Captain Livingstone will not thank you very materially for it. I'll be bound I find him quietly enough. Mate of the watch."

"Sir."

"Take charge of the deck till Mr. Gregson's return."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Now, Mr. Gregson, I'll lead the way;" and down the lieutenants went together.

As yet, not one word had been said to the sentry as to whether Captain Livingstone was within or not. There he stalked backwards and forwards, to and fro, mightily indifferent as to whether the ship herself fell overboard, provided only that he could hold his back up, and turn his toes out. What were a wilderness of captains to such an admirable piece of breathing clockwork? The only going material to him, was the going of time—the only coming he cared for, the coming of relief guard. Well, then, he said nothing to the lieutenants, the lieutenants said nothing to him; but together entered the cabin, and shut the door.

"Captain Livingstone," called the senior officer—no Captain Livingstone replied. "Captain Livingstone" was repeated in stentorian notes. Not even the echo of an answer met the anxious ear of the inquirers.

"We must now search the quarter galleries, Mr. Gregson, he sleeps soundly, at any rate."

"Very!" drily remarked Gregson.—Following behind the first lieutenant, the latter looked into the larboard-quarter gallery, which, with some slight space added to it, was used as a dressing-room. There stood the small neat toilette-table, with every thing carefully ranged on it by the captain's valet on the night preceding; not a brush, comb, nor razor, was out of its place. There too hung the mirror used for shaving, but it reflected anything but the face of his master.

"Very strange," exclaimed the first lieutenant, stepping back into the cabin.

"Very," added his junior, who took a hasty advantage of daylight and a looking-glass to ask himself how he did after a fortnight's mutual separation. "Have you found him, sir?" asked he of his superior, going back into the cabin, and seeing his brother-officer peering into the starboard gallery.

"No, Gregson, I begin to think this very queer—not a window in the cabin open, the deadlights shut abaft, the ports closed. It's clear he could only have left this by the door, and I suppose, therefore, he's gone out upon the main-deck; but what can he have done that for?"

"Ask him, sir."

"Mr. Gregson," quoth the startled first lieutenant, "I haven't impudence enough; I fear I must leave that task to you."

"O sir, you are too kind," said Gregson; "mine is not a prying disposition—I have no sort of curiosity to know why he did anything of the sort."

"Well—well, sir," interrupted the first lieutenant, who found playing repartee with a junior anything but agreeable; we must question the sentry as to how long the captain has been out of this. Ring the bell for him, will you? The captain, on hearing his own bell, may at least make his appearance."

"Perhaps he may, sir."

"Did you ring, gentlemen?" inquired the sentry entering, seeming much astonished.

"Yes, sentry; at what hour did Captain Livingstone leave his cabin?"

"Leave his cabin, your honour?"

"Yes, sir—leave his cabin. Didn't you hear the question, that you repeat it?"

"The captain, sir, has never left his cabin, sir, that I've seed on this morning, sir."

"Then, you scoundrel, you've been to sleep on your watch."

"No, sir, I haven't, begging your honour's pardon."

"Then, how do you account for not having seen your captain leave his cabin, sir?"

"Isn't his honour here, sir?" said the soldier almost dumb with surprise.

"No, he's not, and as soon as he comes back you may expect to be put into the report for negligence on duty."

"Well, sir, if Captain Livingstone left the cabin since my guard, it must have been while I went forward to strike the bell. I can't see either how that should have been without my hearing him, or, at any rate, sir, during such time as he might be dressing."

"Begone, sir! Send the corporal of the middle-watch here."

A few minutes elapsed, and the corporal made his appearance.

"Corporal, when you relieved the guard here, and saw the present sentry placed, did you hear whether the captain had then left his cabin?"

"No, he had not, sir. I heard the sentry himself tell his relief—

that's the present sentry, your honour—that Captain Livingstone was asleep in his cabin."

"You're sure you heard these words?"

"Quite, sir."

"Is the present sentry to be depended on for telling the truth?"

"To a merricle, your honour—never knew him tell a lie in my life; and as for a soldier, there's not a better in the ship, barring the serjeant, when he's sober."

"Begone!" The corporal waved the most correct half-circle with his hand, stretched his thumb out with the due regular precision, touched his bald lock, waved the dexter limb back again, wheeled to the right, half-face quick march—out went Corporal Log, the firm, unflinching, liberal, independent, advocate of soldier Stick.

No sooner had the cabin-door closed upon the two lieutenants than the senior took a step across the cabin, saying, "Gregson, I begin to think this absence of Captain Livingstone very mysterious."

"So thought I, sir, at first, but you assured me it was nonsense."

"Well, well, so it seemed; but I confess I was hasty in saying that. Feel his cot."

"It is quite cool. He must have quitted it some time since. Surely, sir,—can he be given to walking in his sleep?"

"Psha!—Walking in his shoes, you mean."

"No, sir; I meant nothing of—"

"Well, mean less then: it's idle to indulge in such ridiculous conjectures, when perhaps——" He paused. "Did you hear no noise, Gregson?"

"None, sir."

"Well, I thought——Captain Livingstone!"

Nothing like a voice gave answer to the name.

"Go, sir," said the first lieutenant, with some perturbation of manner, "and summon here all the officers of the first and middle watches."

In a quarter of an hour all had assembled, wondering what could be the disagreeable cause of their disturbance. Had any of them seen Captain Livingstone outside his cabin? No, none; since his retiring for the night at seven bells in the first watch, or half-past eleven. No one had even felt it necessary to go to call him during those hours which had since then elapsed, for the breeze had continued light and steady—no sail had been made or shortened—no stranger had been descried. The superior's rest, therefore, had remained unbroken. The last time, as far as the first lieutenant could learn, that mortal eye had rested on his superior, was when the sentry of the first watch had seen him finally enter the cabin. The threshold of which no one had ever seen his shadow darken again.

"But," said the first lieutenant, in downright bewilderment, "if this account were the correct one, he would have been here now. He must have been here—not a loop-hole is left unfastened large enough for a mouse to jump out. But Captain Livingstone certainly is not here."

The assembled officers, when they heard this, rubbed their eyes as if still doubting that they slept. An officer—a post-captain—to be missed from his cabin with as little ceremony as a midshipman from

his hammock—they had never dreamt the possibility of such a thing, much less heard of it. They looked at one another, but no substantial form melted away. There each stood, making the dread reality too real. During this pause each face wore a more startled and grave aspect. They seemed like a set of men conscious that some unearthly intruder was amongst them, whom yet they were not permitted to descry. With sidelong and suspicious glance their eyes now and then wandered round the still darkened cabin, into whose chambers the sun was not yet allowed to send its rays. As they found it, so it was for the present to remain. The first lieutenant held in his hand a fighting lantern, the chequered light of which, now falling in a strong glare, now in deep shadow, glancing round, made the wondering spectators almost fancy that they beheld the dim shade of their captain drawing round them in unearthly joy at their natural surprise.

"Well, gentlemen," said the superior, breaking the silence, and resting his lantern on the captain's table, while the rest stood round it, "we can make nothing more of it. All that remains for us to do is to get a few more lanterns, and go round the cabin once more. Captain Livingstone was neither of an age nor disposition to indulge in practical jokes, which, you must all distinctly remember, he strictly forbade. I cannot think it possible, therefore, that this absence of his can be attributed to any such cause. Neither can I think it much more possible that any harm can have happened to him. He does not walk in his sleep that I ever heard of, so cannot have fallen overboard. As to any violence in his own cabin, that is not to be thought of, with an armed sentry at his door, and the whole watch on deck within hail. He must, I think, be on board the ship; and, if so, on some of the decks, whither he may have gone for some reason of his own, and fallen asleep. However, before we allow any of the crew to know the cause of our surprise, we will make doubly sure that he is not here. There are the other lanterns, which the sentry has now brought in; light them, and search."

In obedience to this order, four more lights were brought to bear on this dark business, and the search commenced. Not a locker nor corner, but was now peered into—scarcely room was left unexplored for the hiding of a cock-roach, much less a captain. The result, however, proved as unsatisfactory as might have been expected: nothing was discovered that could in any degree hint as to the fate of him for whom they sought.

It was now determined that the serjeant, the master-at-arms, a ship's corporal, and six of the first petty officers, should go below, and as quietly as possible search the lower-deck and table-tier, while the first and second lieutenants, and the four oldest midshipmen, should, with the same view, go through the main and upper decks, boats, rigging, and tops. By this means the scrutiny was extended throughout the whole frigate; the cabin left precisely as it was found, the door locked, and the key given to the first lieutenant.

Hour after hour elapsed. The duty of the ship proceeded in its accustomed course, but no captain was to be found. Eight o'clock arrived. Orders were given to pipe to breakfast. One bell struck—the watch was called. Another half hour elapsed. It was then time

to have the muster by divisions. Every man was accounted for but the captain. At the pipe "down," the long array of seamen and marines broke up from divisions, and many were hastening below to the main-deck, when another shrill whistle from the boatswain attracted their attention. A dead silence followed—broken only by the deep and solemn summons of "All hands." At these words all faces were turned towards the quarter-deck, and thither every one not in the sick list at once thronged. The officers were in their usual undress, and without arms, which at sea are never worn except during the operation of punishment, for, being idle and ridiculous gewgaws, no one ventures to trust his life to such in action, but then chooses the more safe and effective weapon of a ship's cutlass. Deep indeed was the interest which at that time pervaded the breasts of most present. The officers, though they knew it not, slumbered on a volcano which, both literally and allegorically, a single breath might rouse into fiery action. Among the men themselves existed that deep but subdued, though not, therefore, less terrible emotion, that is born in the breast of every human being about to take some perilous step towards which his necessities urge him, and his mind misgives. For a long time the crew had been on the very eve of mutiny—all that they had wanted was some one to lead them on, and a favourable opportunity. Both they now seemed to possess.

No sooner had it transpired to the sentry at the cabin-door that the captain was missing, than it was in an incredibly short space of time buzzed throughout the whole ship. A conclave of the men immediately met in council in the bows of the ship on the lower-deck, called the bag, being that part which is most likely to favour such an illegal meeting, without discovery or overhearing. It was composed solely of the ringleaders who could be trusted; and, to an indifferent observer, would have presented a curious mixture of daring and timidity, rashness and prudence. On one point not a dissentient voice was heard—all agreed that the captain was lost. No one suggested that his quitting the ship was either voluntary or by mistake; neither was any human being, by implication or otherwise, for an instant accused of being accessory to his death or absence. No; the conclusion at which they arrived was that the devil had taken him—a little perhaps before his time—but that was no matter. It was agreed that he was a most decided chicken of the "ould black hen," and she had a right to her brood when or wherever she liked. Only provided that in the same sudden manner he did not come back again, they were content to waive his want of ceremony in going, and say no more about the matter.

The question then before them was, should they mutiny, or wait, and see who was appointed as Captain Livingstone's successor. After a very warm debate, it was at length carried, but without the weakening process of a division, that, though the opportunity for a mutiny was at present very tempting, yet, that such a step might be taken at any time, but retraced at none; they would, therefore, on the whole, be kind, mild, and considerate enough to postpone that little piece of amusement, at least for the present, and wait and see what results came about from the Livingstone-secession policy. A signal

of mutiny was then agreed on, as well as the ringleaders who should be empowered to give it, and the conclave separated, after, of course! "a vote of thanks to the able gentleman in the chair."

At the well-known pipe of ALL HANDS, every one in the least degree surmised of the brewing mutiny felt in his inmost soul that something was forthcoming most "material to the issue." In another moment the fatal signal might be given which was to level his cutlass or boarding-pike at the throat of his officer, whose slightest word but a brief space before was irreversible law. Nor was that all; come when the fight might, it would be deadly, and victory only be attainable over the corse of their superiors. Before this could be achieved how many of the crew must fall—in no ordinary fight, but one which harrowed up every feeling and extinguished the last spark of that bright, albeit rude, chivalry, which is the only shining spot—the sole redeeming point—in the slaughter of our fellows! Well might a terrible sensation be experienced at the hearts of those who were bent upon the chances of this sadly-dangerous game.

As soon as the first lieutenant saw the frigate's crew mustered on the deck around, and the silence perfect, he advanced a step or two from among the officers who stood round him, and leaning partly on the capstan, addressed them as follows:—"I am very sorry, my men, that a very melancholy occasion is the cause of my calling you together, for the purpose of saying a few words. The officer of the morning watch, going, in the execution of his duty this day, to call Captain Livingstone at day-break, found that officer absent from his cabin. As all the windows and deadlights were closed, and my strictest search has been ineffectual in discovering anything that can at all guide us to the recovery of our late captain, I am sorry to be obliged to come to the very painful conclusion, that he must have risen in the night, and passing out of his cabin while the sentry went forward to strike the bell, have so reached the deck without observation, and perhaps, in a fit have fallen overboard. Under these distressing circumstances it has become my duty temporarily to assume the command of the ship. I trust to your redoubled exertions, that, in case of our falling in with an enemy, the loss of Captain Livingstone's valuable experience may not be felt; and I gladly take this opportunity of destroying both the black list and the report"—he tore them in pieces as he spoke—"in order that we may all begin afresh with a new score. Boatswain, pipe down."

The evident degree of satisfaction that this sensible address produced on the critical auditory for whom it was uttered, would have been mistaken or unobserved by no one: while not even the speaker himself could in any degree have imagined the immense good it produced. Many score lives were in those few minutes preserved by a slight expenditure of breath, that cost the utterer nothing but a small portion of good-will. Well would it have been for the unhappy frigate if the same happy turn of destiny had always been in store for her.

CHAPTER VIII.

The reign of the first lieutenant on board the frigate did not prove of long continuance: on the third day after the sudden disappear-

ance of Captain Livingstone, they fell in with the commodore. The signal being made for the captain to go on board, and he, unluckily for him, not being quite able to comply with this moderate command, his substitute performed this duty. The commodore, who, as commodores go, was not a bad sort of fellow, seemed particularly struck at the tragical loss of "so gallant an officer as Captain Livingstone," and all that sort of thing.

However, the most striking part of his ideas on this subject came to light in a sentence or two subsequently, when it plainly appeared that he most delighted in striking when the iron was hot; for being one of those never-slumbering self-advancers, a canny Northern, he had, he said, "a nevoy in the distance, for whom the death vacancy would be just the vera thing."

Here the perturbation of the first lieutenant became too evident to be passed over.

"Make yourself easy, young man; ye have no cause of alarm—my nevoy, good lad, is just down to leeward there, chasing a slaver; he's aye ferreting something or another. But I'll make the signal of recal without delay. Sentry, let the officer of the watch make the signal for the Reynard to speak with commodore. My nevoy, sir, commands the Reynard sloop; he shall have your frigate, you his sloop; baith of you will then get your turns served, and I do what I can to get the acting appointments confirmed. Make yourself easy, sir, make yourself easy, I say—you're baith provided for."

The lieutenant was profuse in his thanks. Had he also been prophetic in them, they would have been redoubled. Truly indeed was his star in the ascendant at that—to him—auspicious hour! Had the same foreseeing power, however, been granted to "the lad to leeward," the commodore's "nevoy," we are by no means so sure that he would have been as liberal in his gratulations: although he would have seen, to a nicety, that his uncle made no mistake in saying he had *provided for him*. But, as the pursers can tell us, there are more sorts of *provision* than one.

The commodore having directed his clerk to make out the necessary acting commissions, asked the new-made commander to stay and dine with him, in order that he might meet said "nevoy," and have the opportunity of being introduced and made known to him. A captain's dinner is always acceptable at sea. Of course the commander would stay and dine. He was so overjoyed he could have eaten anything but his commission. He therefore asked and obtained leave to go back to the frigate, which, like the commodore's ship, was hove-to, in order that all his traps might be packed and ready for transfer to the Reynard, on the moment that the latter floating elysium should to his fond eyes arrive.

At last she came. On the quarter-deck of the commodore's seventy-four he was introduced to "the nevoy." His astonishment may be easily conceived when he found himself presented to a sort of one-eyed ogre, and that "the lad to leeward" was a great red corpulent fellow, considerably past forty. There seemed to be gathered in this blooming functionary's face the whole ill humours of an East India fleet; for I take it that such is most bilious upon record; and the

new commander could readily perceive that the new post-captain was just the very man to be, as his uncle had said, "Aye, ferreting something or another." "The stout gentleman," too, seemed to know the difference of rank between himself and his new acquaintance, for he kept him at much the same length as the south pole does the north—a perfect freezing distance. In such a case, all that the most experienced navigator can do is to keep clear of the icebergs, and blow his fingers. Little was said at dinner, and therefore we may conclude the more was thought. The commander thought, to wit, how nicely the folks in the frigate would be taken in—lying-to quietly to windward. Now they were in the sweet expectation of receiving on board a smart active young man, who, as the commodore's nephew would be sure to come in for some of his best pickings on the station in the way of lucrative prize-cruises, freights, and other matters. Instead of this, he pictured their horror when they should see mounting their side this living Hecla with a pair of epaulettes on, all fire and frost—for his ferret eye was no bad type of a volcanic hiatus, small, dark, and threatening. He thought too how quietly the frigate's "last captain" had moved out of his quarters without rhyme or reason. Not a word of this, however, would he breathe to his successor. "No," said he, magnanimously; "it would be such a shame to prejudice him against his new ship;" and with this salvo, if a suspicion of any foul play did cross his mind, he at once dismissed it, though with a slight twinge of conscience, it must be confessed in the doing. This was really, however, a supererogatory susceptibility of virtuous emotion, since Captain Hecla had admitted much the same sort of reasoning in his own mind, and had never dreamt of informing the commander how, when the sloop was last "ferreting" out a slaver, one of his own men, with an aim still worse than intention, had taken a sly shot at him from behind, and grazed his collar-bone, instead of perforating his head or heart, whichever the case might be, for he never rightly discovered the intention of the marksman, whose modesty was such, he could never be prevailed upon to avow himself, greatly as his bashful incognito was tried. On all this, we say, Captain Hecla remained mute, together with much more of the same complexion, touching which he might have discoursed most eloquently during the whole of the time. On this ground he seemed almost as modest as his unknown marksman.

As the wine circulated, a slight degree of thaw succeeded on the part of the commodore and some of the other guests; and the new commander, in the fulness of his heart, was guilty of a piece of generosity, for the indiscretion of which even he himself was never fully able to account. He mentioned to his superior the shameful, infamous case of the unfortunate Mr. Ramsay—not in those colours which such an atrocious iniquity deserved, it is true, for that in all probability would have lost him his yet unconfirmed promotion; but it was a great thing for him to mention it at all. He informed the commodore that Mr. Ramsay had intrusted to his care a letter on service, but that he had not delivered it to him until he knew whether such a delivery would have his sanction.

"A bad business, sir—a bad business, sir," groaned the com-

modore. But give me the letter—there's no harm in hearing what the young man has to say for himself."

This was done, and the broken lieutenant's petition stated that, as the captain of a merchantman, he had been unlawfully impressed, and begged to be discharged. He also narrated the whole circumstances of his seizure, his production of his merchant's appointment, and its destruction by the midshipman.

"A bad business, sir," reiterated the commodore—"a bad business. The chiel may be telling us naething but the truth, still ye should know vera well, sir, that if the document in question is destroyed, there is na evidence on which we can proceed to his discharge."

"I'm very sorry to hear it, commodore, for I was in hopes that as another lieutenant will be wanted to do duty on board the frigate, Mr. Ramsay might have been reinstated temporarily in his rank, subject to the admiral's decision—a better officer cannot be, and his family, as you must know, sir, is one of the most ancient and honourable in Scotland."

"What, sir! is he one of the auld Ramsays of the border?"

"A branch of that family, sir."

"Whew! A bad business truly. Nevoy, we must do something for this poor fellow. Can we venture, think ye, to reinstate him?"

The first fire of Captain Hecla's volcano fell upon the new commander—then on his uncle, over whom he possessed great influence.

"As to reinstating such a person, sir, the thing is out of the question. The sentence of a court-martial is not to be tampered with in that way. The matter of the merchant's appointment as his captain, may, for anything we know, be all a lie—and now I think of it, sir," turning to the commander, "didn't we hear that one or two lives were lost in pressing him. Pray, was that the case?"

"Why, sir, I'm sorry to say that was unfortunately ——"

"Ah! I thought as much. It would have been quite as candid for you, sir, to have mentioned that fact to the commodore, before you sought to involve him with his majesty's commander-in-chief on this station, by pardoning and promoting a murderer."

"Surely, sir, not a murderer, or Captain Livingstone would have proceeded against him at once. The violence began on the part of the pressgang, who certainly were not warranted, between ourselves, in making a forcible capture of a gentleman possessed of a legal protection."

"Between us, indeed, sir! I beg to tell you there's nothing between us, sir, but the forms and discipline of his majesty's service; and do you mean to tell me that this wretch—this murderer, to all intents and purposes, has escaped without any punishment?"

"Why, sir, he has not been punished," replied the commander, who was now quite cowed; "though he was put in the report for punishment the night before Captain Livingstone walked over-board."

"Then, by G——! as soon as ever I get on board I'll turn the hands up, and give him five dozen."

"That you may not mistake me, however, Captain Hecla, I must

inform you that I thought it my duty, on assuming the temporary command of the frigate, to discharge and destroy both the black list and the report."

"You did, sir! By —, then, I must tell you, sir, we have very different ideas of duty—very. They may take my word, I'll soon repair such a want, and if this late messmate of yours doesn't soon get a taste of the cat, I know nothing about the matter."

"And I, sir, know nothing about the matter if he does," sternly interposed the host. "On yere life ye dare not lay the lash on the back of a Ramsay. Though ye are no Scot, ye're my nevoy, sir, and there are but few things I would tell ye might not dare, but, by St. Andrew of Scotland! this is one of them," striking his hospitable board, so that its load of glass seemed about to shiver into atoms. "The lad, sir, is of high and noble birth on both sides, I'll be sworn!—think of that." The commodore's brother had, to his great rage and chagrin, married a lady from Portsmouth Point. "He may have been wrong, and a fule, to get into sic a scape as this, though there were a pair of petticoats in the business,"—a very great extenuation with the commodore—"but, as for flogging him, sir—if I thought there were any chance of that, not an hour should pass over my head, but I'd have him removed to my own ship. I will not, however, do ye such injustice to think it possible, so say no more about the matter. As for you, sir," turning to the commander, "I am sorry, after the blood that has been spilt in such an ill-advised proceeding, as pressing a young gentleman, protected from that violence, in owning that I cannot reinstate your messmate without first taking the sense of the admiral on that point. The mair especially, as my nevoy there wants that vacancy, I suspect, for ain of his auld followers. Gentlemen, if none of ye will take more wine, we'll ring for coffee."

"Ay, 'tis a wonderful thing," thought the abashed commander, when this, to him alarming scene, was over—"tis a wonderful thing how one tiny little postscript may contain the whole pith, marrow, and substance, of a monstrously long and disagreeable argument that's gone before. 'My nevoy there, I suspect, wants the vacancy to promote ain of his auld followers.' Off with young Ramsay's head—'So much for Buckingham!'"

CHAPTER IX.

The commodore's dinner being over, and the three acting orders delivered to Captain Hecla, the new commander, and the "auld follower" of the former, signals were made for a boat, both from the frigate and the sloop. The commander proceeded to the latter, and Captain Hecla to the frigate. Their various traps, chattels, properties, &c. had been previously exchanged, and the several ships now filled and parted.

The frigate had distanced the commodore some two miles. Her new captain had gone over and inspected her, as does every gentleman with a new bargain, every baby with a fresh toy. That she was a "crack ship," as far as build and equipment went, he at once perceived, and fine ideas of slavers, prizes, freights, and every other

captainly delight floated before him, to be realized "as soon as he had brought the crew into a little discipline."

These latter words the said crew were purposely allowed to hear. Much did they wonder what might be meant by this. The propounder of the riddle was speedily kind enough to be the solver of it also. On his way back to the quarter-deck, he pointed out to the lieutenant and master, who accompanied him, first one rusty iron stanchion that was to be polished, then another, to the tune of about a dozen—then all the eighteen pound shot in the main hatchway-deck were to receive the same reflective process—the after hatchway ditto—the breeches of each gun, in his future cabin, would, he thought, look the handsomer for being mirrorized; while as for copper and brass, not a fastening of these glaring metals did he spy out, but was, he said, to be made "shine like silver."

"Yes," muttered an angry old tar, who heard this finale, "as like as you are to Wenus, you lubberly son of a sea cook."

Captain Hecla did not, however, hear this nautical greeting; for, wholly taken up with himself, he turned to the officers who followed, saying, "That, gentlemen, is what I call discipline."

"But who's to clean all these bars, bolts, shots, and breeches, sir?" rather unceremoniously demanded the master, who was a rough Northumbrian, some years since taken out of a Newcastle collier, which he then commanded.

The captain gave Mr. Doughty one of his withering glances; but his volcano had no more effect on the impenetrable old master than if it had been set to enkindle one of the said Doughty's former shiploads of wet coal. Finding that a still greater power must therefore be brought to bear on his rough hide, before it could be scorched into that degree of sensitiveness which should shrink at the blaze of a post-captain's authority in full meridian, "Sir," said he, "I'll tell you who are to clean them. The black-list men, sir—the black list men."

"There are none of these bodies in the ship now, sir, I'm happy to say."

"No, sir; then there soon shall be, sir, I can tell you. I never saw a ship in such a beastly state in my life. We sha'n't want a black list long. Look well to your own duty, sir, and don't trouble yourself who's to do this, that, or the other, till the first is performed. You'll find me captain in my own ship, sir, or I know nothing of the——"

"Had you the pleasure of Captain Livingstone's acquaintance, sir?" abruptly asked Doughty, with a peculiar dry tone, and no more abashed than if Hecla had been paying compliments thick and threefold.

"No, sir!" thundered the captain; "why did you ask?"

"Chiefly for information, sir."

"By ——, the ship's in a perfect state of mutiny. Go to your cabin, sir, and consider yourself under an arrest."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the imperturbable master, touching his hat, then muttering that the captain might hear him, as he descended the hatchway, "Dom'd if I care if ye never take me out again, as Jack's

ticker said to his master, when he pawned him to Moses for a bottle of rum; I'll get one good night's rest at any rate, and that's a thing I've not had these six months."

"Mr. Hutchinson," said Hecla, perfectly livid from the disagreeable process of having to swallow his own venom, "pipe the hands on deck to hear my commission read. If the master's a specimen of the crew, I'll cut their livers out, but I'll bring them to their senses."

"A nice overture to a popular opera," thought Mr. Hutchinson to himself; but his part was to obey, and nothing more; so in a few minutes the hands were assembled round the capstan once more. Many a one nudging the other, and saying, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire, Jack—what say you?" Captain Hecla was now to have his say, and even Jack was all attention for that gentleman's budget.

"After what you've heard read, men, I've not much to say to you. I see I have a fine frigate under my command, but from the beastly state in which I find her, I fear there are a skulking set of blackguards in the ship who will give full work for the cat. They've only one way to avoid it I can tell them, that is, to mend their manners, or I will for them. I fear you have not hitherto had the best example set you," looking round at his officers; "but you'll find I'm captain of my own ship, and as long as that's the case, the good men shall never have to do the work of the bad ones. I'm an old hand at reforming these sort of fellows, as they'll find out; so one and all of you take this warning. There's no rest for the life or soul of any of you, so long as there's a ship on the station that beats you on any point of man-of-war's duty. Pipe down!"

One would scarcely imagine that out of the whole annals of overbearing folly and presumption, a more ill-advised and intemperate act could be produced than this address of Captain Hecla. That was only his positive degree of comparison—his superlative was yet some way off. To the officers he had given the most gross, outrageous insult, and one perfectly unprovoked, since the master's individual waywardness was no justification for his branding all the rest. The men he had mortally offended, by telling them that a frigate, before in an over state of tight discipline, was in his eyes merely beastly. But these feelings were deepened on all sides before the evening came to a close. His uncle had irritated and annoyed him at dinner. The master made matters a thousandfold worse; and, like most ill-conditioned men, unaccustomed to opposition, he had reached a pitch of moroseness that discarded the rules of sense. Having piped his new ship's company to quarters, and called all hands to reef topsails, this last manœuvre did not seem in any way to meet his highness's pleasure: so watch in hand, he took his stand in the quarter-deck hammock-nettings, made the officers and seamen go through the operation eleven times, and ended by putting fifteen of the main and mizen topmen into the black list, telling them, as he did with no gentle names, that he felt himself guilty of highly culpable lenity in not setting them down in the report for four dozen each. This over, and the watch called, he informed the first lieutenant that he had now an opportunity of polishing the "bars, bolts, shots, and breeches," so

pathetically mentioned by the master. This notification Hutchinson received in a manner not quite so joyous as the tone in which it was delivered; and in twenty minutes a written order was placed in his hands, directing him to take charge of the first watch, and give up the day duties of the ship, which, by universal prescription, belong to the senior lieutenant, to the "suld follower of the newoy," who was the yet unconfirmed junior of all-four. This extraordinary step was the *coup-de-grace* to Captain Hecla's popularity, as well with the officers as the men. With their usual penetration, however, they soon discovered the reason for this undue preference. The name of this junior lieutenant was Mr. James Snook. They soon found out that he was a regular tale-bearer; and as such, doubtless, had at first and was still to make himself acceptable to his patron. The crew, on this, lost no time in rechristening him, which they did by the style and title of Jerry Sneak, and by no other name did he ever afterwards go.

On Jerry Sneak, therefore, was vented a great part of the ill-humour they felt, but dared not express, for his superior; and this was one of the most favourable modes of so doing. In that hot climate the officers of the gun-room would frequently sit with their door open. The crew would watch the opportunity when all the officers were sitting after dinner, and the lower-deck pretty quiet, and no one among themselves likely to turn traitor, when one would begin to bawl out from forward the nickname of the captain, "Who told Old Blazes how the black-list men got their grog?"

To this query another voice would answer in tones equally penetrating, "Told! why Jerry Sneak did, of course."

"Who wears a white feather in his tuft?"

"Jerry Sneak, of course."

"Who ordered the surplus grog to be started into the scuppers?"

"Jerry Sneak, of course."

"Who tells Old Blazes all he hears his messmates say?"

"Jerry Sneak, of course."

"But who is Jerry Sneak?"

"It can't be Mr. Snook, in course."

"In course it can't be Mr. Snook."

"Who said it was Mr. Snook?"

Here, in all probability, the dialogue would terminate; for poor Snook, not less a weak than an unworthy character, and unable to stand more of this tormenting fire, yet not choosing to exhibit his weak point by shutting the gun-room door, would pretend utter ignorance of what was passing, and rising abruptly from the gun-room table, rush on deck, where it was generally supposed he made a confidant of the captain.

With the men, on the other hand, his departure would be the signal for such a storm of hisses and suppressed yells, as was as near a state of mutiny as anything could well be. Captain Hecla, again, enraged at this proceeding, yet not very well knowing how to put a stop to it, wreaked his vengeance on his rebellious crew by flogging, starting, black-listing them, and every degree of vexation that a vin-

dictive temper could invent. But it was idle: his men were determined to have the upper hand of him, and we shall see how they proceeded. Enough seemingly had been revealed to him, to show on the brink of how horrible a precipice he stood, even supposing that he had never glanced at the real fate of Captain Livingstone. But there are some men, to warn whom from their folly, the very Fates themselves would rise in vain.

SOLITUDE.

IN early youth I shunned mankind,
From books alone to store my mind :
In woods, and ruins moss-o'ergrown,
I sat, and read, and thought alone.

An impulse did I feel, a flame,—
I never questioned whence it came :
A feeling powerful as unknown,
That urged me still to be alone.

I clomb the mountain, through the cloud,
Midst lightnings, and the thunders loud ;
Thence looked around as from a throne,
And triumphed I was there alone.

At midnight, deep in torrent caves,
I listened to the dash of waves,
Down horrid chasms darkly thrown,
And felt an awful joy alone.

The earliest flush the morning gave,
Soft trembling o'er the ocean-wave,
Thence, crimson'd, through the darkness blown,
Midst flying mists, I met alone.

Ever in darkness and in light,
At cheerful noon, at pitchy night,
Around me, like an Iris thrown
Was joy, that still I walked alone.

In sleep was heard the sound of streams,
The sun-set mingled with my dreams ;
The weltering ocean had the tone,
Which lives in slumbering ears alone.

With passing years a change there came,
Though Nature's charms were still the same :
No more that impulse strong might speed
My steps to mountain or to mead.

The wood, the stream, the rock, the tree,
The bud, the blossom, bird and bee,
Still were—but were no more desired—
My mind into itself retired.

My soul was full of Nature's light ;
In vain the morn was dewy, bright ;
In vain to win my gaze did eve
Its long and lingering shadows weave.

For, with an overflowing mind,
I turned from Nature to my kind :
From all things was the freshness flown—
I could not bear to be alone.

A DAY IN IONA.

Peace to their shades ! the pure Culdees
 Were Albyn's earliest priests of God,
 Ere yet an island of her seas
 By foot of Saxon monk was trod.

CAMPBELL.

Who ever visited or thought of Iona—that moral oasis in the wild waste of the Hebrides, with their archipelago of low-browed rocks and islands—without at the same time recalling the memory of Dr. Johnson? The great moralist has stamped his name on the spot, and his voice, figure, and countenance seem present with us as we explore the venerable relics of what was once the “Instructress of the West.” Many changes have come over the Highlands of Scotland since Johnson meditated among the ruins of Iona. Much of the romantic and exclusive character of the people has faded away before the progress of modern manners and improvement. The spirit of clanship has “paled its ineffectual fire;” the poor Gael are broken down or dispersed; parliamentary roads and bridges traverse the whole land, instead of the rough old footpaths, fords, and bridle-tracks; the everlasting paddles of the steam-boats are heard on its loneliest shores; the sturdy cattle-drivers—the *Robin Oigs* of the last century—are converted into shepherds, tending flocks of Cheviot sheep, not the little dun or black-faced aborigines of the hills; ploughs and bone-dust are rife even in the Glengarry country, though the man still lives who drew the first straight furrow in the Highlands; the Caledonian Canal has realized the prophecy of the seer, that ships would sail where the broom and heather were growing; and, in short, nearly all has been accomplished that could be done in changing the external aspect of a country, and assimilating rugged mountains and narrow vales to the fertile fields and rural occupations of the Lowlands. There is matter for joy, as well as grief and wonder, in all this transformation. The lairds, at least, have not been the losers. The Glengarry estate has risen in value, since the formation of the canal, from one to eight thousand sterling per annum—the representative of Inverness-shire, who still bears the old patronymic of “The Chisholm,” derives five thousand a year from lands that yielded his grandfather bare six hundred; nay, many proprietors, at the present moment, receive a larger revenue from their moors alone, for grouse-shooting, let to our English squires and nobles, than their whole rental amounted to “sixty years since.” Agriculture has become a science—the fisheries, a trade and commerce—the once lonely sea, a highway for business and pleasure.

Iona, however, is still the Iona of Johnson. Its ruins constitute its riches; and, save that the well-directed bounty of government has graced it with a church, which, like Wordsworth's Kirk of Ulpha,

Is welcome as a star, that doth present
 Its shining forehead,

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the appearance of the island is the same.

We approached it on a lovely afternoon in summer. The steam-boat had left Oban crowded with tourists—some from America, two Germans, and a whole legion of “the Sassenach.” The quiet beauty of the scene subdued the whole into silence—even the Americans, who had *bored* us about their magnificent rivers, and steam-boats sailing twenty-five miles an hour. The sea was literally like a sheet of molten gold or silver. Not a breath agitated its surface, as we surveyed it from beneath a temporary awning, thrown up on the quarter-deck. The only live objects that caught the eye were an occasional wild fowl or porpoise. As the vessel moved on among the silent rocky islands, the scene constantly shifting, yet always bearing a stern, solemn, and primitive aspect, it was impossible not to feel that we could not have approached Iona under more favourable circumstances.

While we were still *paddling* in the sound, the captain of the vessel related an anecdote of a reputed witch, who lives by the shore, in a state of “looped and windowed raggedness” and total solitude. Many years ago the withered beldame resided on the mainland, but the hue and cry of witchcraft was raised against her by the peasantry. She had the misfortune also to quarrel with the proprietor of the estate on which she was suffered to live—a rent-charge on Providence, and no one else. She was ejected from her small holding. In this extremity, without friend or worldly means, she took refuge in the island of Lismore; she got some good-natured boatman to row her over the sea, and under the sheltering cover of a ledge of rock, she constructed a kind of rude dwelling. She had no furniture but an iron pot, and a truss of straw served for her bed. In Lismore she was also taken for a witch, and the superstitious islanders shunned her society. The old woman, however, contrived to pick a subsistence from the sea and land, and continued to vegetate on the rock. Years rolled on in this dreary solitude, when one night a violent storm arose, and a boat was driven into the creek near Mary’s house. The men found out the aged dame, and implored her to afford shelter to a lady and gentleman for the night, as no living thing could stay on the sea during the tempest, and it was equally impossible to proceed to the mainland. The witch smiled, “like moody Madness laughing wild,” but complied with the request. The strangers were ushered in, and Mary saw, with malignant satisfaction, the proprietor and his lady who had turned her destitute off their estate. Her turn had now come, but the better feelings of humanity prevailed over the spirit of revenge, and she uttered but few words of upbraiding. The visitors were deeply affected by this incident: the storm abated during the night, and after he had taken leave of his benefactress, and returned home, the laird sent Mary a bed, to add to her comfort. This article of furniture she shows with pride, but she seems to consider it a luxury—so completely has her nature been inured to the rugged severity and desolation around her. The adventure would suit dramatic representation.—If it had happened on the coast of Suffolk it would have been immortalized by Crabbe. But to return to Iona.

Iona! There is something magical in the name. Whether its etymology be *I-thonna*, the Island of the Waves, or *I-shonna*, the Blessed or Holy Isle, we care not. The combination of letters is

most musical, and harmonizes completely with the associations called up by the venerable spot. Some places we admire for their rural or pastoral beauty and simplicity—others for their naked grandeur and sublimity. Iona belongs to neither of these classes. Its rocky outline is softened down by green panoramic views of Coll, Tiree, and the surrounding islands—it is of small extent, contains no very high hills, and, though isolated, does not possess that wild and gloomy grandeur which marks some of the mountain solitudes in other parts of the Highlands. It has not the savage magnificence of Mull, nor the fertile and cultivated beauty of Lismore: yet undoubtedly in interest it surpasses them all. As the seat of learning and religion when all around was dark and barbarous—as the burial-place of kings, saints, and heroes—solitary and in ruins—inhabited by a few poor and primitive people—and washed by the ever-murmuring Atlantic, Iona possesses most of the elements of romance and moral beauty. Its natural disadvantages would have been counted as attractions by Columba and his pious votaries, when, some twelve centuries ago, they first steered their skiff across the ocean to plant the tree of life and sow the seeds of knowledge on its desert and barbarous shores. The greater the sacrifice, the higher the virtue; and from this solitary spot Columba sent forth disciples to civilize and enlighten other regions, till the fame of Iona and its saints extended over the kingdom, subdued savage ferocity, and made princes bow down before its influence and authority. Here kings and chiefs were proud to send votive altars, crosses, and offerings, and to mingle their dust with its canonized earth—here christian temples rose in the midst of Pagan gloom—knowledge was disseminated—and Iona shone like the morning star after a long night of darkness! The whole seems like a wild confused dream of romance, as we look on that low rugged island, with its straggling patches of corn-lands, its miserable huts, and poor inhabitants.

As our vessel drew up to the usual landing-place, every cottage sent forth its inmates, young and old, and the beach was lined with spectators. The children came forward and stood on the crags and stones at the shore, holding out collections of the small green and white pebbles and shells, which abound in the island, and vociferating “twopence,” “threepence,” “fourpence,” or “sixpence,” according to the amount or rarity of the store offered for sale. Some of the islanders advanced to the shore,

“Where once came monk or nun, with gentle stir;”

and at their head was an old man, with keen eye and stentorian voice, who bawled out that he was the guide, and would show the ruins. This declaration was denied by such of the people as could speak English, who stated that the schoolmaster was the true guide, and would soon be on the spot. In a few minutes a little round-faced man appeared, his chin new reaped, and on his head a smart beaver-hat that shone conspicuously among the bare heads or blue bonnets of the fishermen. He had a staff in one hand, and a little book, hight “The Historical Account of Iona,” in the other. One of the passengers, to flatter the old man, asked him if he was the author of the

work. He said he was not, but added with complacency, "I am of the same clan, the Macleans, and I have some copies to sell." He then entered on his task of cicerone, which he said he had exercised for forty years in the island. His opponent, the pretended guide, denied this statement, and a warm altercation ensued. The schoolmaster assured us that he was the real guide, and that his rival had only begun the trade this season; "but if you ask himself," said he, with a ludicrous expression of pity and contempt, "he will tell you that he has been a guide for fifty years!" It was obvious that the schoolmaster was the real Simon Pure, and that his rival was an idle, talkative old fellow, who envied the Dominie his glory and his gains. The party went on towards the religious buildings, which lie at a short distance from the shore; but the guides kept up a constant war of words, the pretender being of course the most noisy and most confident. The latter had also some piquant stories to tell respecting the nuns, who had yielded pell mell to a ruthless despoiler from Argyleshire—"a Mac Gruishen"—at all which graceless discourses the schoolmaster shook his head and his new beaver hat, but said nothing. The people crowded forward to settle the disputes of the guides, as to the history of the respective objects, all talking in Gaelic, while the passengers broke out into fits of laughter, and the ragged children thrust in their hands and shells for money. The whole scene was so much at variance with the objects around, and the feelings they are calculated to excite, that we were glad to steal away from the rout, and take a solitary perambulation among the mouldering tombs and churches.

Byron left "to learned fingers and wise hands" the task of describing the glorious sculpture of the Eternal City. Following the spirit, not the fulfilment of this resolution—for the glowing and picturesque sketches of the noble poet transcend, even in fidelity and truth of effect, a thousand of the artist's full-length portraitures and measurements—we leave to the antiquary the duty of depicting the fallen glories of Iona. The ruins are more extensive than we had expected to find them, but none are very ancient. The grave-stones lie huddled together in considerable numbers, and are richly carved—impressing the visitor with a much stronger conviction of the former grandeur and sanctity of the island than is conveyed by the contemplation of its ruined structures. Whether Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings, are here interred, we shall not stop to argue with ancient Dean Munro and Buchanan, or to doubt with later authorities. It is certain that the body of King Duncan was, as Shakspeare describes it,

"Carried to Colm's kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones."

"Kill," in the Celtic language, signifies a burying-ground; and hence the names of many towns in Scotland, distinguished as containing the ashes of primitive saints, retain this prefix.

The cathedral or abbey church at Iona has a tower of three stories, still accessible by a winding staircase, and is seventy feet high. The

capitals of the pillars in the chancel are decorated with scriptural representations, as is common in old conventual buildings, such as figures of Adam and Eve, with the serpent and the apple; Cain murdering Abel, and other pieces of a similar descriptions. One of the designs contains a touch of quaint monkish humour. An angel is represented weighing souls in the scales of justice, or balancing the good with the evil deeds of a man, while the devil is seen slyly slipping his paw into one of the scales, and depressing it below the other! Conceits of this kind have been legitimate subjects of satire and pleasantry from Chaucer downwards; and the old guide, who had just come up as we were poring over the pictorial "mystery," remarked that it was "an excellent invention," and was thought by some of the English ladies and gentlemen tourists to be the best thing worth seeing in the island!

We gratified this primitive and original cicerone, by purchasing a copy of the "Historical Account," which he so strenuously recommended. It is an equally original and curious compilation. The Celtic enthusiasm of the author breaks forth on all occasions, and he thus eulogises the chieftains buried in Iona.

"They were the spirit of night, which carry the collected blast of heaven in his fist when he intends to pour it on the groves of Morven. The oaks hear its sound at a distance, and trembling for its approach, already shake their leaves!"

This is equal to Macpherson. With a kindred zeal and clannishness, the author says of the Macleans:—

"Their souls were not the little souls that, like a vapour, hover round the marshy lake, which fears to ascend the green hill lest the winds meet it there."

He remarks that "the fair sex—last at the cross and first at the grave—have not been unmindful of the deeds of Iona." Considering the usual piety and longevity of women, we should be disposed to reverse this eulogium of Iona, and style them as *first* at the cross and *last* at the grave. It is gratifying, however, to find the ladies first in all the works of benevolence. An English lady collected a sum of twenty-five pounds, and placed it in the hands of the minister to form a nucleus for the establishment of an infant school; another lady subscribed twenty-seven pounds for the same object, and the school has been opened.

Highland music is a kindling theme with the natives of these mountains, and the historian of Iona waxes eloquent on the "laments and piobrachds." On this subject he reasons in the following manner:

"If a man naturally rough becomes for the time softened by music, and those times are frequently renewed, habit may take place of nature, and that man's character will, to a certain degree, change."

It may be doubted whether, even the "piobrachds" would be great reformers of character. They would not prove potent auxiliaries to the chaplain in our gaols and bridewells. English villany requires other sort of "dying falls." Yet, without so full a belief in its efficacy, we love the *piobrachd* on lake or sea, or in the pine-wood of the hills, dim and obscure as the forest of Dante. A pipe

air, well played, breathes the very soul of wild music or rhythm, the harmonious succession and dependence of sounds. Even Johnson seemed fond of the music of the bagpipe, and, as Boswell faithfully relates, used often, when in Skye, to stand for some time with his ear *close to the great drone*!—a most delectable employment, which must have made the tuneless lexicographer quite familiar with the rhythm of the Highland melodies.

There is a note in the "Historical Account" worth quoting, as characteristic of poor Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. In an album, kept at the sound of Ulva Inn, James wrote the following verse, no doubt immediately after settling with Donald for his time and his boat.

I have sailed round the creeks, and the headland of Mull ;
Her vales are uncultured, unhallowed, and weedy ;
Her mountains are barren—her haven is dull ;
Her sons may be brave, but they're cursedly greedy.

Next day a son of Morven happened to call at the inn, and seeing Hogg's lines, wrote the following smart rejoinder.

Ah, shepherd of Ettrick, why sorely complain,
Though the boatmen were greedy for grog ?
The beauties of Staffa by this you proclaim,
Were pearls cast away on a *Hog* !

Sir George Head, in his second "Home Tour," condemns the neglect and exposure of the ancient tombs at Iona, and is surprised that Scottish families should be so indifferent to the remains of their ancestors. Who can distinguish or discriminate among these sepulchral relics ? Even the antiquary, bewildered with unintelligible carvings and devices, where name or crest is not, cannot exclaim, 'Eureka,' it is clear.

Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, 'here was, or is,' where all is doubly night.

The entire island of Iona is the property of the Duke of Argyll, and it is said, that when his Grace, on one occasion, visited it, the simple islanders whitewashed all the tombs and crosses in honour of the memorable event. At present the duke derives a revenue of 300*l.* per annum from Iona, which contains about five hundred souls. The inhabitants live by rearing cattle, which they sell in Mull, and by cultivating small "crofts," or farms. They also ply the trade of fishermen, when the weather and opportunity serve. Sometimes they import a little oatmeal from Mull ; but, with this exception, Iona, though only three miles long, and one broad, and chiefly covered with crags, maintains from its own produce its hardy population. The schoolmaster has seventy scholars daily. Neither a doctor nor lawyer has yet taken root in the island ; but Mull is not more than half a mile distant, and the sound is generally navigable. The new Presbyterian Church (the Catholic faith cannot now number a single ad-

herent here) is an inestimable benefit to the people, who had formerly only a chance sermon, preached from a rock or tent, by the clergyman of Mull. As we surveyed the church, and the neat parsonage, and cultivated garden of the minister of Iona, we were strongly reminded of the incalculable advantages which are conferred on such remote places by a national religious establishment. The church forms to the poor islanders a centre of civilization and piety—rational but devout, their guide and stay in all seasons. These are blessings too valuable to be left to chance.

Men, "in populous city pent," are apt to forget the advantages springing from the regular stated ministrations of a resident clergyman in all parts of the kingdom. They see churches in every street, open every day, and religious sects and societies pressing home earnestly the truths of everlasting import. It seldom occurs to them to ask, what would become of the scattered population of the country parishes—poor, like the people of the Hebrides, and

Placed far amid the melancholy main,

if the "saving light," now burning permanently on rock and in glen, were withdrawn? *There* a few individuals own the wild domain. They are mostly non-resident. They might voluntarily build churches and supply ministers from their own spontaneous bounty, but it is at least as probable that they would not. The trustees of some would grudge, and stint the pious dole. The natives are too poor to endow a church themselves; and without any lessons of improvement—without a living model before their eyes—without the awful sanctions, and authority, and promises, of the Divine Revelation duly enforced, the love of virtue, and the fear of vice, would gradually become obliterated, and the decencies and charities of life be obscured and lost. There are parts of England, as for example the fens of Cambridge and Lincoln, where the consequences of the withdrawal of a national church would be as severely felt. The local situation of the Highlander, amidst stormy seas and mountains, might keep in his mind a rude sense of the Divine presence, but this would not be felt to the same extent amidst the level plains, the comparative ease and plenty of rural life in England. Fervently, therefore, do we repeat the noble aspiration of the poet of the lakes.

Ye swelling hills and spacious plains,
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers,
And spires, whose "silent finger points to heaven;"
Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient Minster, lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
—Thus never shall the indignities of Time

Approach their reverend graces, unopposed ;
 Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
 Their fair proportions ; nor the blinder rage
 Of bigot zeal madly to overturn ;
 And, if the desolating hand of war
 Spare them, they shall continue to bestow—
 Upon the thronged abodes of busy men,
 (Depraved, and ever prone to fill their minds
 Exclusively with transitory things,)
 An air and mien of dignified pursuit ;
 Of sweet civility, on rustic wilds.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied—
 They say that, ere noon to-morrow,
 Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride
 To our lonely house of sorrow.
 I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
 But tears are my words suppressing ;
 I think on my mother's dying kiss,
 And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
 I will still my bosom's beating,
 And strive to give to thy chosen fair
 A kind and courteous greeting.
 She will heed me not, in the joyous pride
 Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty :
 Ah ! little need has a new-made bride
 Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems, they say,
 When thy heart first fondly sought her :
 Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray,
 Bestow on thy weeping daughter.
 My eye, even now, on the treasure falls,
 I covet and ask no other,
 It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
 'Tis the portrait of my mother !

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
 And the guests our rooms are filling,
 The calm meek gaze of those hazel eyes
 Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,
 And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
 Sad thoughts of their owner giving,
 For a fleeting twelvemonth scarce has past,
 Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
 That portrait might awaken feelings
 Of the love of thy fond departed friend,
 And its sweet and kind revealings ;
 Of her mind's commanding force, unchecked
 By feeble or selfish weakness,
 Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
 Was softened by christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once to-night,
 Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
 I remove this portrait from thy sight
 To my chamber's still seclusion :
 It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
 It will beam on me protection,
 When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,
 To hallow thy new connexion.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,
 To renew the ties once broken,
 But nought upon earth remains to me
 Save this sad and silent token.
 The husband's tears may be few and brief,
 He may woo and win another,
 But the daughter clings in unchanging grief
 To the image of her mother !

MADRIGAL.

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

UNCLASP, fair maid, the chain of gold
 That glitters on thy neck of snow ;
 Far lighter links thy love should hold,
 Then, oh ! the radiant gift forego !

But, take this simple flowery wreath,
 Where roses blush, and lilies twine ;
 Like love, it but of sweets doth breathe,
 While all its grace and bloom are **THINE !**

VENICE, AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.¹

ADJACENT to the Banchia of St. Mark is the piazzetta, which opens to the sea: on its shore stand the two grand columns of granite, brought from the islands of the Archipelago, trophies of the victories of the Doge Domenico Michele in the east. They had long lain neglected, and almost forgotten, on the bank, when the Doge Ziane invited the most famous architects of the time, to attempt to raise them, and fix them on their pedestals. Many tried in vain, until a Lombard, by name Barattier, came forward, and on succeeding in the difficult enterprise, was required by the magnificent doge to name his reward. His demand is a curious example of the bizarreries of mankind. He was a passionate gamester, and play in every shape was at that time severely prohibited in Venice. He required, then, and obtained as his sole recompence, that games of chance should be introduced and allowed to be openly played in the space between the columns. This singular privilege was, in times long subsequent to the death of Barattier, revoked by the doge, Andrea Gritti, and the site which had been for a long period of years the rendezvous of the vicious, of cheats and impostors, (*barattieri*, so called, I believe, after their *Mecænas*, the architect of Lombardy,) was changed into the place of execution.

The statue of St. Theodore, the protector of the republic before St. Mark took his post, surmounts one of these columns; on the other stands the Lion, with outstretched wings, who once embraced all the seas in his free flight, but lies now at his last gasp, oppressed with old age and decrepitude.

On this piazzetta the captains of Venice were wont to descend from their galleys. The people assembled in crowds on the shore, the doge and the senators were there to do them honour, and the bronze of the great tower proclaimed their disembarkation to all the lagunes.

There is a romantic story preserved in the old Venetian chronicles, which shows us Love triumphant over the tomb, and restoring its victim to life and liberty.

Gherardo returned home from the crusade which had effected the conquest of Constantinople. The air was rent with joyful shouts; when his ship, laden with booty, approached and touched the shore. But the warrior rejoiced less in these acclamations than in the thought that he should again meet Elena, his beloved, his betrothed, who was now to become his bride. He hastily returns the embrace of his father, of his sisters, and his brothers; "and Elena," said he, "why, why is she not with ye?" All were silent. Gherardo repeated his inquiry, and for answer received the terrible announcement of her death. The maiden had expired but a few hours before his galley touched the shore of Venice. He did not weep. His grief was too sudden, too intense. "I will see her again," he thought; but he said nothing.

He went in a state of frenzy to the church in which she was in-

¹ Continued from p. 59.

tered, and by the gold which he lavished profusely opened the doors of the sacred retreat. There gleamed here and there a glittering lamp—the uncertain rays of the moon entered across the coloured panes of the Gothic window—the stillness of the sepulchre—the obscure depths of the lonely chapel—the solitude of the hour—the profound silence of all around, filled Gherardo with religious awe. He approached the tomb with slower steps, and his hand trembled as he grasped the handle of massive iron. It seemed to him an impious deed thus to disturb the peace of the dead. But love and despair prevailed, and, lifting the ponderous lid of the tomb, he beheld the maiden wrapped in ample folds of linen white as snow, extended on the bier: a veil was over the face. The rays of the moon, for the moment unclouded, fell over the figure. His delirium returned, and he seemed as one scarcely conscious of what he did, and ready to die as he touched the veil. He roused himself, and raised it. The face of the maiden was pale as a lily, and the long fair hair fell over her shoulders, and mixed in tresses on her breast: her eyes were closed as in a placid sleep, and a smile still rested on her half-open lips.

“She sleeps!” cried Gherardo in his frenzy. “O! waken in pity;” and he laid his arm under her. “Waitest thou the kiss of love to awaken thee? I give it thee!” Pressing, as he spoke, his lips on the wan cheek, he imagined there was a faint breathing, and somewhat of an uncertain warmth, as though life were not quite gone. He lifted her from the tomb, and placing his hand on her breast, believed the heart was forcibly beating.

Imagine Gherardo, ready to sink under these unexpected emotions, supporting himself against the sepulchre, with the maiden enveloped in white in his arms. Immoveable as stone, and white as it, they seemed together a group of the statuary which adorned the sepulchre. The vital heat returned slowly into their breasts, and the fortunate maiden, whom her ignorant physicians had believed to be dead, passed to the altar from the tomb.

The ducal palace, the principal ornament of the piazzetta, is a prodigy of the fine arts, unique in Europe. When it was in part destroyed by fire, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, Palladio, to whose great genius Venice is indebted for so much of her splendor, wished to take down that part which the fire had spared, and to erect in its place a building which would, more than any other, have remained an eternal monument of his fame. Sansovino spent his life in embellishing this palace with the labours of his chisel. Tintinello, Paul Veronese, and Titian, lavished the treasures of their imagination on its adornment. Artificers so excellent were employed, that the ceilings are more rich and astonishing, from their exquisite and elaborate workmanship, than from the gold with which they are refulgent. The stairs, the jambs of the doors, the partition walls, all are finely worked in the most precious materials; and if the beauty and uselessness of this immense labour creates our highest wonder, it gives us, on the other hand, a definite idea of the wealth of these republicans, who were able to finish a work so stupendous in very few years.

The principal entrance of the palace is on the side of St. Mark, and introduces us into a court-yard—the richest perhaps in Europe in sculptured marble. On each side it is adorned with Grecian statues, the reward of the victories of antiquity. In the midst are two walls, surrounded by a balustrade of bronze, one of the most complicated and beautiful works which the skill of the foundry has ever produced. The Staircase of the Giants, so named from the two semi-colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino, lead to the principal apartments. Before we enter, let us pause awhile on the summit of this staircase, the spot where the doges were crowned, and where they were decapitated when convicted of treason.

On Marino Faliero alone was this terrible sentence executed. We will recal the story of his crime and of his death.

Old age is considered, and not erroneously, to be the state most, of all others, exempt from the influence of the impetuous and vindictive passions: but, alas! for the world, when they become its masters. In youth there is little to fear, when their first fury, their impetus is spent; but in the aged, educated by years in dissimulation, the calculations of vengeance are cool and determined, and tremendous in their consequences.

Faliero, after having filled with honour the most splendid posts in Venetian diplomacy, united himself, at the age of seventy, to a young and beautiful woman. After his elevation by his fellow-citizens to the ducal chair, he one day received several nobles in his private apartments. One uninvited guest introduced himself among the rest, induced thereunto by love for a lady, with whom he hoped to find here an opportunity of conversing. It was harshly intimated to him that he must withdraw. He obeyed in a state of much irritation; and as he crossed the state apartments, he passed through the audience chamber, in the midst of which stood the seat of the doge. On this he carved words with the point of his dagger, which could not fail of being most offensive to Faliero, for they reflected on the honour of his wife. As soon as the scandalous sentence was pointed out to the aged doge, he was inflamed with the fiercest anger, and denounced the noble to the Quarantie. By this tribunal he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and a year of exile.

When the doge was made acquainted with the light punishment awarded to the man who had so deeply wounded him, he was as one frenzied; and in the very moment when his thoughts and feelings were in the greatest disorder, one of the chiefs or head-workmen of the arsenal, presented himself before him, his face covered with blood, and complaining bitterly of a noble who had insulted and struck him. "And what wouldest thou have from me?" demanded the doge in agony? "Am not I even more despised than thou art?"

"I hold in my hand," exclaimed the other boldly, "the means of avenging your honour and mine own, at one stroke, and of releasing our country from the yoke of this despicable aristocracy which enslaves her."

The aged noble, astounded at these daring words, demanded how he was able to make this assertion. The other, in reply, opened to him the scheme of a vast conspiracy, the object of which was to de-

cimate the Gran Consiglio, and reinstate the ancient democracy. The desire of vengeance seduced Faliero, in this fatal moment, and he had not afterwards the courage to retrace his steps, and abandon the conspirators, whose principal reliance was upon his co-operation.

Perchance the old man satisfied himself in secret with the hope that it might be in his power to soften the horrors attendant on this overthrow of social order, and to create, by some slight sacrifices, brighter and better days, and establish a more free government for his country. The secret was religiously kept; for crime has its religion as well as virtue, and men are oftentimes more faithful to the one than to the other.

The out-break of the conspiracy was fixed for the morrow, the 15th of April, 1355, and the aristocracy of Venice slept tranquilly on the edge of the precipice. One of the conspirators, moved by affection for a noble, whose name was among those of the proscribed, intreated him to absent himself from the meeting of the Gran Consiglio on the following day. The noble was alarmed, and succeeded by interrogations and menaces in drawing from him the terrible secret.

It was night. The Ten assembled in council. The sentinels were doubled. The Ten, when convinced that the doge was at the head of the conspiracy, hesitated at first, doubtful whether they had power sufficient to institute a process against him; but these doubts vanished, when they recollected that the doge was no other than the first subject of the republic. Faliero was summoned before his judges, and condemned to die; the ducal robes were stripped from him; he was led to the head of the Staircase of the Giants, and the axe of the executioner struck off his hoary head.

Now that we are about to enter the apartments of the palace, ought we to visit those first which are still refulgent with the wealth of past ages, or those in which an insidious policy exercised its hateful tyranny, and forced truth, and commanded falsehood, by torture, from the lips of the suspected? We will first visit these, and after them the dungeons below; and these superb halls, decorated with truly regal splendour, will dazzle us less, when we remember the deep vaults which support them, and reflect on that base on which so noble an edifice is reared. Here are the balconies of the apartments, in which the inquisitors of the state assembled, all barred with iron lest the accused should seek to withdraw themselves by a speedy death from the lingering one of torture which awaited them, by casting themselves from their heights. There yet remains in these rooms, affixed to the arch, the pulley in which ran the rope destined to dislocate the limbs of those miserable beings, from whom this terrible tribunal sought to force by torture the confession of real or imputed crimes. It had, perhaps, been used, I thought as I gazed on it, to torture Carmagnola; perhaps this very arch resounded with the last imprecations of this great and most unfortunate man. The Count Carmagnola, after having fought gloriously for the ungrateful Visconti, allied himself with the Venetians, and was appointed general-

in-chief of their armies. He carried terror into the states of the duke, and obtained numerous victories—the most famous of these was that of Maccalo. He made eight thousand prisoners among the Lombard men at arms in this battle—among these were many who had fought under Carmagnola before his exile, and who still bore great affection for their ancient captain; nor had their leader forgotten his warriors: they were consequently received in the victorious camp rather as guests than enemies, and left in great measure at liberty, so that they who wished it easily found means of returning to their own homes. The Venetian commissaries so harshly reprovèd the general for his carelessness, that, stung by the reprimand, he ordered the troops to be drawn up, and commanding the remaining prisoners to be conducted before him, “I will not,” said he, “be less generous than my officers. Lombards, rejoin your companions; I myself restore you to liberty.” There arose a shout of joy from every company. The commissaries trembled, and the ruin of the count was sworn that day.

They so poisoned this fact in their report to the senate, that they threw strong suspicion on the fidelity of Carmagnola. A single suspicion was in those days a capital crime. It was necessary to proceed cautiously, for the count possessed the love of the army, and the most consummate art in the records of history was thus employed for seven months in caressing him, whose death was already doomed.

Destiny willed that the illustrious proscribed should be worsted on the banks of the Po. The senate profited by the circumstance to show themselves willing to treat of peace, and invited the general to Venice, that he might aid them with his advice. The first magistrates of the state went out to meet him. The acclamations of the vast crowds of people, the numerous gondolas, decked with flowers, which awaited and greeted his approach—all was there which could give his entrance the air of a triumph. On the very day of his arrival, Carmagnola was introduced into the hall of the Pregadi, and placed in the seat of honour, on the right hand of the doge. Scarcely had he and his followers withdrawn, before various expedients were discussed, by which he might be got rid of without danger.

On the morrow, the count presented himself before the doge, and inquired whether any decision had been arrived at. “There is much talk of you,” said the doge, with a smile, and he conducted him by the hand into the hall where the Pregadi were already in council.

Scarcely had he entered before he was disarmed, and chained by their officers. The profound silence, which at first reigned in the assembly, was soon broken by vehement accusations against Carmagnola, who replied to them with dignity. He was dragged into the adjoining apartments of the inquisition, and subjected to torture, and the wounds he had received in battle burst open afresh, and the blood streamed from them on the floor. In a very few hours from this time, there, on the piazzetta, where he had landed yesterday amid the shouts and plaudits of assembled Venice, was the brave Carmagnola beheaded, in the midst of the amazed and afflicted multitude.

Having visited the halls of the inquisition of the state, let us descend into their subterranean dungeons, which are called *pozzi*, or wells. One shudders, and grows cold, at the sight of these niches, worked out in the immense thickness of the walls, into which air-holes, at a vast height above them, admit a few dim rays of light, and through which a faint and infected air can penetrate with difficulty; and we look with terror on those double iron doors, which forbid all ingress and egress; we tremble lest they should close behind us. The time is past, of which the atrocious policy of our ancestors was a part, and of which these holes are the detestable monuments. Philosophy has shed her light over all; it has even penetrated into the dungeon, and softened its horrors. Moderation of penal laws, they no longer demand the torment of the guilty, but the removal to a distance of persons dangerous to the state; they exercise only a salutary restraint, a powerful curb, which withdraws them from the paths of crime, and leaves the hope open of their reunion with society, penitent and reformed. Listen, then, and I will tell how one of the most generous of the princes of Italy perished in these dungeons, another victim to Venetian policy.

Francesco Carrara, Lord of Padua, abandoned and betrayed by his allies, beheld his city besieged by the armies of the republic, of which he had ever been the implacable enemy. The inhabitants of the neighbouring plains were crowded together within the walls, whither they had fled to seek shelter for themselves and their cattle from the disasters of war. It was during the burning heats of summer, and the crowding together in a small space of such numbers of men and animals so infected the air, that a frightful pestilence soon broke out among them. To this pestilence was now added all the calamities of war. Here was an assemblage of horrors! the imagination of man cannot conceive of any greater. Francesco, who deplored the miseries of his people, demanded honourable conditions of capitulation: some were offered to him, which he refused to accept, and a general assault was immediately ordered.

Galeazzo of Mantua, who commanded the Venetian troops, was one of the first to mount the ladders; and he had attained the walls, when he encountered an antagonist worthy of him in Francesco himself. A fierce combat ensued between the two princes, and Galeazzo, wounded, was obliged to retreat, and the assailants withdrew, discouraged and in disorder.

That which valour could not accomplish was effected by treason. There were found those within the walls base enough to open the gate of Santa Croce to the enemy. Francesco, provided with safe conduct, presented himself before the Venetian commander, when the commissaries of the republic, treading under foot the laws of nations, caused him to be conveyed to Venice loaded with chains. Galeazzo spoke with warmth in behalf of his prisoner in the *gran consiglio*. He reminded them of the faith of a safe conduct, and sought to bend the minds of his hearers to gentle counsels. When he perceived that all his words were fruitless, he expressed openly his indignation, with the frankness and generosity worthy of his character. The aristocracy of Venice was not fond of hearing itself reproved and menaced, and Galeazzo died suddenly a few days afterwards.

The death of Carrara was resolved on, and a priest was in the act of administering to him the last ordinances of religion, when two of the Council of Ten entered his dungeon with executioners, furnished with the fatal cord. The aged limbs and shrunk body of Francesco enclosed a brave, an indomitable soul—he seized a stool, and desperately wounded several of his assassins, before he was overpowered by numbers. He was then strangled (and who will believe it?) by a noble of Venice, Bernardo de Priuli.

Detestable times ! hateful policy ! which converted the fathers of the country into men base, insidious, and cruel as Tiberius, and in which one of their number was not ashamed to be the executioner of a betrayed and unfortunate prince.*

The most magnificent saloon in the palace is that in which the *gran consiglio*, in other words, the nobility of Venice, was wont to hold its sittings. When the eye first tries to measure the vast space enclosed within these walls, and arches, relucant with gold, and covered with painting, the mind is confused and distracted amid so much demanding attention ; but this effect passes away, when we apply ourselves to consider in detail, and in regular order, those masterpieces of the Venetian school, the *fasti* of Venice, the records of the memorable deeds of the republic.

The first twelve pictures represent the most remarkable occurrences of the war between Venice and the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. This warlike potentate had descended into Italy, full of discontent with the Guelfs; and of anger against the Pope Alexander III., whom he had denounced as an antipope, and enemy of the empire. The aged pontiff, terrified at the assemblage of forces by land and sea, which threatened to invade the peninsula at the same time, took refuge incognito in Venice. He was discovered, and the Doge Giani received him with all honour, and entertained him hospitably and generously. Frederic intimated to the republic his will, that they should drive away the exile from her shores ; she refused, and prepared immediately to sustain her bold refusal by arms. In a sea-fight near Pirano, the Ghibellines were defeated, and Otto, the son of the emperor, was taken prisoner. The aged pope met and embraced the doge, as he mounted the steps of the piazzetta on his disembarkation, and placing a ring on his hand, “ Be it unto you, Venetians,” said he, “ as a chain to maintain your dominion over the sea—espouse her every year with this ring, and thus commemorate, on this day in every succeeding year, the celebration of your nuptials, in order that posterity may know that the Venetian arms have acquired the mastery of the waves, and that the sea is subject to the republic as a wife unto her husband.”

Thus originated that singular ceremony, the espousal of the Adriatic, the most gay and splendid pageant Venice could boast. Otto softened the displeasure of his father, and brought him to make peace with Alexander ; and an imposing spectacle was that in which Italy and Germany, the empire and the church, grasped each other's hand in token of pardon and of peace, in the presence of the republic of Venice. But this peace was pretended—this pardon insincere.

* The above was written under the Austrian censorship.

Various pictures on these walls record the actions of Enrico Dandolo, the greatest man Venice ever produced. Marvellous and almost incredible were the deeds of that time, which was the most glorious epoch—the heroic age of the republic; and it will not be considered out of place to mention them here, however well known they may already be.

History is too much crowded with crime for the mind not to dwell with satisfaction on the grand virtues and magnanimous deeds which she records at long distant intervals. Great were the preparations for a new crusade at the close of the twelfth century, and many of the princes of France and Italy showed themselves animated with this religious spirit. Among the first of these princes were the Marquis of Monferrat, Henry and Baldwin of Flanders, and Simon de Montfort, already famous by the atrocious war against the Albigenes. They had recourse to the republic for the vessels in which to transport their army, which swelled to about four thousand five hundred knights, with twice their number of mounted squires, and four times that amount of infantry. The ambassadors of the crusaders obtained all they desired, on condition of allowing the Venetians one year in which to prepare the transports. They were to be paid two marks of silver for each man, and four for each horse; and the booty they might win was to be equally divided between them. The Venetians, on their part, undertook to provide ships and provisions for nine months, and fifty galleys, armed at all points, which were to render assistance in the enterprize. These were the terms of the agreement between the republic and the crusaders. The latter, however, had consulted their zeal rather than their purses; and when the chiefs of the expedition met in council, they found it was impossible to provide the sum which had been stipulated, which was enormous for that time, and for which they knew not where to apply. The Venetians proposed, that, in lieu of the money which was deficient, the crusaders should assist them in the conquest of Zara, which had rebelled against them, and placed itself in the hands of the king of Hungary. Respect for this prince, who had himself taken the cross, and against whom it would be declaring open war, and the firm resistance of the pope, were obstacles to this arrangement. The cardinal legate used a high tone on the subject, and had great sway in their counsels; but the doge, Enrico Dandolo, ninety years of age, and almost blind, answered him boldly and dauntlessly, saying, that Zara belonged of right to the republic, and that if it remained in the hands of an enemy to her, it would be able to interrupt the free communication between Italy and Palestine; and he added, that the cardinal was with the army of faith only as the preacher, not the dictator, of the pious enterprise.

This energetic reply put an end to all hesitation. The Marquis of Monferrat was appointed general of the army, and it only remained to say who should command the fleet; and the astonishment was universal when Dandolo ascended the tribune, and besought his fellow-citizens to permit him to take the cross, and accompany these brave men.

The ships, amounting to five hundred in number, raised their

anchors, spread themselves over the sea, assaulted Zara, and soon made themselves masters of it. The crusaders were put under excommunication for this act of disobedience. The French humbly prayed for absolution, and received it; Dandolo neither sought it, nor obtained it, but, opposing a respectful firmness to the pretensions of the pope, denied that his power extended so far as to warrant such interference as this in the affairs of the republic; and he presents to us, in that age of fanaticism, the rare spectacle of a philosophical and unsuperstitious prince. The first of one series of pictures in this room is the siege and fall of Zara, the work of Andrea Michaeli. In another of them we see Alexis of Constantinople, a suppliant to the doge and the crusaders beneath the walls of the besieged city. He presented himself to invoke their aid in behalf of his father, the Greek emperor, Isaac, who had been driven from the throne by his own brother, deprived of sight, and incarcerated in a dungeon. He promised the sum of two hundred thousand marks, and the reunion of the Greek with the Latin church, on the successful termination of the enterprise. A strong controversy again arose on this question among the crusaders. The Venetians carried all before them by the eloquence and energy of their doge, and the expedition against Constantinople was resolved on. The menaces of the pontiff were again hurled in vain, and the fleet weighed anchor from Zara to assemble again at Corfu. The usurper, lapped in luxury, derided this enterprise of the Latins, but the near sound of their arms roused him from his repose. He then recalled his soldiers from the provinces; and would have prepared a fleet, but it was too late. His ships were destitute of men, engines, and arms; and the imperial city beheld the Venetian armament land a new emperor undisturbed on the near and opposite coast of Asia.

Villardouin, an eye-witness, says, that at the sight of Constantinople—of its four hundred towers, and of the immense population crowded on its shores—there was not a heart in the bands of the crusaders, however bold it might be, which did not palpitate at the thought, that an enterprise so daring was never, since the creation of the world, undertaken by such a handful of warriors; and each man fixed his eyes on his own proper weapons. Twenty galleys defended the chain, which closed the entrance into the port, and seventy thousand men were encamped on the neighbouring shore. The Latins, undismayed at this array, quitted the Asiatic bank, and proceeded direct to the encounter. The knights were too impatient to wait until the galleys reached the shore, but plunged into the water, even to the girdle, and thus advanced against the enemy; who, after darting their arrows for some time from a distance, turned, and fled like cowards towards the city. The booty which fell to the lot of the victors was thus diminished, as an assault was rendered necessary: the French attacked the city by land, the Venetians by sea.

The third picture, which demands our attention, is from the pencil of Marco Vecelli. It records the finest moment in the life of Dandolo, and the brightest day of Venice. The French advanced to the assault, and the noise of an infinite number of battering engines, rebounded amid the terraces and towers in which they made

fearful breaches; and warriors combated valiantly on their summits, driving back by lance and axe the crowd which pressed them on every hand. On the other side we see all the ships in action. The doge, with the standard of St. Mark in his grasp, descends on the dangerous shore—soldiers and sailors, inspired by his example, precipitate themselves on the land, regardless of the ruin showered on them from above, of stones, and darts, and burning bitumen. They place the ladders, the Greeks resist like men—but vain are all their efforts! What could withstand such a torrent of warriors, with Enrico Dandolo at their head? Already is the tower taken, the enemy repulsed, and the standard of the Venetian republic floats majestically over the heights of Constantinople. The doge, standing on the conquered tower, surrounded by the dead and dying, his helmet fractured by blows, and his long white hair floating ~~over~~ his shoulders, “*was*,” exclaims a poet, “as the image of Time treading on the ruins of the city.”

Already were the conquerors and the conquered struggling together in the streets of the capital of the east, when the Latins, oppressed by the immense crowd in the narrow space, set fire to the houses, and retired into the tower. The wind was high, and the conflagration was grand and tremendous: the flames rose above the houses—the cries of the women—the noise of the bells—the crashing fall of the buildings—the re-echoing of the battering ram—of warriors assaulted and assaulting, all mingled horridly together. The vile usurper fled terrified into Asia, the conflict ceased, and the doors of the dungeon, in which Isaac was confined, were thrown open; and the city, as soon as the flames of the conflagration were extinguished, beheld itself illuminated with waxen torches and innumerable lamps. Strange contrast between the fires of destruction and the fires of joy, the red light of the devouring flame and the lustre of the festal torch!

On that other canvass, the excelling work of Domenico Tintoretto, is commemorated the second taking of Constantinople. Alexis, waxed proud with success, refused to pay the stipulated price of their assistance to the crusaders, and yet more basely attempted one night to set fire to their fleet. The Latins, enraged at his treachery, again surrounded and laid siege to the city. The assault commenced at daybreak, on the 12th of April, 1204: four towers were taken, three gates fell before the battering ram, and the cavalry poured into the city at the head of the troops.

What pencil can now paint, in colours sufficiently dark, the fearful massacre—the desecrated temples—the piercing shrieks—the terror—the almost total ruin of Constantinople? The richest, the fairest, the most populous city of the universe, given up to the will of an exasperated soldiery? How many precious statues, how many rare pictures, were here utterly destroyed! how many libraries served for fuel to the flames! The most sublime works of antiquity utterly lost, or left to us mutilated and imperfect, recal that fatal day painfully to the mind, and make us curse the ignorance of the crusaders, who groped greedily in vaults and sepulchres, and left academies and cloisters, in which were stored the true and precious reliques of antiquity, to become the prey of the flames.

Dandolo, amid this flood of crime, of indecency, and Vandal barbarism, has alone left us a memorable instance of exquisite judgment and foresight. That many monuments of art, which afterwards became the most noble decoration of his country, were saved from the fury of the ignorant soldiery, was his work: among them were the four famous horses of bronze, of which we have before spoken.

In the next picture, the last of the records of the deeds of Dandolo, the venerable old man is crowning Baldwin of Flanders, Emperor of the East. The crusaders had dwelt among the smoking ruins and the sacked houses of Constantinople for a month, before they bethought them of giving a successor to Alexis, who had perished by treachery. The leaders of the army were, Baldwin, Monferrat, and Dandolo. The votes were unanimous in favour of the last; but he, perceiving that it would be offensive to his fellow-citizen to see him elevated so high, did not suffer himself to be dazzled by the splendour of a throne. The love of country was the strongest passion of his great soul. Baldwin was proclaimed emperor, Thessaly was allotted to Monferrat with the title of Despot, and the Venetians remained masters of numerous maritime cities, of all the islands of the Ionian Sea, and of the fourth part of Constantinople. Everything up to this hour had been in favour of the crusaders, who, passing from triumph to triumph, beheld themselves thus unexpectedly masters of the empire of the East. Inconstant Fortune did not leave them in tranquil enjoyment of it, and Dandolo has left to posterity also a bright example of heroism under adversity. The King of Bulgaria assaulted Adrianople; Dandolo and Baldwin went forth to the encounter, when Baldwin, in the rash impetuosity of youth, suffered himself to be made prisoner, and Dandolo alone reconducted the remnant of the discomfited army in safety through a thousand dangers. It was a terrible reverse! but Dandolo, not disheartened, prepared on all sides for a vigorous defence; and the astonished Bulgarian perceived that he had gained nothing, while the indomitable old man yet lived, whose powers seemed to increase with years, and to be doubled with adverse fortune. Dandolo, reconducted to the capital, sunk under the weight of years, and, dying, bequeathed in legacy to his country the domination of all the seas, the fourth part of the empire of the East, and the glory of his own immortal name.

THE MOST MOMENTOUS SEA-FIGHT IN THE PAST CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES."

HIS MAJESTY'S ship, *Barfleur*, of ninety-eight guns, bearing the flag of Vice-admiral Waldegrave, in the middle of the year 1795 sailed from Spithead to reinforce the fleet of Sir John Jervis, then blockading the French fleet in Toulon, and afterwards anchored in Gibraltar Bay. To speak of my suffering from that nauseous disease, sea-sickness, in the Bay of Biscay, would probably excite no more commiseration in my readers, than they did from my more experienced messmates, who derided them, and comforted me with the idea of fat pork and pease-pudding, nautically called dog's body. I can only say, to me they were inexpressibly severe, and when my feet pressed *terra firma* at the ragged staff, Gibraltar, I thought myself in heaven. Oh, how I relished the firm-set earth, and the soft toast and fresh butter it produced ! but human felicity is of short duration, and a few hours again saw me pale, home-sick, and miserable, and in course of time we joined the Mediterranean fleet, and, with tack and half-tack, took the bearings of Cape Sicia at noon, every day for nine months, diversified at times by putting into St. Fiorenza Bay in Corsica, for water and fresh beef. In the beginning of the year 1797 the *Fox* cutter came into the fleet with the signal flying of having despatches of great importance to communicate to the commander-in-chief, who immediately hove to, with a general signal for lieutenants. This *Fox* was noted for her quick passages, but more for her commander, Lieutenant Gibson, who was truly a fine specimen of the old English seamen, without having contracted their vulgarity. I have met him at Admiral Waldegrave's table, for he was a universal favourite. In that skirmish of Lord Hotham's, not particularly flattering to our naval prowess, Gibson in the little *Fox* ran under the stern of the *Ca Ira*, an eighty gun-ship, and loudly called on him to haul down his colours, or he would sink him. The Frenchman smiled with contempt, and the *Fox* broke all his stern windows with his six-pounders. Alas, poor Gibson ! This gallant officer fell a victim to the rash attack made by Sir Horatio Nelson on *Teneriffe*. A heavy shot from the batteries pierced this beautiful and fragile fabric under water, and she sunk with ninety seamen and marines, few of whom were saved. One of the fortunate few I afterwards messed with, and he used to electrify us with an account of his miraculous escape—the way he shook off the clutch of the drowning wretches around. He was dragged down, and touched the bottom three times, and at last was getting into the dreamy state which concludes the dreadful sense of suffocation, he had before experienced, when a boat providentially saved him at the last gasp, to adorn the navy, I believe, even to this day. But we have left the *Victory*, Sir John Jervis, with the general signal for lieutenants : this was speedily annulled, and substituted by the one for admirals and

captains to repair on board the commander-in-chief; this made us aware the intelligence was of immense importance, and made a great stir among the big wigs. As I afterwards heard it explained, Lady Hamilton, during the siesta of the king of Naples, purloined a letter from his pocket, which he had been observed to read with great agitation before dinner. The letter announced the King of Spain's intention to join the coalition against England, and invited his brother Ferdinand of Naples to make the blow stronger by joining him. The sovereignty of the sea was never more strongly menaced. The northern powers had coalesced under the Emperor Paul, and England stood singly against a world in arms. Rear-admiral Mann was detached, with five sail of the line to Cadiz, and the fleet dispersed to various places to extricate the British commerce; a few of the three deckers accompanied the commander-in-chief into St. Fiorenza Bay in Corsica, the rendezvous of the Smyrna trade. The French fleet were on the alert, and poured their troops into the island of Corsica, where we were obliged to fight for our water; and many times have I seen the gallant and skilful veteran, Sir J. Sauvage, scrambling up the rocks with all the alacrity of youth. At last, with ten sail of the line, and each ship of war with a heavy merchantman in tow, we sailed from St. Fiorenza Bay, closely followed by the Toulon fleet; so closely that no lights were displayed, or guns allowed to be fired. After passing the straits of Gibraltar, H. M. sloop, *Bonne Citoyenne*, joined the fleet with intelligence that the Spaniards were at sea under Don Cordova, to the immense number of twenty-seven sail of the line, and that of the largest size, accompanied by ten frigates, while rumours of the most portentous nature stated their intention of proceeding to Brest accompanied by the Toulon fleet; and by the junction of the grand French fleet, there awaiting them, to enter the British Channel above a hundred sail of line, and to sweep it to the mouth of the Thames. Sir John Jervis, by the junction of Sir P. Parker, with five sail of the line, now numbered fifteen, and two frigates; and with this small comparative force had he to keep in check the Spanish Don, and show a bold front to the Toulon fleet, close on his heels, and outnumbering him. Never since England displayed her banner to the breeze, hath a British admiral been called upon for a decision on which the fate of his country more hung. If defeated in fight, Portugal must fall, and very few of his fleet would reach a British port. Pressed on all sides by a powerful and haughty enemy, with the northern powers on the alert, a defeat would be fatal to the interests, probably the independence, of his country, and a further retreat into the channel would be such a glaring confession of weakness, as probably to realise the fable of the sick lion, and bring all the minor states to kick at him in his helpless state. Sir John decided, like a brave man, to fight, and leave the event to Infinite Wisdom, in whose hands are the fate of nations; and I will bear testimony to the excellent discipline in which Sir John kept his fleet; it was a pattern to all others, and might in some measure have influenced his determination; at all events, on the 10th of February the signal to clear for action announced the commander-in-chief's intention to fight against all odds, and in this he followed the advice that Lord Nelson always gave his captains in all cases of

doubt. His lordship used to say, "Fight, and that closely, and you will not be thought very wrong." I remember the care used in taking down the admiral's bulkheads, and the removal of all the furniture he could do without below. The substitution of canvass, and the open clear appearance of the long line of guns, which now were more frequently exercised, all assumed a more martial appearance, and the round, laughing, unintellectual countenance assumed a sharpened and eager look. On the 13th, La Minerve, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Sir Horatio Nelson, came down the Mediterranean and joined the fleet. He was offered any ship of the line, not bearing a flag, and with his characteristic modesty chose the smallest seventy-four, viz. the Captain. His pendant was flying on board of her a few hours after joining, and every heart warmed to see so brave and fortunate a warrior among us.

The 13th of February, 1797, was employed by the British squadron, under Sir John Jervis, in getting ready for the ensuing fight, on which depended, not only the fate of England, but the civilised world, for revolutionary jargon and demoralising principles spread like a baneful cloud over it, and went far to sap the first principles of social life, and restore the anarchy and confusion of the dark ages, when the strong hand alone gave law, and order was banished from among mankind. Grinding cutlasses, sharpening pikes, flinting pistols, among the boarders; filling powder, and fitting well-oiled gun locks on our immense artillery by the gunners, slinging our lower yards with chains; and, in short, preparing a well-organised first-rate for this most important battle. The men and officers seemed to me to look taller, and the anticipation of victory was legibly written on each brow. It was my good fortune at that period to be in great favour with the vice-admiral; so much so, that each day he personally took me to where the grapes clustered his cabin, and the oranges in nettings hung thick above my head, with strong injunctions only to eat what had begun to decay. I was then not quite thirteen, and strictly obeyed orders *while he was in sight to enforce them*, otherwise a tempting peach, with its soft maiden blush, or the coarser red of juicy nectarine, diverted me from the strait and narrow path—I am sorry to reflect how frequently. The admiral was a polished, good-natured gentleman, and always took me as midshipman of his boat when mustering the crews of the ships of squadron, in rotation. We one morning went on board the Excellent, Captain Cuthbert Collingwood, not then so celebrated as he afterwards became—and I being tired of seeing John Marlingspike and Tom Rattling smooth down his front hair, and hitch up his trowsers, preparatory to scraping his foot, with his best sea jerk, as he passed in review before the big wigs—and pressed to go down by a brother mid, who felt proud of feasting the vice-admiral's aide-de-camp; and having internal conviction, as well as external, that the hour of noon had passed—the usual hour of dinner for young gentlemen,—I, forgetting my proud station, stole from the vice-admiral's side, and was well employed in stowing my hold in the most expeditious manner with beef and pudding in the middys' berth, when all at once I heard "Pass the word for the vice-admiral's midshipman—his admiral and captain are towing along—

side, waiting for him." This alarming information nearly caused me to choke by endeavouring to swallow a large piece of pudding I had in my mouth, and with my cocked-hat placed in my hurry the wrong way, I crossed the hawse of Captain Collingwood, who, calling me a young scamp, and some other hard names, which I have long since forgiven, assured me in not a very friendly tone, that if I was his midshipman he would treat me with a dozen by marrying me to the gunner's daughter. This did not restore my self-possession; for being rather of an imaginative turn, I had a slight suspicion that Captain Dacres would very probably execute what his brother captain had hinted. But, O the storm! When I opened the gangway, a typhoon or hurricane must have appeared a calm compared to it; and in my hurry to jump into the boat, the Excellent having steerage way, I alighted on my captain's old-fashioned cocked-hat. He seemed paralysed with rage; and the vice-admiral, who had not before spoken, with a quiet smile, told me to sit down, and asked me, in a kind voice, "If my hunger was too great for his dinner?" I hung my head, like most culprits, and listened in silence to the captain's promised retribution; but I had a strong friend in the admiral, and was let off with a lecture as long as the main-top-bowline. During the long night of the 13th of February, we heard many heavy guns to windward, and felt perfectly certain that they proceeded from the Spanish fleet, who could not be very remote. The day dawned in the east, and "Up all hammocks ahoy!" resounded throughout the decks of H. M. ship *Barfleur*. Some were sent aloft to barricade the tops, while the remainder were stowed with unusual care as a bulwark round the upper decks. Great haze had prevailed during the night, and it still continued. General signal flying on board the *Victory* for the fleet to make all sail on the starboard tack, preserving a close order of sailing in two lines, a vice-admiral leading each line, with Sir John in the *Victory* two points on the weather-bow. Our two frigates and *La Bonne Citoyenne* sloop, under a press of sail, to windward. At nine the latter made the signal for a strange fleet to windward;—then, that they were twenty-seven ships of the line and ten frigates, with a cloud of small craft, and that they were the Spanish fleet, under Don Cordova. These intimations of approaching battle were received by the British squadron with reiterated cheers; and so beautifully close was our order of sailing, that the flying jib-boom of the ship astern projected over the taffrail of her leader. Signal was made for the *Culloden* to chase to windward, and, after a short period, to form the line of battle, without regard to the established order, by which manœuvre Captain Troubridge led the British line; and one more competent could not have been selected. Here we must admire that wonderful tact and knowledge of human nature possessed by Sir John Jervis. Naval etiquette has established the senior captain as better fitted to lead, from his experience, and he is so placed in the established order of battle; but practice has sometimes proved the fallacy of such a theory; and Sir John, without offending, placed at the head of his line one of the most perfect seamen, though, as his subsequent end proved, too daring, even to rashness. This ill-fated officer took the *Culloden* home from Malta when she had been declared not seaworthy, and tried the same in the *Blen-*

heim from India, and has never since been heard of; no doubt he fell a victim to his rash daring. But on the 14th February no man could have led the British line better, or better have proved the unrivalled judgment of Sir John Jervis.

"I have a glimpse through the fog of their leeward line," called signal-lieutenant Edghill, from the mainyard, "and they loom like Beachy Head in a fog. By my soul, they are thumpers, for I distinctly make out *four* tier of ports in one of them, bearing an admiral's flag."

"Don Cordova, in the Santissima Trinidad," said the vice-admiral; "and I trust in Providence that we shall reduce this mountain into a mole-hill before sunset."

The British had formed one of the most beautiful and close lines ever beheld. The fog drew up like a curtain, and disclosed the grandest sight I ever witnessed. The Spanish fleet, close on our weather bow, were making the most awkward attempts to form their line of battle, and they looked a complete forest huddled together: their commander-in-chief, covered with signals and running free on his leeward line, using his utmost endeavours to get them into order; but they seemed confusion worse confounded. I was certainly very young, but felt so elated as to walk on my toes, by way of appearing taller, as I bore oranges to the admiral and captain, selecting some for myself, which I stored in a snug corner in the stern gallery, as a *corps de reserve*. The breeze was just sufficient to cause all the sails to sleep, and we were close hauled on the starboard tack, with royals set, heading up for the Spanish fleet. Our supporting ship in the well-formed line happened to be the Captain, and Captain Dacres hailed, to say that he was desired by the vice-admiral to express his pleasure at being supported by Sir Horatio Nelson.

It wanted some time of noon when the Culloden opened her fire on the Spanish van, and our gallant fifteen, so close together, soon imitated her example. The roar was like heavy thunder, and the ship reeled and shook as if she was inclined to fall in pieces. I felt a choking sensation from the smell and smoke of gunpowder, and did serious execution on the oranges. This uproar and blinding appeared to me to have lasted a considerable time, but I judged more from my feelings than my watch, when I heard our active signal-lieutenant report the Culloden's signal to tack and break through the enemy's line, and the fleet to follow in succession. Down went the Culloden's helm, and she dashed through, as reported, for my vision was dazzled, between the nineteenth and twentieth ship of the enemy, closely followed by the Colossus, whose fore-yard was shot away in the slings, as she was in stays.

"The Captain has put her helm down," called the signal-luf.

"Only in the wind," said the vice-admiral; "she will box off directly."

The admiral was wrong, and Commodore Sir Horatio Nelson went clean about, and dashed in among the Spanish van, totally unsupported, leaving a break in the British line—conduct totally unprecedented, and only to be justified by the most complete success with which it was crowned. After losing sight for some time of the little Captain among the leviathans of Spain, one of whom, by some chance, appeared

close under our stern, just as I had applied one of my select store of oranges to my mouth, she opened an ill-directed fire, apparently into the admiral's stern-gallery, that I was viewing her from. The first bang caused a cessation of my labours, the second made me drop a remarkably fine Maltese orange, which rolled away and was no more seen, and the third made me close my commanders on the quarter-deck, bearing to each an orange. An opening in the Spanish forest now showed the Captain on board of two Spanish ships, large enough to hoist her in, and to our astonishment and joy a tattered union jack fluttered above their sweeping ensigns. The commodore had made a bridge of one to capture the other, and both were prizes to the Captain, Sir Horatio Nelson.

At this time, the fleets being much intermingled, Sir John bore up in the Victory to rake the *Salvador del Mundo*, who carried a rear-admiral's flag, and had been very roughly used by the Excellent, which had passed on to assist the *Orion*, engaged by the *Santissima Trinidad*. What a smashing broadside was sent into the unfortunate Spaniard's stern by the Victory! and before she could digest such a dose, we delivered another, which caused the Spanish flag to be quickly lowered, leaving our following friend to take possession of her.

When the British squadron passed through the Spanish fleet, they cut out eight ships of the line, who then tacked, and kept hovering to windward of their distressed friends. This rear division, now perceiving the imminent peril of their commander-in-chief, who was dismasted and very hard pressed indeed, it was roundly asserted that he struck his colours, and rehoisted them on the rear division bearing down to his succour. The *Conde Reigle*, who led this division, ranging up alongside of *H.M.S. Britannia*, received one of the most destructive broadsides, and hauled her wind in a great hurry, taking no further part in the action.

The time now nearly five P.M., and two first-rates and two second-rates showed the gay union of England fluttering over the ensign of Spain. Our prizes and disabled ships had fallen to leeward, and as the day was closing, Sir John, who must have been amazed at his own success, made the signal for the fleet to reform the line of battle to leeward, and bore up in the Victory, to close them, and formed his line just to windward between them and the Spanish fleet, who still remained in the greatest disorder, their commander-in-chief, in the *Santissima*, with only her main-mast and main-yard standing, I believe the slaughter on board her so unprecedented, that Don Cordova, on shifting his flag, stated he had left four hundred of his men dead on her decks. The captured ships had suffered much, and certainly took a glutton's share of beating with apathetic composure, their return being very feeble. Had the daring and heroic soul of Nelson been infused into the breast of every British commander on that glorious day, every one of their gorgeous ensigns would have bowed to the Jack of England, and Sir John Jervis would have been created a duke instead of Earl St. Vincent.

Our fleet, during the night, which was fine, repaired damages and shifted prisoners, both fleets lying to with a prospect of renewing the fight at daylight. At dawn of day, the Spaniards, exasperated at

their unexpected defeat and heavy losses, made a demonstration of fight, by forming their line of battle and placing their heads towards us, bringing up with them a very light breeze. An affirmative to the question "Are you ready to renew the action?" flew at the mast-head of each of our ships of the line as the leeward ones, mostly disabled, were towed into the British line of battle. At this moment a violent explosion from our lower deck, with the hasty flight of the port, part of the side, and a round of thirty-two pounders, through the air, caused great excitement; and the cry of fire caused some confusion in the *Barfleur*. This was speedily got under, and our captain made his appearance on the quarter-deck completely drenched, and proceeded to inquire into the late alarming occurrence. The men had slept at quarters, and one of them was soundly sleeping on the breech of a lower-deck gun, that was housed. A waister from the sister kingdom, rather raw in the service, possessed of an inquiring mind, was at a loss to determine how pulling a string affixed to the lock could cause such a thundering noise; in his philosophical experiment he had placed the lock on full cock, gave a gentle pull with the aforesaid string, fired the gun, killed the sleeper, smashed his foot to pieces by the recoil, and stood transfixed with horror and pain at the success of his experiment. The loss of his foot saved his back, and the carpenters soon repaired the damage. Whether the noise of our shot was the cause, or that the better part of valour influenced the *Dons*, they hauled their wind, which now began to freshen, and increased their distance. By signal from the commander-in-chief, the British fleet hoisted Spanish colours, in compliment to Don something—whose flag flew on board the *Salvador del Mundo*, and who was now dying of wounds received in the action. Whether this refined compliment cheered his moments of agony, I cannot say, but it received its reward by a rich Spanish ship running into the midst of us, being bothered by both fleets appearing with the same colours.

Sir John, satisfied with the honour he had gained, and entertaining a well-founded dread of the Toulon fleet, whom we should have found very rough customers, shaped a course for Lagos Bay, on the coast of Portugal, with the prizes in tow; the Spanish fleet following us, though evidently afraid to come within gun shot.

On the following morning we anchored in battle order across this open bay, and in the evening a gale of wind came in from the sea, and the fleet were in terrible jeopardy, most of them with their sheet anchor down and some with their spare one. In the *Barfleur* we were pitching bows under, and three anchors a-head; one mile astern of us extended a reef of rocks, on which the sea broke frightfully, and through which there appeared no opening; half a mile within them lay a populous village of fishermen. As they expected a God-send by the wreck of the whole fleet, they had gone through the trouble of collecting wood and burning fires during the night. Young as I was, I retain a strong recollection of this dark and dreadful night.

"Ship a-head, driving," called the forecastle lieutenant.

"God help us!" I heard the captain piously ejaculate. "Lower deck there, stand by, to veer on the three cables at the same time—place the helm hard a-starboard"—and the commander-in-chief, in his

gallant and noble ship the Victory, passed our starboard side close, driving fast upon the rocks to leeward which shook off the heavy sea, throwing its white spray to the clouds. There was an agonised cry of horror, and "O God! save her!" as this beautiful fabric hastened on destruction. We heard her last effort, as her spare anchor flashed in the briny flood, and, thank God, she brought up with four anchors a-head. Never shall I forget the sight, as I caused our stern and top lights to be relighted. The roaring of the wind and rain, the bellowing noise of the officers' trumpets, the booming of the numerous guns of distress, the roar of the breakers so near us astern, and the ghastly reflection of the surf and fires ashore,—all, all are imprinted on my memory in the present year of 1838.

A SAILOR'S MID-WATCH REFLECTIONS.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

THE moon glitters over the sea,
 Whose waters are ting'd with her light;
 No comrade is waking with me,
 To look on the calmness of night.
 As I pace the lone deck, by yon pale guiding star,
 Thoughts steal o'er me, that come not by day;
 Like a beautiful vision I see from afar
 My home, 'mid its mountains of grey!

Fancy pictures those bright summer hours,
 Ere the dial of life knew a shade,
 When each pathway was covered with flowers,
 Where in childhood's young morning I stray'd;
 Then the weed-cover'd pond was an ocean to me,
 As my toy-ship skimm'd over its green;
 And I wish'd in my heart a young SAILOR to be—
 As all my forefathers had been!

Nor long were those wishes delay'd,
 Boyhood's canvas was scarcely unfurl'd
 Ere I sail'd, when hope's anchor was weigh'd
 To meet the rough waves of the world!
 How swell'd my proud heart, as my mother first met
 The young tar in his jacket of blue!
 Her half-falter'd blessing I ne'er shall forget,
 As she sobb'd—"To your duty be true."

I have been so ;—through sunshine and storm—
 Whether fortune may ebb or may flow;
 I've a heart for my country still warm,
 And an arm that shall conquer each foe.
 Thus when the crew moor in their hammocks to rest,
 Thoughts hail me, that come not by day;
 And wait me far hence to that spot ever bless'd,
 The home of my youth, far away.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF MORAL AGENTS ON THE HEALTH OF MAN.

BY RICHARD BURKE, M. D.

IN calling public attention to the powerful influence of moral or immaterial causes in the production of disease, I am entering on a subject of some difficulty; yet the question is one which has been so little attended to by writers on popular medicine, and one so full of interest to the well being of us all, that it cannot fail to attract some notice. It is strange, that whilst we find untiring efforts made, by men too of great industry and talent, to analyse and test the endless variety of substances which affect our system, either as aliment in the shape of food, or by their chemical or mechanical operation, as medicines, that immaterial causes should have been nearly neglected. With the profession, of course, their full importance has been always duly estimated; but with the busy world, who are ever most exposed to their injurious effects, they are seldom, if ever, thought of. We cannot expect that the ordinary classes of men, whose very life is engrossed by worldly cares and anxious pursuits, can bestow much time in speculating on hidden causes. The duty then of us physicians, whose pursuits and studies in life make us familiar with such abstruse matters, is to place questions of this nature, involving such deep and general interest, before the plainest understandings, in language so free from professional technicality that he who runs may read.

If I can succeed in impressing on the minds of my readers that there is a powerful agent in the production of disease, distinct and independent of anything which is taken into the body in the shape of food or drink, I shall, to a certain extent, have effected the object of this paper. In popularising subjects of this nature, I am evidently lessening the influence of the physician; for it is an axiom, that every discovery which knowledge has produced, by enriching the mass, diminishes the empire of the individual.

Of the influence which the *morale* exercises over the *physique* of even the stoutest amongst us, a day scarcely passes without affording unanswerable proofs. Poets, philosophers, and moralists, all admit its controlling power; even savage nations talk of it. According to the prevailing state of the moral affections or ideas, so may the action of organs essential to our very existence be altered, suspended, or entirely changed. We all know how powerfully the manners and habits of our friends and acquaintances are influenced by a constant train of impressions; perhaps there are but few of us who have altogether escaped them. Of the mysterious agency of this power there are but few indeed who cannot supply ample proofs. I do not consider that there is any man, however elevated in the social scale, or blessed with the good things of this world, who has not had his moments of mental suffering. Let but one of those moments of moral irritation occur immediately after a hearty dinner, and see the result. The quiet and

healthy process of digestion, which was just commencing in the stomach, is interrupted, the mind becomes so absorbed with painful thoughts, that the whole alimentary canal refuses to act on its contents, as though all its energy was engrossed by the mind.

I will not deny that much of the disease, and consequently much of the misery, of human life, springs from the stomach; but that there are other sources must also be admitted, amongst which moral agents hold a prominent place. The great directing influence of mind over nearly all the movements of life, will reconcile us in some degree to this immaterial agency in disease as well as health. There is scarcely a function of any organ which is not under its control,—none certainly altogether independent of it. The heart, to a certain extent, may be considered least dependent on it, but it is occasionally excited by it into inordinate action. It is a curious fact that we never meet with madness before the age of puberty; previous to that epoch we find many imbeciles and epileptics; thus showing that madness in some instances depends on the active energies of the mind.

The amount of disease which springs from this cause alone, in a community like London, is great indeed. The sea of troubles in which nine-tenths of its population are constantly kept by their engagements or speculations, is too great for the machine of man to endure. Occupied during the day in the moving scenes in which he himself is a busy agent, he retires at night to rest, with a hope of recruiting his exhausted frame, but in vain. The mind, full of its absorbing anxieties or torn by the disappointments of the preceding day, now turns over all the little incidents in which its hopes have been blighted, and its prospects clouded, with, perhaps, a perspective of age and poverty in the distance. Under this state of feeling, and it must be admitted the picture is not overdrawn, few, I think, can rest in quiet. Another day comes, and with it all its cares and vexations. The poor frame is but ill prepared for the duties which it has again to undergo, and gradually sinks. The effect of this disturbed rest will vary on each individual. Every one, we know, possesses organs of greater or lesser proportion, each has his strong and weak one, and in which certain functions predominate. Passions, errors in diet, or any deviations from nature, render them more manifest. Certain parts of our system are thus rendered the centres of motion or action by the concentration of sensibility, which the mind thus directs upon them, and in this way very often generates disease. Here some disturbance must necessarily take place in the distribution of the fluids. The state of inactivity or repose, if I may so term it, in which the body is placed, no longer renders a quick and equable circulation, similar to that which is required when the body is in motion, necessary, yet the mind being still active and at work, distributes to particular organs an unusual supply of blood, or other fluids, thus laying the foundation of future disease.

There are, doubtless, many in this great city, who, with ample means, are yet unable to lay up even a moderate share of wealth. Many think they have done all that nature requires, when they prepare a good repast. Before any benefit can be derived from those good things, there are many small items necessary to keep up the

healthy play of man's organisation. There must be between the fluids and solids a fixed proportion, the former must have a certain degree of density, the latter a certain degree of tension, the muscular system a fixed energy, and the circulating fluids move on with a certain momentum. It would be absurd to suppose that this order can be long maintained in the busy scenes of a London life. The strength and animal passions begin insensibly to decline, and the unhappy stomach is called on to supply those defects. In this state the common resource is stimulants; but those which, under the ordinary condition of a weakened stomach would be adequate, are here utterly powerless. A larger supply and a greater variety are now absolutely necessary to rouse the system for the demands which the business of life makes on it. This increase of stimulants is sure to be followed by derangement in some important organ. None so readily sympathises with the stomach as the brain; so that any extraordinary demand made on the former, is invariably attended with excitement of the latter. Many suppose that all that is necessary is done, when they prepare a regular supply of stimulants and generous diet, for the restoration of strength. This is, indeed, a coarse and mechanical view of the mystery of animal growth and repair. Our general strength is not repaired by the simple quantity of nutritious particles alone which food contains; it is perhaps as much from the general movement which the stomach and epigastric system excite, whose influence over our economy would seem to depend less on the nature of the nutritious matter, than the character and degree of the impulse which they impart. Observation has satisfied us that many articles of diet do not uniformly act on their simple quality of nutriment; their effects arise, in a great degree, from the constant impression which they communicate to our organs, and the waste of muscular energy in the business of life, is restored as much by the excitement of our organic functions, as the gross amount of nutritious matter which the food contains.

That some attention to diet and regimen is necessary, it would be absurd to deny. By it we may change or alter, not only the mode of action of our organs, but their intimate dispositions. As diet is good or bad, so will it improve, alter, or entirely destroy our constitution. Thus we daily either strengthen or weaken each organ. The ancients had a correct knowledge of this branch of medical science; and recent investigations into the physical history of man, show its great importance. In countries where the people are ill-fed, as among the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, a very low order of intellectual development obtains, so that our stupidity as rational beings is in the direct ratio to our poverty of diet. The early Christians had greater difficulty in instructing people who lived in great poverty, than those living in comfort; and as the quality of their food improved, their intellectual faculties developed themselves. We have all had opportunities of contrasting the mental capabilities of people inhabiting a rich wine country, with those of a more barren soil.

That our sensibility is in a great degree subject to the influence of mind, is a point upon which all agree. Of this we have experience, in the impressions which external objects produce on us when under

the influence of depressing passions, and how entirely they differ when under opposite states of mind. Our organs are only capable of maintaining their healthy functions in proportion as they receive a healthy supply of stimulus from the nervous system, of which the brain, and its dependencies, are the proper sources, and whose influence is extended to the minutest fibre of our frame, which animates, governs, and directs its complex movements. We must at once see how necessary it is to keep that organ, whose agency is so powerful over our very minutest motion, whether voluntary or involuntary, in a state of healthy quietude. Whether as a common reservoir of sensibility, or a direct agent in the operations of mind, the brain appears to share more directly, and more generally, than any other organ, in the impressions made on the stomach. Of this we have a familiar illustration. A little solid opium taken into the stomach, produces its effects on the brain before it could possibly be dissolved in the stomach.

Our system is a complex one, in which many things combine for one great but inexplicable end—life. For this all the functions must be performed, and move on in regular and exact order. Should this general concert be disturbed, disease, under one form or another, presents itself, varying as the predominance of one organ, or set of organs, may have been. Thus, literary labours augment the sensibility of the nervous system, and weaken the muscular, whilst, if we reverse the order of action, we obtain contrary effects. The sensibility of an organ, we know, is frequently increased from debility alone; and writers on medical subjects have all agreed, that a state or condition of weakness, becomes a principle of action or excitement. This point has not been urged on public attention with that force which its simple, but important, results merit. Many think if they do but live low, that no disease can possibly occur. This is an error, in many instances fatal. Too small a quantity of healthy blood, from low diet, for the healthy nutrition of an organ, begets disease, as well as too large a supply. Every day exhibits in our streets, poor impoverished creatures, with tottering gait, confused vision, and faltering voice, whose blood is no longer able to supply the necessary stimulus. Here effects are not unlike those which proceed from contrary causes, as excess of blood in sanguinous apoplexy.

In considering the mortality of large towns, as London, Paris, Vienna, I am of opinion that a large portion of it is to be ascribed to diseases originating purely in mental or moral causes. Let us look at London. The life of thousands who embark in its absorbing speculations, is but one fitful scene, from their entrance to their exit. Some led on by ambition, others by avarice, but by far the largest portion, by the pressing wants of an increasing family, or dependent relatives. Here then are inexhaustible sources of disease. The diseases over which physicians can exercise but a limited control is small indeed, and which, in defiance of our best-directed efforts, will run their course—as cholera, small-pox, &c. These are not, however, the diseases which swell the bills of mortality; they spring from other sources. Man himself is the author of his own infirmities. It is true; we find diseases classed in our bills of mortality with great

precision,—as, fifty died of liver complaint, half the number of diseased spleen, and double the number of organic disease of the heart; for with some doctors, this complaint is so common, that it might be considered epidemic. These reports generally give us the appearances after death, without any references to the operating causes.

I cannot help thinking, that if we turned our attention more to the consideration of this subject, as it bears on the health of large communities, we should be doing good service to the public. It is quite clear that the general mortality does not depend, for its amount, on any regular epidemic or pestilence, so that in nine cases out of ten, man is the originator of his own disease,—a position which is incontrovertible in large towns.

It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the largest portion. The demands which, in this world of a city, are made on the machine, man, are truly astonishing; and would lead one to think, that people were composed of some imperishable materials. With the mass of people here, life is consumed by busy days, and watching or sleepless nights. On some the effect is direct, on others it operates indirectly. In the first class, the system is broken; in the other, attempts to rouse it are incessantly made. Nature, exhausted, no longer able to perform the duties she was wont to discharge, is tempted by stimulants and restoratives; which, as she relishes at first, are supplied with a more liberal hand. By degrees, these too fail, and at length the unhappy sufferer finds that, after he has loaded a weak and sickly stomach with all kinds of stimulants, he has either a disease of the liver, spleen, or other important organ. But it may be asked, Are we to reject stimulants altogether? By no means. It is their prolonged use or abuse that I condemn. We have all, at certain times, our feelings of exhaustion, arising from the excess, deficiency, or disordered character of our sensations, and anxiously look for some stimulus. Even animals seek them with avidity, which, in moments of languor, impart to them, as to ourselves, a more agreeable sense of existence; with whom, as with ourselves, this consciousness is necessary to maintain or revive the functions of the animal economy. Is this, then, mental agency? Perhaps not directly; but mind, and the air-drawn castles, which kept the poor frame in unceasing toil by day, with sleepless, unrefreshing nights, have driven him to stimulants. The mind is so absorbed in its fretful pursuits, that all its influence is withdrawn from the stomach. This organ, the source of all power and strength, thus deprived of its ordinary excitant from its inability to digest, allows its contents to remain unaffected by the usual process of chymefaction. The regular supply of healthy pabulum to the blood is no longer afforded, and the system sinks gradually. It is now that stimulants of all sorts are applied, which end by establishing organic disease of one kind or another. The brain is the organ most liable to be affected under their operation, and which sometimes escapes the most careful observer. Hippocrates, that close observer of human nature, says, when a patient suffers but does not complain—*Mens agrotat*; I quote the Latin

translation. Moral agency is not, after all, so difficult to trace. We frequently witness its effects, when bad news interrupts altogether our digestion. The healthy process being disturbed, the brain, whether by sympathy or any other mode, matters not, takes on diseased action, showing itself in some painful manifestation of muscular debility, as paralysis, apoplexy, or mental affection. It is not always easy to trace the bad effects of unpleasant news on the brain, even when it proves fatal. All hospital reports confirm the belief of its injurious effects. I saw in Paris an interesting case, when a young woman was suddenly informed of the death of her husband, to whom she had been married but a few weeks; the shock threw her into a fit, followed by disease of the brain and its membranes, of which she died in a few days. Its ravages are frightful amongst young women who have children before marriage. In 1815, a good illustration occurred in Paris. An old Frenchman, whilst at dinner, heard the news of Buonaparte's landing from Elba in France, and exclaimed, as he rose from his seat, under great excitement, "*Le voila donc connu, ce secret plein d'horreur!*" and fell down in a fit of apoplexy: all efforts to rouse him were useless.

The moral emotions of the heart too, unhappily, lead to similar results, from the increased quantity of blood which it sends to the brain. Many young ladies, in a high state of nervous irritability, assert they feel its vibrations at the fingers' ends. We have several instances where anger was attended with a difficulty of swallowing, ending in apoplexy. There is a case in the "*Bulletin des Sciences Médicales*," where an old woman, eighty years of age, who had hitherto enjoyed uninterrupted good health, was thrown into a violent passion, followed by jaundice, bilious vomiting and abscesses, of which she died in a few days, exclaiming, "She would never forgive the insult offered her."

The retreat from Moscow gives us additional proofs in support of the position attempted to be maintained in this paper. The unhappy soldiers, scarcely able to move from the privations which they had already suffered, were roused by the cheering prospects which were held out to them on reaching Smolensko, where they were promised warm clothing and good rations. The effect of this was miraculous. Troops a moment before not able to move, now marched on with light and buoyant hearts. Alas! how miserably were the hopes of those brave but unhappy fellows realised! Smolensko itself they found a heap of ruins. In an instant the moral power of the army was crushed, and general consternation spread through all ranks. It is the opinion of some great men who shared in that memorable retreat, that immense numbers died from the influence of the *morale* over the *physique*.

In the higher orders of society, their artificial habits render them more liable to severe congestions and inflammations, than those in humble conditions of life. In the poor man, when laid on his bed of sickness, the brain is a dormant organ, his admission into the clean wards of an hospital only adds to that repose which is so essential to recovery. In the higher walks of life, the brain, under similar circumstances, is the busiest organ, and still more, how different

with men immersed in cares, working for fame or fortune, planning schemes for future aggrandisement, or struggling to disentangle themselves from pressing misfortunes ; with them, the bed of sickness is little likely to be one of repose. Physicians of all countries and ages have agreed, that the worst forms of fever are not met with amongst the lowest orders or labouring classes ; but amongst those harassed with speculations and anxieties for improving their condition in life.

In a future paper we intend to consider the best means of lessening or obviating the evils we have described.

ENGLAND ! ENGLAND !

ENGLAND, England, glorious name,
Home of freedom, star of fame ;
Light o'er ocean widely sent,
Empress of the element ;
Gorgeous sea-encircled gem,
Of the world bright diadem ;
Nation nations to command,
Who but points admiring hand
To thee, to thee, our own dear land !

Wisdom spake, and thou hadst birth,
Throne and sceptre of the earth ;
Heaven's own beacon in the deeps,
Eye of soul that never sleeps :
Altar of the world, whose fire
Brightly burns, nor may expire :
Built in adamant, to stand,
God is in thee, heart and hand,
England, England, glorious land !

RICHARD HOWITT.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—Conservative Members.

SIR EDWARD SUGDEN—MR. GLADSTONE—COLONEL VERNER—
MR. GASKELL—MR. COLQUHOUN.

SIR EDWARD SUGDEN, the member for Ripon, was many years in Parliament prior to the passing of the Reform Bill; but since that measure became the law of the land, he has not had a seat in the House until the present session. He is a decided Tory; but I cannot concur with those who think that his attachment to that class of opinions degenerates into factiousness in his opposition to Liberal principles. It is true that no man, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Croker, more strenuously or perseveringly opposed the Reform Bill; but then it ought to be remembered, that many of those who resisted that measure, may have been as conscientious and honest in their opposition to it as those who gave it their support. It ought too to be recollected, that Sir Edward Sugden declared in his place in Parliament, immediately after the passing of the second reading of the bill, that however much and zealously he had opposed the measure before, he would now, that its principle had received the sanction of the House of Commons, throw no further obstacles in the way of its progress, but would apply the best energies of his mind to improve its details to the greatest possible extent. I hold that any man who makes a specific unequivocal declaration of this kind, ought, in the absence of proof to the contrary, to receive credit for the sincerity with which he makes it.

Sir Edward is understood to be ambitious. He is known to have aspired at the Speakership of the House of Commons ever since Sir Charles Manners Sutton, now Lord Canterbury, resigned the situation. His party have encouraged him in his aspirations after this distinguished and lucrative office; and should they come into power, and a new election occur under their tenure of office, there can be no question that his wishes will be gratified.

The honourable and learned gentleman is often charged by his opponents with being of a snarlish and snappish disposition. I believe there was some foundation for the charge when practising in the courts of law; but I have never seen anything in his conduct in the House of Commons which was inconsistent with the acknowledged rules of politeness.

As a parliamentary debater he never ranked high. He seldom commanded the attention of the House, even when a majority of that House were of his own politics. Here and there, both on the minis-

¹ Continued from p. 269. Digitized by Google

terial and opposition benches, you see an honourable gentleman lending him his ears; but you see the far greater portion of members, no matter what be their political opinions, either engaged in conversation, or presenting all the appearances of drowsiness. You see no inconsiderable number enjoying what Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey would call "a sound undisturbed nap." This remark, it is proper to state, is only intended to apply to the honourable and learned gentleman when addressing the House on general topics. When he speaks on any question involving legal considerations, he is usually listened to with the greatest attention. There is not, indeed, a single man in the House whose opinions on questions of law are regarded with more deference. I may mention in proof of this, that when, in the commencement of the present session, the Duchess of Kent's Annuity Bill was under the consideration of honourable gentlemen, and when doubts had been expressed whether the measure had been in accordance with the requisite legal forms, Mr. Spring Rice and Lord John Russell severally expressed a wish to hear Sir Edward Sugden's views on the point. And the honourable and learned baronet having given his opinion in opposition to their convictions on the subject, they at once departed from the course they had been pursuing, though the bill had nearly reached its last stage, and encountered all the ridicule consequent on a practical admission of having committed a serious blunder, by reintroducing the measure in the very form which he recommended. The clearness with which Sir Edward on this occasion expressed his views on a subject involving so many legal intricacies and difficulties, was the admiration of all present. His speech occupied, if I remember rightly, nearly an hour in the delivery; he popularised the subject in so singular a manner, that no man of the most ordinary comprehension could have failed to follow him, without an effort, from the beginning to the end of his address.

Sir Edward Sugden's matter is, in most cases, too strictly argumentative, either to command general attention in the House, or to be popular out of doors. It often partakes, too, of the qualities which usually distinguish pleadings in a court of law. His style is accurate, though sometimes more diffuse than is necessary for the expression of his views. He never attempts to reach the higher flights of eloquence; he betrays no partiality to tropes and figures. I never, to the best of my recollection, heard him make use of anything partaking of the metaphorical character. He has few or no pretensions to the name of a statesman. His views are neither profound nor enlarged. I never heard him give utterance to anything which bore the impress of genius on it. His forte lies in detecting defects, and suggesting remedies in the details of the measure. He laboured hard, as I have remarked in another work,* to point out errors and make improvements in the details of the Reform Bill; but some of the suggestions which he made, and to which he attached a special importance, having been disregarded by ministers, he felt so mortified at the circumstance, that he never again took any part in the protracted discussions which occurred respecting the details of the measure in its progress through the committee.

* "The Bench and the Bar."

As a speaker, Sir Edward Sugden is easy and fluent. Ideas and words suggest themselves to his mind much more readily and copiously than is always convenient for himself, or agreeable to those he addresses. Sometimes, though not often, he stutters slightly through the abundance of his resources as an extemporaneous speaker: he seems occasionally to be at a loss which of two ideas he should make use of first; or which of two or three modes of expression is the best. He can speak at any time and on any subject. He is not to be taken by surprise; neither does he ever, when on his legs, exhaust himself. You cannot fail to perceive, by the time he has spoken two or three minutes, that his difficulty does not consist in finding ideas or suitable words wherewith to express them; but that it consists in deciding on which he should use, and how he can give the greatest possible number in the shortest possible time. No matter what the subject, and no matter what the time he has been on his legs, he never has said the half he could have said when he resumes his seat. And it is worthy of observation, that he very rarely repeats himself. His speeches display great variety. Before the passing of the Reform Bill he often spoke: since his return to Parliament under a liberal régime he has seldom addressed the House on important questions.

Sir Edward is not a graceful speaker. To the character of an orator he has not the remotest pretensions. His voice possesses variety; but he has acquired a sort of sameness in his tones which has an unpleasant effect. His voice is not powerful at best; but he seldom attempts to raise it to so high a pitch as it is capable of attaining. When he does so, it usually has a screeching sort of sound. His enunciation is far from perfect. He speaks much too rapidly to do justice to his elocution: he is one of the most rapid speakers in the House. Few reporters can follow him, and the difficulty they have, on this account, in taking down what he says, is greatly aggravated from the argumentative, often the professional, character of his matter. His action, like his voice, is deficient in variety. He generally fixes his eyes on some particular member on the opposite side of the House, and addresses himself, in appearance, as exclusively to that honourable gentleman, as if he were the only individual present. Sir Edward, however, is very fair and impartial in the distribution of his oratorical favours. Though some particular member monopolises those favours for a time, it is only for a very short time. About a quarter of a minute is generally the longest period he allows to any one at once. That short space expired, he turns to some other honourable gentleman, and gives him a corresponding amount of his attention. Then he repeats the process, taking each of them again in succession for another quarter of a minute. If he speaks long at a time, the probability is, that he also addresses himself, in the same way, to those of his own party in the vicinity of the place from which he speaks; which place always is the first row of the Tory benches, opposite the end of the table farthest from the Speaker. He does not make much use of his arms in addressing the House. I have never seen him liberal of his gesticulation. He quietly moves his right hand up and down; and now and then strikes the palm of his left hand with his forefinger. In his more animated moods, and when

wishing to lay special stress on some particular argument or point, he gives a rather smart blow with his clenched fist on some of the books on the table.

Sir Edward Sugden scarcely reaches the usual height. He is compactly made, and has all the appearance of a vigorous constitution. He has nothing of that thoughtful cast of expression in his countenance, which is so common among those who, like him, have been engaged during the greater part of their life in professional pursuits of the most arduous kind. He looks lively and cheerful; a circumstance the more to be wondered at, when it is remembered that in the course of the last few years he has met with serious disappointments, and had to sustain mortifications of no ordinary kind. To these I need not particularly allude; they are too well known to render any reference necessary. Sir Edward has a good deal of colour in his face, which as yet, though in about his fifty-fifth year, is unvisited by even an incipient wrinkle. He looks much younger than he is. His hair is moderately dark, and there is abundance of it. He has a fine clear sharp eye, which is in happy keeping with the intellectual expression of his countenance. His nose partakes slightly of the Roman cast. His face is of the angular form; and has, on the whole, a pleasant as well as an intellectual aspect.

MR. GLADSTONE, the member for Newark, is one of the most rising young men on the Tory side of the House. His party expect great things from him; and, certainly, when it is remembered that his age is only thirty-five, the success of the parliamentary efforts he has already made justify their expectations. He is well-informed on most of the subjects which usually occupy the attention of the legislature; and he is happy in turning his information to a good account. He is ready on all occasions, which he deems fitting ones, with a speech in favour of the policy advocated by the party with whom he acts. His extemporaneous resources are ample. Few men in the House can improvise better. It does not appear to cost him an effort to speak. He is a man of very considerable talent; but has nothing approaching to genius. His abilities are much more the result of an excellent education, and of mature study, than of any prodigality on the part of Nature in the distribution of her mental gifts. I have no idea that he will ever acquire the reputation of a great statesman. His views are not sufficiently profound nor enlarged for that; his celebrity in the House of Commons will chiefly depend on his readiness and dexterity as a debater, in conjunction with the excellence of his elocution, and the gracefulness of his manner when speaking. His style is polished, but has no appearance of the effect of previous preparation. He displays considerable acuteness in replying to an opponent: he is quick in his perception of anything vulnerable in the speech to which he replies, and happy in laying the weak point bare to the gaze of the House. He now and then indulges in sarcasm, which is, in most cases, very felicitous. He is plausible even when most in error. When it suits himself, or his party, he can apply himself with the strictest closeness to the real point at issue; when to evade that point is deemed most politic, no man can wander from more widely.

Mr. Gladstone's appearance and manners are much in his favour. He is a remarkably fine-looking man. He is about the usual height, and of good figure. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and has a highly intellectual expression. His eyes are clear and quick. His eyebrows are dark and rather prominent. There is not a dandy in the House but envies what Truefit would call his "fine head of jet-black hair." It is always carefully parted from the crown downwards to his brow, where it is tastefully shaded. His features are small and regular, and his complexion must be a very unworthy witness if he does not possess an abundant stock of health.

Mr. Gladstone's gesture is varied, but not violent. When he rises he generally puts both hands behind his back, and having there suffered them to embrace each other for a short time, he unclasp them, and allows them to drop down on either side. They are not permitted to remain long in that locality before you see them again enclosed and hanging down before him. Their reunion is not suffered to last for any length of time. Again a separation takes place, and now the right hand is seen moving up and down before him. Having thus exercised it a little, he thrusts it into the pocket of his coat and then orders the left hand to follow its example. Having granted them a momentary repose there, they are again put into gentle motion; and in a few seconds they are seen reposing a-kimbo on his breast. He moves his face and body from one part of the House to another, not forgetting to bestow a liberal share of his attentions on his own party. He is always listened to with much attention by the House; and appears to be highly respected by men of all parties. He is a man of good business habits: of this he furnished abundant proof when Under-Secretary for the Colonies during the short-lived administration of Sir Robert Peel.

COLONEL VERNER is one of several members that could be named, who have been brought into notice by accidental circumstances. For several years past the gallant gentleman has been well known among the Protestant party in Ireland as one of the most zealous supporters of the "Protestant institutions of the country," and as a most cordial "respondent" to the toast of the glorious and immortal memory. He had also, before the present session, acquired some distinction as a vindicator of Orangeism in the House of Commons. The circumstance, however, which has brought him into greatest notice, both in the House and the country, was that of having, five or six months since, given at a dinner party the toast of "The Battle of the Diamond." That toast, given as it was, under peculiar circumstances, was so strongly disapproved of by government, that Lord Mulgrave at once visited the gallant gentleman, by way of punishment, with dismissal from the magistracy. This fact, in conjunction with the Orange papers in Ireland and the Tory papers here holding him up as a martyr to his attachment to the constitution and the Protestant religion, while the liberal journals in both countries denounced him as guilty of little short of treason, brought him into a measure of prominence for some weeks, which seldom falls to the lot of man. Then came the arraignment of his conduct in the Battle of the Diamond affair, in the House of Commons, and the defence which he made

against the charges then preferred against him. On that occasion he spoke, if I remember rightly, nearly two hours; but, with that exception, and one or two others, on questions bearing more or less directly on the interests of Orangeism, I have never heard him make a speech, worthy of the name; in other cases when I have seen him rise, he has always confined himself to a very few desultory observations, which, I am confident, he himself would never have dreamed of dignifying with the name of a regular address. He is not a man of great talent: there is little appearance of his being a close thinker in anything he says. In the course of the two hours' speech to which I have referred, not a single sentence escaped him bearing upon it the impress of originality. Nor is there anything in his style to redeem the mediocrity of his ideas. It is plain and sufficiently expressive; but it is wholly destitute of anything approaching to eloquence. Occasionally it is incorrect; it is not only rugged, but sometimes he uses the wrong words. I do not, however, ascribe this to any deficiency of literary taste; but rather to the circumstance of his labouring under a slight embarrassment when addressing the House. The gallant gentleman has the merit of being always clear. However much you may differ from his positions, and however illogical and inconclusive you may deem his arguments, you can never charge him with being so obscure that you cannot perceive his drift. As a speaker, in the usual acceptation of the term, Colonel Verner has no pretensions. His voice is sufficiently clear, and he always makes himself heard in all parts of the House; but beyond that there is nothing to praise in his manner. He stands in nearly the same position all the time he is addressing the House, and looks as steadily at one or two of the members on the ministerial benches, directly across, as if it were a crime of the first magnitude to bestow a glance on any other part of the House. He moderately moves his right arm, or rather that part of it which is below his elbow. His utterance is quick, and yet he does not often stutter; and even when he does, it is only slightly. He is never at a loss, either for ideas or words. To account for his readiness in these respects, is, in his case, a very easy matter. The secret of the thing consists in the fact of his never speaking but on one subject, and that a subject which engrosses his mind to the exclusion of almost everything else. Orangeism is with him an all-absorbing topic. It may be said to be part and parcel of his moral nature. And here let me do the gallant colonel the justice to say, that I look on him as a most honest Orangeman. There are thousands of his party, as there are of all parties, who identify themselves with a particular class of opinions, merely for the sake of advancing their individual interests. I have no idea that this can be said of Colonel Verner. I am persuaded that he deems the safety of Protestant institutions in England to be inseparably mixed up with Orangeism, and that this circumstance, in conjunction with a sincere and disinterested attachment to the Protestant religion, as by law established, is the great cause of the extraordinary zeal with which he espouses Orange principles, and identifies himself with Orange practices.

In his personal appearance, Colonel Verner is a little above the

usual height, and proportionably made. There is a marked slope in the conformation of his face, from his forehead downwards to his chin. The expression of his countenance is kindly, and not destitute of intelligence. He has prominent eyebrows, and a clear expressive eye. His hair is of a sandy colour, and rather stinted in quantity. His complexion is fair, and of a healthy appearance. What his exact age is I have not been able to learn; but I am pretty sure I am not wrong when I guess it as being above forty and under forty-five.

MR. GASKELL, the member for Wenlock, is one of the few members who appear to me to have themselves to blame for not occupying a more prominent position than they do in the House. I do not say, for I do not think, that he is a man of original or comprehensive mind; but he possesses a readiness and clearness, accompanied with very considerable powers of elocution, which, were he to speak oftener on subjects with which he is conversant, could not fail to make him a man of some importance. His voice, especially in the beginning of his speeches, has a very strong resemblance to that of Lord Stanley; indeed, when he just rises, those who do not see him sometimes suppose that it is Lord Stanley who has risen to address the House. Mr. Gaskell's voice has all the distinctness, with greater softness, of that of the noble lord. Its intonations are varied, and are usually in good taste. In his more animated moods, his voice is very often highly musical. His elocution, too, is good in other respects. When hurried away by his excited feelings his utterance is too rapid; at all times, he speaks, perhaps, with greater rapidity than could be desired. His pleasant voice and agreeable manner, however, often render his audience insensible to the fact, and where it is perceived they are usually reconciled to it. He is a voluble speaker; he is never at a loss for words; he has always enough of them, and to spare. He rarely misplaces a word: all is smooth, and in the best order. His style is occasionally too diffuse; were he to speak oftener I rather think he would not be quite so prodigal of his phraseology. He would not, in that case, have the same time to prepare and round his sentences.

Mr. Gaskell's manner is highly animated. He is fully as prodigal of his gesticulation as he is of his words. The rapid and constant movements of his head, from its usual perpendicular position down half way to his knees, and back again, constitute one of the most marked features of his action. The descent of his head towards his knees is usually accompanied by so forcible an application of the four fingers of his right hand to the palm of his left hand as to cause "a smack," which is distinctly heard in all parts of the House. Judging from his manner, one would suppose that he declines, from principle, addressing a single word to the ministerial side of the House. A stranger might fancy that he carries his political prejudices to such a length, as to disdain bestowing either a look or a word on the Liberal party. He is a thorough-going Conservative; but has too much of the manners of a gentleman ever to dream of such a thing. What causes him to address himself, both in words and looks, to his own party exclusively, is more than I can tell; very likely it is a habit unconsciously contracted.

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I have said that Mr. Gaskell is an animated speaker. I might have added that he speaks with a fervour which bears on the very face of it abundant proof that from principle he is attached to his principles,—if there be not an Irishism in the expression. His zeal always appears to be of a consuming kind. You would suppose, from the animation and earnestness of his manner, that he had not a single thought or anxiety about anything else than the subject on which he addresses the House. He seems to be equally at home on all topics on which he speaks. A stranger is delighted in the thought, after he has addressed the House, that no accident occurred to prevent his speaking, simply on the ground that if there had been no escape-valve for what he uttered, his mind must have been a perfect volcano.

Mr. Gaskell's features are marked. He has a short round face, with a certain contraction of its parts about the eyebrows, nose, &c., with a moderately-developed forehead, dark eyelashes, and clear bright eyes. His complexion is dark, and his hair is of a jet-black colour. He is much about the average height. He is slenderly made, dresses with taste, and has the appearance and manners of a gentleman. He is but a young man, being under his fortieth year.

MR. COLQUHOUN, the member for Kilmarnock, has only, as yet, spoken two or three times; but, from the circumstances under which he has delivered his speeches, and the manner in which he acquitted himself, I am quite convinced that he is destined to distinguish himself in the House. Comparisons, as every one knows, are said to be very odious things. Whether they be so or not, I have so great a dislike to them, that it is only in very peculiar cases that I ever resort to them. I am not sure that it can be called a "comparison," when I say that I am greatly mistaken indeed if Mr. Colquhoun does not, as a parliamentary speaker, eventually earn for himself a much greater reputation than any of the hundred and fifty-eight new members of the House, who have already made their *debuts*. He is a man of very considerable talent, and is well informed on general topics. I look on the few efforts he has already made in the House as highly successful. His speech in February, on the night on which Lord Maidstone brought the conduct of Mr. O'Connell, in charging the English and Scotch Tory members with perjury, before the House, was one which would have done credit to the most practised debater in that House. It was clearly, in all its essential parts, an extemporaneous effusion; for the honourable gentleman particularly adverted to every point of importance in the speech of Lord Howick, who preceded him on the other side of the question. As a reply, it was exceedingly happy. Not less entitled to praise, on the score of acute and apposite observation, were those parts of his speech which related to a more general view of the question before the House. And not only was Mr. Colquhoun's matter excellent, his diction was in exceedingly good taste. It was easy and eloquent: there was nothing turgid or bombastic about it. It bore no evidence of effort; but every word seemed to suggest itself in the most natural manner to his mind.

Mr. Colquhoun has already proved that he possesses one attribute as a speaker, in the absence of which all the other qualities to which

I have referred would not ensure his permanent success in that capacity. I allude to his great self-possession. The demonstrations of a disposition to put him down, on the part of hon. gentlemen opposite, do not disconcert him in the slightest degree. In the course of his speech in support of Lord Maidstone's motion for a vote of censure on Mr. O'Connell, he was frequently interrupted by the Liberal party; but he stood as calm and self-possessed until their interruptions were over, as if nothing had been the matter. In one or two instances he took advantage of those interruptions, and turned them with considerable adroitness into arguments in favour of his own view of the case and against that of the Ministerial side of the House.

Mr. Colquhoun, I may here mention, is a decidedly religious man. He identifies himself with the evangelical high-church party in Scotland, and possesses a very intimate acquaintance with polemical as well as practical theology.

The hon. gentleman is of the ordinary height, and of a good figure. His appearance is much in his favour. He has a pleasant intellectual expression of countenance. His face is of the oval figure. His complexion is clear, and his hair is of a sandy colour. He dresses with taste, but not in a foppish style. Judging from his appearance I should not suppose his age exceeds forty.

The hon. gentleman is, withal, an accomplished speaker, with regard to the manner of his speech. He has an exceedingly pleasant voice. There is a sweetness in it which is equalled in but few cases in the House. His enunciation is distinct, and his utterance is in the best taste. He is remarkably fluent; sentence follows after sentence with a smoothness and regularity which are not often surpassed by any of our public speakers. His gesture is also in good taste. He stands erect, and stretches out both hands, in some of the happier parts of his speech, in a very graceful manner. At other times he raises and moderately uses, first his right hand, and then his left. His gesticulation otherwise has nothing in it which calls for notice.

DECEPTION.

A TALE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

IN the summer of the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, a country gentleman of the name of Percival received a letter from an old schoolfellow, the Earl of Ellerton, with whom he had preserved an unbroken intimacy from his boyish days. The purport of the letter was to invite him to pass a fortnight at Ashburn Park, the seat of the earl, where a party of friends was collected for the purpose of celebrating the twelfth birth-day of Viscount Montford, the son and heir of the earl and countess. Lord Ellerton concluded by requesting, that if any friend were already staying with Percival, he would prevail on him to accompany him in his visit.

"Nothing could happen more opportunely, Dudley," said Percival, after dinner, to a guest in his house. "I am most anxious that a man of your superior discernment and intelligence should see Lady Ellerton in her domestic circle, and give me your candid opinion of her real character."

"Considering that you have known her intimately for the fifteen years that have elapsed since her marriage," answered Dudley, "I should imagine that I could scarcely enlighten your perceptions much in the course of a fortnight's acquaintance with her; you quiet country gentlemen are apt to form an undue opinion of the penetration and acuteness possessed by young men about town."

"Nay, Dudley, do not confound yourself with such a race. I do not know where you have acquired your power of penetrating into character, but the result is surprising. I am aware that you are a physiognomist, that you have seen much of the world, and that your natural abilities are in no small degree vivid and acute; but all these circumstances united are scarcely sufficient to explain to me some of your wonderful divinations into the secrets of the human heart."

"That is almost equivalent to an accusation of magic," said Dudley; "but I practise none, save what Madame de Genlis denominates 'the magic of art and nature.' When persons devote all their attention to the study of one peculiar science, is it surprising that they should excel in it? Human nature has been my favourite study, and surely it would be hard if I were not tolerably acquainted with its intricacies."

Dudley was not merely a wonderful man in the estimation of his friend Percival; instances of his powers of penetration were quoted by all his acquaintance. I will confine myself to one anecdote, for the authenticity of which I can undertake to vouch.

Dudley was staying at the house of a friend: a party of gentlemen was assembled, all strangers to him; they had heard of his powers as a physiognomist, and solicited a specimen of them. Accordingly

he gave each of them a sketch of their characters, and as they had entreated sincerity and plain dealing, his remarks were not always very flattering. They were, however, received in perfect good part by every one, with the exception of a moody and sullen-looking young man, whose observations on the passing scene were so cynical and bitter, that Dudley studiously passed him over in his delineations. He was not willing, however, to avail himself of this lenity, but clamorously desired to know Dudley's real opinion of his character. Dudley mildly requested to decline giving any opinion. His opponent now triumphantly observed that it was easy to see he only played on the credulity of willing dupes, and that he was afraid to attack those who had sufficient sense and spirit to see through his glaring imposition.

Dudley became rather irritated. "Will you desist from your sarcastic remarks," said he, "if I tell you a prominent act in your life, which is probably unknown to all your friends now present, although by some mysterious process revealed to me, a stranger?"

"You are undertaking impossibilities," replied the young man haughtily; "do not expose yourself further."

Dudley, however, had gone too far to be able to retract; he led the young man to a distant corner of the room, and whispered apparently about six words in his ear; the effect was that of a cabalistic spell; the scoffer returned to the company pale, nervous, and trembling in every limb; he begged to recal all he had said in ridicule of Dudley's science, and took an abrupt and agitated leave. The company of course assailed Dudley with eager inquiries respecting the short speech which had produced so surprising an effect: he refused to gratify their curiosity; but when they had all departed, his host, first telling him that he was one of the very few who were acquainted with some painful circumstances in the life of his presumptuous guest, requested to know by what possible form of words he, an utter stranger, could in so short a time have expressed his own recognition of them."

"These were my words," said Dudley, "and they would have been thought, not spoken, had I not been provoked to give them utterance by his ironical and contemptuous remarks. '*Did you ever attempt your life?*'"

* * * * *

"Pray," said Dudley to Percival, as they were journeying to Ashburn Park in the carriage of the latter, "do not consider that I am like the fortune-tellers, trying to extract information from you for the purpose of returning it back in mystical revelations, if I request to know in what particular you consider Lady Ellerton a singular character."

"I will willingly tell you," answered his friend; "she is discontented and unhappy in the midst of every earthly blessing."

"What a favourable experience you must have had of female nature," said Dudley, "to see anything singular in such a feeling; for my part, I know at least fifty ladies in a similar predicament, and so far from considering them remarkable in any respect, I class them as 'thoroughly common-place women.'"

"Yes ; but Lady Ellerton was contented and resigned when labouring under disappointment and mortification, and only lost her spirits and equanimity when the circumstance happened which everybody supposed would be a source of unmixed exultation and triumph to her."

"Now indeed, Percival, you become profoundly obscure and enigmatical ; but I do not know why I should say so ; the spirit of female contradiction is enough to account for anything. Pray, however, descend to particulars."

"The Earl of Ellerton," said Percival, "came to his title at the age of twenty-five, yet reached the period of thirty-five unmarried. Manœuvring mothers and daughters had exhausted their speculations on him, and at length gave him up in despair ; his estates were immense, and he was also remarkably handsome."

"You need not have mentioned the latter circumstance," said Dudley, "his conquests are quite accounted for by the former. I was in a ball-room the other night when a fair girl, certainly not above sixteen years of age, pointed out to her mother a handsome young man a little distance from her, with an audible expression of admiration. 'Nonsense, my dear,' replied the prudent matron, 'what have you to do with beauty? Your object ought to be establishment!' The docile little pupil took the hint, averted her head when the Adonis approached, evidently with the intention of asking her to dance, and accepted the hand of a corpulent nabob of sixty in preference."

"Lord Ellerton," continued Percival, "would probably have remained unmarried till the present day, had not his brother, the Honourable Mr. Neville, with whom he had never been on pleasant terms, openly exulted in his certainty that the title would one day be possessed either by himself or his eldest son ; he had married early, and had already four sons to preserve the family honours from sinking into oblivion ; he coupled these hints with some sarcastic allusions to his brother's fastidious difficulty of selection, and declared his belief 'that he would be miserable in the married state, and that he therefore did well to avoid it.' Some of the good-natured friends with whom everybody is blessed, repeated these remarks to the earl ; his spirit was roused, he wooed and won the young and beautiful Isabel Aubrey ; and although I, as his intimate friend, felt convinced that his only object in marriage was the perpetuation of his family in his own line, I was most happy to perceive that the charms, accomplishments, and virtues of his countess, soon obtained a complete ascendancy over him, and that his feelings towards her might be envied by many a man who has married for love. When a year had elapsed, and the countess displayed no prospect of increasing her family, I began to be seriously uneasy ; for the disappointment and grief of the earl were beyond what even I could have anticipated, and the triumph of Mr. and Mrs. Neville was proportionally visible and unrestrained. Another year passed, and a distressing change came over the naturally frank and kind disposition of Lord Ellerton ; he was morose and melancholy, and worst of all, stern and cold in his manner towards his lovely and attractive wife, his affection for her was evidently advancing to an end ; and although his moral conduct was unquestioned, his

disinclination to her society increased on him so rapidly, that he was frequently in the habit of leaving her for weeks, or even for months, to the stately solitude of Ashburn Park, while he alternately plunged into scenes of gaiety in London, or secluded himself within his house in misanthropic gloom. How shall I describe my pleasure when towards the end of the third year, Lord Ellerton entered my apartment with a look and demeanour of the most radiant happiness, and told me that his hopes were likely shortly to be realised, and that the countess, to guard him from the possibility of disappointment, had kept secret her situation from him till the preceding day, when she made known to him by letter the happy tidings that three months would probably bestow on him the blessing of a child. His travelling carriage waited for him at my door, and after a short but joyful interview, he departed to join his charming wife at Ashburn Park. I was truly gratified; I was happy for my friend, happy for the sweet countess, who had borne all her late trials with such meekness and resignation; and I enjoyed a mischievous, but I hope a pardonable, delight at the idea of the anger and disappointment of the grasping Mr. Neville, and his selfish and unamiable wife. One or two unpleasant fears, however, diminished my exultation; I remembered, although my friend did not seem to do so, that girls will occasionally take the liberty of being born to noble families as well as boys. I was in the habit also of looking over the bills of mortality, and knew that a fearful number of infants die before they have completed their first year. I was likewise doubtful about the health of Lady Ellerton, which, for the last year, had become very delicate. I kept my fears to myself, however, and happily none of them were verified. The countess was ordered to Sidmouth, and the soft climate and balmy breezes of that delightful place, had the most beneficial effect upon her constitution. Her confinement took place there, the child was a boy, and Lord Ellerton wrote me a most rapturous account of his extreme beauty and vigour. The family remained a few months longer at Sidmouth, and when they returned to town, I was (although no connoisseur in babies) absolutely enraptured with the little viscount; a lovelier and livelier child never gratified a proud father, not delighted a fond mother."

"Pray excuse my interruption," said Dudley, "but I am tempted to say, as a young lady of my acquaintance used to do when she was reading a romance from the Minerva press, 'How soon shall we come to the mystery?' Your tale hitherto is a very hackneyed one."

"Now then," said Percival, "I come to the point that perplexed me. The earl was, as I anticipated, in raptures with his heir, and all his former affection for his wife seemed not only revived but increased. The countess, however, greatly disappointed me; she was nervous and abrupt in her deportment to her husband; and I vainly looked in her manner to her infant for that caressing, eager fondness, which, to the credit of the sex, mothers generally lavish on their first-born, even when its only heritage is that of poverty and destitution. She was blooming in health and beauty, but her mind and temper were perceptibly altered."

"You were, no doubt, originally deceived in her," said Dudley; "you are always prone to judge for the best, and youth, beauty, and vivacity, induced you to invest with ideal perfections a naturally cold-hearted woman, incapable of the affections of a mother."

"Wait till you hear the sequel of my story," said Percival; "when the little viscount was about a year old, Lady Ellerton again had a prospect of becoming a mother; another son was bestowed upon her, a fair and delicate baby, but very inferior, as I was told by competent judges, to his beautiful predecessor. This child, however, seemed at once to have the power of awakening her slumbering feelings; she was now warmly and unaffectedly the tender, doting mother; and the indifference with which she had hitherto beheld her eldest son seemed converted, if I may use so strong an expression, to aversion."

"This is indeed," said Dudley, "passing all the natural and allowable bounds of female caprice."

"Ten years," pursued Percival, "have since elapsed; the boys are educated at home with a private tutor, and sorry am I to say that the manifest and unjust preference of their mother has already sown feelings of jealousy and dissension between them. The earl beholds it with grief and regret, but the countess is so exemplary in her general character, and so observant of all the duties of her sex and station, that he scarcely knows how to reprehend a line of conduct which she seems impelled by some irresistible impulse to pursue."

"I have listened to you with attention," said Dudley, "and am disposed to impute the conduct of Lady Ellerton to some slight tinge of insanity, such as frequently exists in individuals who are considered by the world to be in possession of their perfect senses; probably she may have an hereditary predisposition to that complaint, and the agitation of nerves attendant on the early disappointment of her wedded life, and her subsequent triumph, may have excited it in a sufficient degree to account for her singular and contradictory actions, although not in that decided force which would affect her general conduct and manners; of this I shall be enabled to judge as soon as I see her."

"Pray may I ask you," said Percival, "how you draw the line in these cases? I once heard a celebrated medical man say that he considered nobody to be perfectly sane."

"In one sense I agree with him," said Dudley; "the essence of insanity is inconsistency; the wisest of us are occasionally inconsistent; we all sometimes do and say things, under temporary excitement, of which we afterwards repent, and in the moment of returning reason ask ourselves 'What could I be thinking of when I was guilty of such folly?—how differently would I behave, could I recal the past.' In a degree we may be said to be insane during the time we are committing any extravagancy at variance with our usual character and principles, and the frequent recurrence and prolongation of such seasons, and the absence of the after feelings of regret and repentance to which I have alluded, constitute what competent judges deem an insane state of mind."

"How then," said Percival, "can you profess to judge at once of the insanity of a stranger, when it is unsuspected by the world at large?"

"I must borrow a phrase from the novelist," answered Dudley, "and say that 'my sensations may be more readily imagined than described;' I judge somewhat by the expression of the eye, and somewhat by the want of connexion and keeping in the discourse; but, after all, I might give you my rules, and you might find yourself much in the same predicament that I did when I had paid half-a-guinea to a juggler to teach me one of his sleight-of-hand tricks,—I became master of the principle on which it was done, but found it quite useless to me, from my want of that skill and dexterity with which long habit had enabled its owner to put it into practice."

The friends arrived at Ashburn Park, where they were received with great attention and kindness by the earl and countess. Dudley gave his most watchful observation to the latter and to her two boys, Lord Montford and Aubrey Neville. The result of his observations seemed to make him melancholy, but Percival could not prevail on him to give him his opinion on the subject, till their visit was concluded. A large party of guests dispersed about the same time; the beauty, accomplishments, and enviable lot of their fair hostess were the themes of all, but Percival's mind was in a doubtful and uneasy state, and he was anxious to procure a private conversation with his oracle, Dudley. They were scarcely seated in the carriage, to return home, when he eagerly interrogated his friend on the subject.

"The countess is perfectly sane," said Dudley; "eye, voice, and manner, are all thoroughly free from the least tinge of mental aberration, or even of eccentricity."

"Why then is she now unhappy," asked Percival, "when she was originally gay and cheerful?"

"She was gay and cheerful when she was innocent," said Dudley; "she is unhappy because she is guilty."

Percival shuddered. "Surely," said he, "you are mistaken; she evidently loves her husband."

"She does," said Dudley, "but she has deceived him—decidedly, inexcusably deceived him; and therefore, although she loves him, she fears and shrinks from him; the terrors of discovery are ever before her eyes—the volcano has not yet burst, the avalanche has not yet fallen, but she feels the certain conviction that the time of exposure will one day arrive."

"Enough, Dudley; you wring my very heart; I see that the woman whom I once esteemed and venerated as a model of virtue, must henceforth be regarded by me as an object of pity and contempt."

"Your fears lead you to a false conclusion," replied Dudley. "I am persuaded that Lady Ellerton is scrupulously delicate and circumspect in her conduct, and that, in the sense in which you use the term, you may still safely consider her a model of virtue."

"To what do you then allude," asked Percival, "if you believe her faultless in the most important point of a woman's character? I own that her preference of her youngest son is highly blamable, but she cannot be said to deceive her husband by such a system of conduct, for her preference is displayed only too openly?"

"It is indeed," answered Dudley; "I cannot tell you how grieved I felt, on the birth-day of the young viscount, to detect Lady Ellerton

weeping over her beloved Aubrey in an arbour a little distance from the scene of rejoicing, where she was liable to be discovered by others of the festive guests beside myself."

"I regret to hear it," said Percival; "but I must confess that curiosity is now the paramount feeling of my mind. What is the concealed fault of Lady Ellerton?—she never plays at cards, and her dress and appointments are singularly simple for her style of life—you do not surely suspect her of extravagance?"

"Would that I did," said Dudley; "would that her transgression were not greater than that of ordering an extra carriage or diamond necklace, without the means of paying for it."

"Dudley, you really agitate and overpower me by these remarks; I entreat you to explain your insinuations."

"I will," said Dudley; "but pray remember that I can allege no proof against Lady Ellerton; my conclusions are only derived from that knowledge of human nature on the possession of which you have so often congratulated me; and if I disclose them to you, I shall exact from you a promise of the same implicit secrecy which, for my own part, I am resolved to preserve to all the world save yourself."

"I promise," said Percival: "do not delay longer."

Dudley looked out of each window of the carriage, drew up the glasses, as if he expected the birds of the air were likely to act the part of eaves-droppers, and then turning to Percival, said, in a low, firm tone, "*The eldest boy is not the son of the countess; she has imposed a foundling on her husband that she might present him with an heir to his title!*"

* * * * *

Eighteen years had elapsed since the visit of Percival and Dudley to Ashburn Hall; great and memorable events had happened in the family of Lord Ellerton during that time. Dudley had accepted an appointment in India, soon after that memorable visit, from which, in the course of seventeen years, he returned, much older, much richer, much less healthy, but still possessing, in their fullest vigour and perfection, his wonderful powers of mind. His first visit was to his friend Percival, still the hospitable, kind-hearted, and benevolent country squire; and one of his first inquiries was for the beautiful and mysterious Lady Ellerton, of whose fate he only knew such particulars as he had gathered from paragraphs in the English newspapers.

"She is no more," said Percival, his countenance suddenly saddening; "but at her death she directed that a packet might be transmitted to me as her old and valued friend, which throws a melancholy but sure light over every apparent inconsistency in her life and conduct. Let us read it together, Dudley, and read it in a spirit of pity and forgiveness; truly does the erring and unhappy writer exemplify the words of Scripture—'the way of transgressors is hard.'"

* * * * *

I should find it difficult to assign a reason why I write the events of my life; perhaps as a salutary penance, that I may blush and weep over the gradual progression of my sin and shame; perhaps as a species of indulgence, that a nature once frank and open, but long debarred from all human confidence, may enjoy the mournful satisfaction

of freely expressing its feelings upon paper. I know not whether I shall ever have courage to submit this record to mortal eye, but I am persuaded that it contains a strong and useful lesson to the young, on the danger, difficulty, and humiliation, invariably attendant upon a course of deceit.

I was left an orphan at an early age, and educated for show and display by distant relatives, who loaded me with fashionable accomplishments, but left me in utter ignorance of the duties and responsibility of a Christian. I was of a good family, although my portion was small, and my relations were sanguine in their hopes that I should soon be highly and advantageously established in life. These hopes were more than realised when I received a proposal of marriage from the Earl of Ellerton, and I shared in the delight of my friends: the rank and wealth of the earl gratified my ambition, and his person, manners, and virtues, engaged my warmest esteem and affection. I soon found that my husband and his brother entertained feelings of mutual distrust and jealousy, which rendered their intercourse anything but gratifying. I am concerned to say that I never acted the part of a peace-maker in endeavouring to ameliorate this spirit of enmity; the evident ill-will shown to myself by the Honourable Mr. Neville and his wife from my first introduction to them, wounded my pride, and inspired me with the most earnest wish to mortify them in every way. I fully participated in my husband's eager wishes for an heir; in fact, I was naturally so excessively fond of children that I should have considered the gift of one a privilege and a blessing, even had I been placed in narrow circumstances. I was truly and deeply attached to my husband, and therefore anxious to bestow on him the treasure he most coveted; I was ambitious, and longed to become the mother of a future earl; and I was as strong in my enmities as in my affections, and panted to throw at once into the shade all the hopes of future inheritance entertained by the presumptuous Nevilles. I did not begin to feel despondency till about a year after my marriage: and the sorrow of my husband then made me truly unhappy. His observations, I grieve to say, were often unkind and reproachful; and I too evidently saw that I was rapidly losing my hold on his heart. I shall confess my subsequent errors so unreservedly, that I may perhaps stand excused for the apparent vanity of saying that my conduct at this time was perfectly irreproachable. I loved my husband, and pitied him. I therefore made ready excuses for his harsh expressions towards me, and, although I shed many tears in secret, I was always prepared to meet him with a cheerful aspect, and to receive his advances towards cordiality with mildness and kindness, without allowing myself to make any allusion towards his past behaviour. I never complained of him to my friends; I studied to appear smiling and serene in company, that the busy world might not impute any blame to him: my line of conduct was praiseworthy in all respects but that of the greatest importance—I was not under the influence of religion; and the excellence of action which is prompted by human affection, equanimity of temper, and soundness of judgment, is as far inferior to that produced by the grace of God in answer to the fervent and diligent prayer of the humble Christian, as were the miracles effected

by the magicians of Egypt in comparison to those worked by Moses, the divinely inspired minister of Jehovah.

Lord Ellerton gradually gave me less and less of his society, and for that of the world in general I soon began to lose taste and inclination. I was frequently assailed by my female friends with condolences on my want of offspring, which might be well meant, but which seldom failed to rouse in my mind the bad passions of envy and discontent. My sister-in-law in particular never omitted to parade before me her frightful progeny; they were indeed a race of young giants; the eldest boy was ten years old; he was tall, large boned, and dark complexioned, with elfin locks, and a stentorian voice, and prodigious strength in all muscular exercises; his mother used exultingly to observe that, "although not remarkably handsome, she never saw any one whose frame seemed to give a greater promise of long life." When we had been married two years, we went to Ashburn Park to pass the summer; we did not invite any guests to visit us there. Lord Ellerton's angry feelings were subsiding into settled despondency, and he passed several hours every day in his study, not, as I accidentally discovered, in reading or writing, but in unemployed dejected musing. I prayed repeatedly and fervently to Heaven for the blessing of a son, which, I felt convinced, would at once convert all our gloom into rejoicing; but my prayer was rather in the spirit of an impatient demand than of an humble entreaty; what wonder then, that it remained unanswered? At the beginning of the winter, Lord Ellerton expressed his intention of going to London, but observed that he should much wish me to remain at Ashburn Park, as his spirits were not equal to the series of entertainments which would be expected from us by the world if we both returned to Grosvenor Square. I acquiesced in silence, but bitter and sad were my tears when I heard the last sound of my husband's chariot-wheels, and reflected that he was undisguisedly anxious to quit the society of her, who, notwithstanding the change in his affections, still loved him more than her life. About a month after his departure, I received a letter from one of the friends of my youth, requesting that I would exert my kind interest to procure for a highly-deserving and intelligent female the situation of companion to a lady of rank. Mrs. Charlton, she said, had been a schoolfellow of her own in former days, and had married an amiable young man of limited income, who had died about two years ago, leaving her with a very slender provision, although, fortunately, without children. I cannot describe how I alternately smiled and wept at my friend's strange expression, "fortunately without children;" but I replied to her letter by expressing a wish that Mrs. Charlton would pass the next few months with me at Ashburn Park. I was weary of my almost unbroken solitude; thick snow and piercing frost prevented me from taking my accustomed exercise, and although I had a few formal visitors, I languished for the enjoyment of daily domestic intercourse. I felt assured that Mrs. Charlton's temporary residence with me would be a benefit to her in her subsequent inquiries for a situation, and I had so much confidence in the friend who wrote in her favour, that I did not anticipate that she could be otherwise than

lady-like and companionable. Mrs. Charlton wrote me a well-worded letter, expressing much more gratitude than the occasion required, and she soon followed it in person. I was delighted with her; she seemed about eight-and-thirty, by no means handsome, moderately accomplished, and only superficially read, but her manners were even dangerously winning and fascinating. I have since learned to distrust that exceeding softness and meekness of demeanour, which is coupled with evident shrewdness and worldly policy, but it then appeared delightful to me; a lady-like manner has been well defined to be "the union of great gentleness and great self-possession," and in both Mrs. Charlton eminently excelled—nothing could ruffle the former or interrupt the latter for a moment. To this woman I confided all those troubles and sorrows which I had hitherto so wisely concealed from my nearest friends and relations—she soothed, pitied, and sometimes even wept with me, but gave me no good counsel, never pointed out to me the remaining blessings within my reach, never impressed upon me the duty of submitting patiently to the will of Providence.

One fatal evening the tea equipage had been removed, we were sitting over the fire, and I was for the hundredth time relating my domestic trials, and expressing my conviction that I should never be freed from their consuming weight, when I remarked a peculiar sort of smile on the countenance of my auditress, and felt rather angry at this first proof that I had ever witnessed of her want of sympathy.

"Place yourself in my situation," said I: "should you not be thoroughly unhappy?"

"Not at all," she replied; "I should merely exert all my power to relieve myself from it—I would not allow another year to elapse before I took active measures to obtain the blessing for which you sit supinely and ineffectually pining." I looked at her with astonishment. "Do not imagine," she continued, with a smile, "that I should have any recourse to wizards or enchanters; invention should be my slave of the lamp, and money my slave of the ring. I would take some sensible and trust-worthy friend into my confidence, announce myself to be in the situation I had so long desired, and at the proper time get conveyed to me the infant of poor parents, which I would introduce to the world as my own."

Oh, how readily did the voice of the tempter find an echo in my innermost spirit; my heart actually seemed to leap within me at her speech, but I immediately shrunk from my own thoughts, and angrily demanded of her how she could suppose for an instant that I should be guilty of such dishonourable conduct?

"Pardon me," said she, in the blandest tones; "you must have misunderstood me; I did not for a moment venture to allude to yourself. I only mentioned what I should do under similar circumstances. Your opinions and judgment, I am quite ready to acknowledge, are preferable to my own, and I shall most gladly listen to your observations, if you will have the goodness to inform me in what respect you consider such a mode of conduct would be dishonourable."

"Should I not grossly impose upon my husband," said I, "by presenting to him the child of another person as his own?"

"Your imposition could never be known to him as such," replied Mrs. Charlton; "and would be the source of the greatest joy and gratification to him; we read of natural affection, but were you in reality to present your husband with an heir, and it were shown to him in company with another new-born infant, do you imagine that any power of parental instinct would enable him to fix upon his own? Let him believe the child you give him to be his, and his pride and joy will be as great as if it were so in reality."

"But what right," said I, "should I have to deprive even poor parents of their offspring?"

"None at all," said she, "if you were to rob them of it in the gipsy mode, and leave them to the horrors of uncertainty respecting its fate. I would have you, (or more properly your confidential friend,) inform them of the purpose for which you wish the babe, although without committing yourself by disclosing your name, and I would give them a handsome sum of money, which would at once convince them of the truth of your representations, and afford them an acceptable and ample reward for the loss of their child."

"How could I feel for such a child a mother's love?" asked I.

"You could not certainly feel a mother's love for it," said Mrs. Charlton; "but I do not doubt that you would feel something so nearly resembling it, that it would pass quite current with the world as such. I have known persons who have adopted children even at the age of six or seven years, and become fervently attached to them. This poor infant would be entirely thrown on your protection, you might mould its character as you pleased, you would feel grateful to it for the consequence which it would give you in society, and for the restoration of your husband's affections, which, I doubt not, would soon follow his introduction to it—do not fear that you could fail to love it."

"My husband's next heirs," said I, "would also be deeply injured by such a deception."

"So they would, indeed," said she; "I was going to say that I had forgotten them, but I will be honest, and acknowledge that your frequent descriptions have inspired me with such a horror of the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Neville, and their odious tribe, that I should consider the deserved punishment of such hateful and unamiable people as one of the decided advantages of the scheme."

A pause ensued.

"But, were I to adopt such a plan," said I, "how should I guard against the dangers of detection?"

Mrs. Charlton smiled; she doubtless triumphed at seeing how rapidly I sank down from moral objections to a mere question of expediency; but moral feeling will seldom stand firm long if unsupported by religious principle. Had I studied and felt the Scriptures as I ought, I should not have entered into a moment's parley with Mrs. Charlton on the subject of her base instigation, I should merely have said to her, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

"Discovery," she replied, "might be carefully guarded against; when I spoke of a trustworthy friend, dear Lady Ellerton, I acknow-

ledge that I alluded to myself—my services you may command—my secrecy you may rely on. I have a father, who is a medical man of some skill and repute at Sidmouth; all could be safely arranged by his intervention and assistance, money is all that need be provided on your part, every necessary arrangement shall be made on ours.”

I put an end to the conversation by retiring to my room. I repeated that night in my prayers mechanically, as usual, “Lead us not into temptation.” Oh! how earnestly, how fervently, ought I to have prayed to have been delivered from the peculiar temptation which I had rashly brought upon myself. Happy would it have been for me had I not had the command of money; but the three thousand pounds that constituted my marriage portion, Lord Ellerton had generously desired me to retain for the purchase of jewellery, according to my own taste; his gifts, however, of that kind, were so profuse, and so far beyond anything to which I had been accustomed, that the money lay by me untouched. This circumstance I inadvertently disclosed to Mrs. Charlton, and it greatly added to the eagerness with which she prosecuted her detestable scheme. A day seldom now now elapsed in which she did not make this plot the subject of her conversation. I sometimes checked her, but she always smiled away my disapprobation, saying, “that we might surely sometimes enjoy ourselves by soaring into the regions of imagination, as a pleasing change to the dull matter-of-fact affairs of every-day life.” Let all beware how they suffer themselves to become familiarised with images of sin; they will soon, too soon, cease to hate and shrink from them. One day I received a letter from Lord Ellerton; it affected me deeply; it was written with more kindness, but with heavier despondency than usual. “I see no one,” he said; “I employ myself in no occupation; I know that I am culpable and ungrateful to Providence, but I cannot resist the feverish discontent that overwhelms me. Rank, wealth, intellect, society—I feel that I could sacrifice them all for the inestimable blessing of a son.” I gave the letter to Mrs. Charlton.

“Oh!” said I; “that I could awaken him to happiness by bestowing on him the gift he covets.”

She quietly read and returned it. “Do not answer it for a few days,” she said, and immediately began to talk on another subject.

I was disappointed: I expected that she would have taken the opportunity of enlarging on the fatally seductive topic, which was but too delightful to me. She, however, carefully avoided it for the next few days. I, at length, introduced it myself; she dismissed it with a few careless words. This conduct was the result of extreme artifice on her part; she wished, by a partial avoidance, of the subject to lull my suspicions of any undue interest in her own mind concerning it, and to increase my anxiety to a point of tumultuous irritation. At length she brought me a letter.

“I have written,” said she, “to my father at Sidmouth, telling him of the plan that has crossed our mind; this is his answer—he gives me every encouragement: if you only can contrive to pass the next few months at Sidmouth, every thing can be managed according to your wish. I should like you to see my father; he is the very realisation of your idea of a venerable benevolent old man.”

I will not enter into a detail of the arguments by which she bent me to her purpose ; suffice it to say, that on the following day I despatched a letter to my husband, which brought him to Ashburn Park in a perfect ecstasy of delight. I almost fainted with remorse and shame during his first joyful interview with me, but Mrs. Charlton soon put an end to it by summoning him away under the plea that my spirits were in too delicate a state to bear excitement. Lord Ellerton was, like every one else, delighted with her soft and winning manners ; he observed to her that he should have hoped my strength of mind would have preserved me from being thus overcome by nervous trepidation at the accomplishment of my hopes, and she seized the opportunity of informing him, with much circumlocution, that I had an anxious, overwhelming desire to meet my trial at Sidmouth, but that I strenuously avoided any expression of it, from the fear that he should impute it to caprice. It was the actual fact that I had accompanied my dear mother to Sidmouth during her last illness, and remained there with her for some months ; my longing partiality for it, therefore, did not appear quite inexplicable, and Mrs. Charlton so earnestly pressed on Lord Ellerton the importance of allowing me the indulgence of every fancy in the present critical state of my health and nerves, that he yielded his consent, and a few days saw us established in one of the most lovely of the many lovely habitations in Sidmouth. Lord Ellerton accompanied us thither, and remained with us, although Mrs. Charlton took care to confine me almost exclusively to my own apartments, lest I should lose the requisite command over myself in speaking to him of our happy prospects.

It was twelve years since I last visited Sidmouth ; I was then a girl of ten years of age, attending a dying mother, and anticipating the cold unwilling protection of distant relatives in my orphan state ; but how much happier was I then than now, loaded with all that the world deems most valuable, but haunted by the perpetual horrors of a reproving conscience. How much beauty and pathos is there in this simple snatch of an Irish song in the “ O’Hara Tales ”—

“ Now I would give that wealth and all,
Were this soft starlight gleaming
On my old friends in their old hall,
And I an infant dreaming.”

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.¹

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

" Chi va lontan dalla sua patria, vede
Cose, da quel che già credea, lontane."

ORL. FUR.

No. II.

The Lazzaretto—Palermitan Mendicants—Search for Lodgings—L'Albergo dell' Aquila—First night in Palermo—The Toledo—The Marina—The Flora Cafés and Club Rooms—Flirtation and blue Spectacles—Monte Pellegrino—Pic Nic with St. Rosalia.

WE took our stations in the boat, and the sailors pulled stoutly for the Lazzaretto. We were soon landed on a narrow strip of quay running along the wall that forms one side of this purgatory. In this was but one aperture, a large square window, fenced with strong iron bars, inside which, at a distance of about four feet, was another iron grating of similar ponderous dimensions. We had abundant time, while the fumigation of the ship's papers was proceeding inside, to take a full view of the limbo in which we found ourselves placed. A range of low houses, two scanty stories high, ran at right angles to the wall just mentioned, and before the aperture in which we were about to undergo the scrutiny of the Minoses within. The upper windows, little square unwholesome-looking holes, looked towards us; and the arrival of another boatful of *âmes damnées*, had brought all the inmates to the doors of their dens. The sun was already beaming, with an intensity that felt anything but April-like, upon the tiled roof, from under the eavesdrop of which the heads were thrust; we could, from our own sensations, form some idea of the oven-like temperature of the apartments, even without the intimation conveyed by the sight of the coatless, uncravated loungers, who gazed down upon us. One gentleman, with long dark moustachios, turned over the under lip *à la Sandt*, was lounging with his arm over the one window-frame, and the flat Turkish bowl of his long cherrystick, resting on the ledge of the other, puffing his knaster, and holding sweet converse with a fellow-prisoner in a white cotton jacket, a black velvet cap and gold tassel, whose head and shoulders seemed irrecoverably wedged in the tiny aperture from which he was looking. A sweet pale face, in a dowdyish cap, was peeping from another window, and caressing occasionally a beautiful curly-headed boy.

" Mercy on me," said Danks, as he slackened his cravat, "how awful to be simmered, *à la Chabert*, in such a stewpan for forty days! 'A man of my kidney, think of that, Master Brook.' I hope our papers are all right."

" I hope so too," I replied; "but this report of the plague at Leghorn will put them all upon their mettle. My letters at Naples were

¹ Continued from p. 292. Digitized by Google

burnt to a cinder, and all unfortunates who had visited Leghorn, or Pisa, or Bologna, have been tabooed on the frontier these three months."

"For heaven's sake, Igins," said Dawson, "don't look so woe-begone. One would think you had fifty plagues, as you stand shivering there with a pair of black goggles round your eyes, and your cheeks as white as an orange-lily. You'll be the ruin of us."

"Why—to say—the truth," replied Igins, (hiccuping in a way that it was very unpleasant to witness,) "I have hardly—got over my—sea sickness of last night—I feel a sort of a—swimmishness, doctor—a kind of a—O dear!"

After a considerable pause the doctor resumed the conversation.

"Well, how do you feel now, my boy?"

"Why, rather better, I thank you," said Igins; "but——"

"Ay, ay, I see still queer. Here's a prescription will do you good;" and producing a sly-looking, flat silver bottle from his pocket, the doctor poured out a *quantum suff.* of cognac in the cup that formed its case, and administered it to his patient.

"Now, corragio, amico mio, look as beautiful as ever you can, for the performance is going to begin."

We were all immediately ranged by the captain on one side of the window, and directed to pass to the other as our names were called, stopping, however, sufficiently long to allow of a minute inspection. The principal official took his seat behind the second *grille*, a ragout of the ship's papers, well broiled and steeped in vinegar, spread before him on the desk. He himself was a heavy-looking old man, with thin stubbly hair, partially covered by a greasy black cap, heavy pouches of cheeks, and smaller ditto under the eyes. He looked over his spectacles at the papers, and through them at us, so that he had the air of performing to each a low and solemn salaam in token of his approbation. The ship's company came first, but he had passed them so frequently before, that he seemed to take their case for granted. The peasants and the Neapolitan officers were dismissed with a glance. The foreigner's were examined more attentively. The Germans continued stolidly smoking their pipes—and passed. The doctor unbuttoned his coat, pulled down his waistcoat, smiled blandly at the functionary from a stand-at-ease kind of attitude—and passed. Dawson and I followed. Then came Eduardo Igins!

His case certainly looked somewhat suspicious. His whitey-brown hair, usually brought in two smooth faultless curls round his temples, straggled dishevelled from under an unbrushed hat. The once smooth white cravat was now soiled and crumpled, and the usual paleness of his face was not improved by the saffron tinge it had acquired from the ailments of the night. The gentleman within took a long look, under which Igins fidgetted a good deal. The spectacles were removed, wiped with the tail of the owner's coat, and there was a second long and steady gaze at the pale victim. Igins looked worse and worse under the scrutiny.

"*E ammalato!*" he murmured at last, his cheeks shaking heavily with the exertion.

Our captain here interfered, and in a gibberish I could not very

well follow, gave the inspector to understand, that the gentleman in question had been lately suffering severely from sea-sickness, and had not yet recovered. There was another long look with glassy eyes and open mouth. Igins, however, though he looked ill enough, had certainly little about him of the conspirator or the Carbonari, and the suspicions of the functionary were therefore more easily allayed. The quarantine system throughout the south of Italy is fully as much directed against dangerous political doctrines, as against the plague; and is used with effect to winnow out the transalpine leaven of liberty and equality. An alarm of pestilence is the usual pretext for a strictness of search, and an interference with the papers and baggage of the traveller, which would otherwise betray its object. Letters coming through the post-office are opened and fumigated, the disinfecting process being, at the same time, such as will best suit for bringing out any secret writing that may form part of the correspondence.

As no effort of the imagination could transform Igins into a *preux chevalier*, careering through the world with lance in rest against established institutions, we were soon admitted to pratique, and very gladly turned our backs upon the gloomy walls of the Lazzaretto, with its half-stifed inhabitants.

We pulled for the landing-place, and were soon in the city of Palermo. Our luggage we had left on board until we could ascertain where we were to lodge for the night. There is something particularly delightful in thus sauntering into a large city, without the incumbrance of luggage and porters, free to pause and enjoy the novelties that meet you at every step. In such moods no trifle is omitted, and a world of things attract our notice, which we should never have observed, had the edge of our curiosity been taken off, even by merely passing them on our way to a hotel. Our costume soon pointed us out as forestieri, and brought us abundant offers of good will and service from a host of white-capped facchini, who were as numerous, as persevering, and as good-natured, as the jingle-drivers at Dunleary. For the purpose of getting rid of the others I selected one, a thin, spare, dark-eyed Flibbertigibbet; and directed him to pilot us to the nearest respectable café. He skipped on before us, a crowd of male and female mendicants bringing up the rear.

"*Un mezzo-grano, signor, per l'amor di Dio,*" said on one side a little wretch, with a mere scrap of rag round his loins, and his skin almost as dark as that of a negro, from constant exposure to the sun. He was playing the *Morra* with his companions when we landed. "*Un mezzo-grano, signor!*" and he extended his dirty palm with an agony of entreaty in his whole figure that a northern vagabond could never have attained. The shrug of the shoulders—the imploring position of the hand—the head on one side—the eyes looking askance from under dark brows—the lugubrious expression of his mouth, made a walking Murillo.

"*Ho fame—I am hungry,*" briefly pleaded a tall gaunt figure, with a cloth round his head, looking like a risen Lazarus.

"*Datemi qualche cosa, Signor Padre,*" said one to the doctor.

"*Datemi qualche cosa, sieto tanto bello,*" said a pretty young girl, with dark Saracenic eyes, to Dawson.

"Get along with ye, ye desaver," replied Dawson.

"*Dateci un carlino, un carlino per tutti,*" shouted all together.

Our guide stopped before a low, and not very clean-looking, *bottega*, in which the glittering ice cans on the shelves, and the marble counter with small tables of the same material placed round the walls, bespoke the café. It was, as usual, entirely open to the street, and being of inconsiderable depth, we could not retreat very far from our persecutors. The master of the shop, however, went out, and addressing them in his Sicilian dialect, succeeded in partially dispersing them. Breakfast was soon served up, in better style than the first appearance of the establishment promised. The *cioccolatta* was particularly delicious. Whatever be the reason, I have never tasted chocolate in this country approaching in the slightest degree to that which is served up even at a village in Italy. It is very thick, and the thin bits of toast which are brought to table along with it, are used to convey it to the mouth. The chief drawback, on the present occasion, arose from the swarms of flies that clustered on every object. The sugar bowl was black with them, they were constantly stumbling into our chocolate, and it required some care to avoid swallowing them with our toast. It was a plague of Egypt—in small.

During breakfast, our *facchino* apprized us, that in consequence of the expected departure of the steam-boat for Naples on the morrow, a great number of travellers had congregated in Palermo for the purpose of taking their passage on board of her, and that in consequence we should probably have some difficulty in procuring accommodation. We had not yet got so far south, however, without being in some degree accustomed to rough lodging and rough fare; and we made little doubt but that we should be able to locate ourselves in tolerable comfort. Breakfast over, we sallied forth on our search. The Germans proceeded in one direction, ourselves in the other, with an understanding that we should meet again on board the *Europa*, and compare notes on the result. We visited first the Prince of Wales's hotel: full to the attics—not a cellar—not a corner—no chance of accommodation, unless by putting a pole out of the window in the American fashion, and roosting there. We tried another—the same result. *Albergo*, *Locanda*, and *Trattoria*, all were visited in their turn, and all in vain.

Carlo, our *facchino*, bethought himself for a moment. "There is the *Albergo dell' Aquila*," he said, "we can try there."

A walk of about a quarter of an hour brought us opposite a gateway, over which we traced a black hieroglyphic, representing apparently an eagle ready trussed for roasting, and an explanatory inscription, somewhat dimmed by time, "*L'Albergo dell' Aquila*." Rapping at a low dusty door on one side of the gateway, it was opened by an old, very old woman, in a very filthy black dress. To the inquiry of our *facchino*, as to whether she could accommodate the travellers, she replied in the affirmative; and we proceeded up a flight of unwashed stone stairs to a wide lobby, the walls of which were dra-

peried with dust and cobwebs, and in the middle a starved-looking child was (though the weather to us, who had been exercising, felt uncomfortably warm) crouched over a small brazier, with a few live wood-ashes. The old crone produced from a closet a rusty key, and applying it to the creaking wards of the lock that fastened a small folding door, we were at once ushered into the *camera a letto* destined for our accommodation. But mercy on us! Such a room. It was very long and narrow, terminated at the further end by two folding window-frames opening down to the floor, and very partially embellished with glass, the vacancies being filled up with oiled paper, or not unfrequently left free for the winds of heaven to sigh through. The once whitewashed walls would have been bare but for the dust and cobwebs with which they were covered. The tiled floor, for years apparently unconscious of water, was carpeted with dirt of an infinite variety—tobacco ashes, slops of wine and beer, drippings of oil, and an infinity of other abominations. Along the walls were ranged five bedsteads, each consisting of a couple of iron supports, across which were laid three planks, a mattress unimaginably filthy, and a couple of rugs which, whatever might have been their hue originally, were now at least *couleur de boue de Paris*.

"It's awful," said Dick Dawson. "It's positively the sublime of dirtiness. Let us be off. I feel the lively little inmates skipping about my ankles already, as they used to do in the pit of the Cocomero at Florence. It's a great comfort they're rather lazy like the two-legged vermin themselves, or we'd be carried off, body and bones."

We huddled down stairs as quickly as possible; our landlady—in *posse*—following us to the door, and assuring us with that untiring eloquence with which women in all countries, and in Italy more especially, are gifted, that she could accommodate us very comfortably; and ending her harangue as we disappeared from the gateway, with the consoling information, that unless we chose to lodge at the *Albergo dell' Aquila*, we were not likely to get lodging elsewhere.

Arrived in the more wholesome atmosphere of the street, we held a council of war, when after considerable consultation, and an inquiry made with a squeamish shudder by Igins, as to whether we thought the swell had subsided, it was resolved *nem. con.* to return to the Europa for the night, until the departure of the steam-boat would give us a chance of a bed fit for a Christian, at least an English or an Irish Christian, to sleep in.

Hardly were the arrangements for the night's lodging completed, and orders issued to the cook for dinner, when Gottfried Klinger and his countrymen came alongside.

They had, it appeared, been more successful than ourselves in the search, and had procured accommodations, not over excellent, but still passable enough, until they could be better provided on the morrow. There was room enough if we chose to cast our lot with theirs. We thanked them for the offer, and accepted it.

As evening fell, we once more embarked in the ship's boat, and pulled for the jetty, congratulating ourselves on having done with shipboard for one little while at least, and proceeded through the

city with a caravan of truck-laden facchini, under the guidance of Karl Basler, a laughing, ruddy-cheeked, light-haired, plethoric Saxon, one of those happy few in whom good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both—who eat without dyspepsia, drink without headache, and sleep without dreams.

Many a street did we measure, many an alley did we thread, and many a turn did we make, before we reached our destination, when Karl Basler at last saying "Here it is," we lifted up our eyes and recognised over the gateway, under which we were entering, the trussed Austrian eagle and "*L' Albergo dell' Aquila.*"

We were horror-stricken. The lazar-house from which we had just fled—that shocking sleeping-room—that witch-looking old landlady! Flight was our first impulse—but whither? Every other house was full; of that our own failure before, and not less the success of our German friends' now, well assured us. It was out of the question returning to the vessel. The captain had accompanied us on shore—the cabin was locked up—there was nobody on board but the cabin-boy and the cook—we were at the mercy of fate and the landlady of the *Albergo dell' Aquila*. She received us with a jabber of recognition, which, under the circumstances, was particularly trying to the temper, and ushered us with a triumphant grin into that very *sala*, from which we had a few hours before so indignantly turned away.

Even in that interval our condition was altered for the worse. Basler, Klinger, and Co. had engaged the beds, such as they were, and we were obliged to forage for further accommodation. The good old lady seemed quite indignant at the inquiry whether the *Albergo dell' Aquila* had other apartments. "This," she said, "was her best bed-room, but she had another, not so good, for the accommodation of the signori."

"Beneath the lowest deep," said Dawson, as she led us into the second best bedroom, the door of which opened on the other side of the lobby. It was, in point of dirt, at least equal to that we had just left. There was, however, no remnant of glass remaining in the window-frame, and the only protection from the weather was a pair of crazy unpainted wooden shutters. There was too a lee-lurch in one corner of the ceiling, from which the broken laths hung in a most menacing manner, threatening to reduce us before morning to the condition of a mathematical surface, length and breath, without thickness. We returned to the Germans in despair.

Basler, however, suggested that the room of which they were tenants in possession was amply sufficient to accommodate us all. I chose a seat at the table, with my head on my knapsack. Dawson thought he could make a sofa of the trunks. Igins and the doctor, preferring a sleep *en regle*, ordered beds. Two were brought in from the next room, the planks having been previously washed by the old lady, with soap and water, and a great deal of grumbling, under the doctor's immediate superintendence. The mattresses were laid over the balcony, and thoroughly beaten. The doctor looked with some complacency at his preparations for a night's rest, as he proceeded to wrap himself in a white great coat, with a multiplicity of capes. The Germans were sound asleep long before.

"Good night, Mr. Lamprey—good night, Dick!" he said, as he pulled down his night-cap in an Old Bailey fashion, and ensconced his head in the coat cape; "I hope you'll like your bed and board."

"Good night to you, you hard-hearted old savage," replied Dawson, as he turned on his back for the purpose of presenting fewer angles to the brass-nailed trunk beneath.

Seated at a small table opposite the wide hearth, which was covered with a heap of wood-ashes, accumulated during the past winter, I occupied myself by the light of a tall earthen lamp in penning a letter home. By the time it was finished, all the party were sound asleep, and a curious appearance the apartment presented. Its bare and gloomy walls—looking still more dismal by the dull light of the lamp—and its long range of narrow resting-places, gave it the appearance of an hospital-ward. I had taken the precaution to isolate myself as much as possible from the rest of the room by describing with the water-pitcher a cordon sanitaire round the chair and table, and, trusting in this defence, I put my head on my knapsack, and fell asleep.

A hard knapsack is not so conducive to sound rest as a hard day's work, and my repose was dreamy and disturbed. It was finally broken by the voice of Dawson.

"Ah, ye circumventin' little divvils!" he exclaimed, with a brogue even more intense than usual; "is that your manœuvre? Lanty—Lanty! look here—here's a fact for the next edition of the 'Entomologist's Manual.'"

"What's the matter, Dick?" said I, starting up, and rubbing my eyes.

"The matter! why that them divvils on the ceiling are as cunning as Christians, or Jews either. Look at that great broad black fellow. You see he has walked backwards and forwards once or twice to make sure of where I am. There, now! he settles himself, like a malefactor at Newgate—for the drop. Murder! let me up."

"Do you mean to say they were dropping down upon you?"

"Mean it! I'm eaten up alive. I watched them walking across the ceiling before I fell asleep, but I thought that as they had to go round by the floor there were a good many chances against their finding me out. When I awoke I found that they had got at me somehow, and I lay for half a minute puzzling myself to think where they could have come from—by the light of your lamp I caught them *in flagrante*."

"That's singular," said I.

"Yes, it is, a very interestin' fact. I feel it. How, in the name of Brian Boru's wig, do these fellows manage to sleep? Igins, it's true, is an entomologist, and I dare say he'd tell ye he rather likes it. But how does the doctor do?"

"He was muttering a good deal before I fell asleep."

"Aye, I dare say he had reason; but he sleeps so sound that he might lose every drop of blood in his body before he would awake. Hand me the lamp."

Furious was the scamper of the doctor's bed-fellows over the white great-coat as the light approached. They had gathered in force

round the upper edge of his neck-cloth, and were draining zealously the purple tide from his blooming gills. The doctor, though in a troubled sleep, had instinctively applied his digits with active zeal to the part attacked, and was busily engaged in this operation when we approached him.

"Wake, dearest, wake," said Dawson, shaking him by the shoulder. "Get up, man, or you'll cut your own throat after the fashion of Dennis Tushy's pig, when he fell in the Liffey. Awake! arise! or be eaten up alive, Dr. Danks."

"What are you bothering about," said the doctor, gruffly.

"We met, 'twas in a crowd," replied Dawson, holding up the coat cape to the light.

The doctor gazed at it sleepily for a few seconds, but rapidly becoming aware of his situation, sprang out of bed and proceeded to disembarass himself of his coat, waistcoat, and cravat, to endeavour to ascertain, if possible, whether he had once more a right to consider himself a single man.

Igins was in much the same predicament as the doctor, and the next half hour was employed in applying to the wounds their assailants had inflicted a portion of the contents of the doctor's pocket-pistol.

Weary and doleful was the remainder of the night, and it was not at all enlivened by the heavy breathing of the Germans, presenting a most enviable contrast to our own restlessness. They slept unscathed. Our only chance of obtaining a broken and feverish nap was by clustering round the table, within the magic circle which I had described. There, communication by the floor being cut off, and the enemy being deterred by the smoke and heat of the lamp from taking up a position immediately over us, the main annoyance was removed. But who that has tried to pass the night in a chair, unless it has been one of the patent recumbent, but must look back upon it, (especially if several have been watchers,) almost with horror. If alone, it is possible to snatch a short slumber,

"So light as were
Nothing 'twixt it and *waking*"—

so light that the tap of a beetle against the window, the dropping of a cinder in the grate, is sufficient to dispel it. But where several are thus, in every variety of uneasy position, wooing the drowsy god, the attempts of each to get himself into a posture in which he will not be invoked in vain, are sure to frighten him away from the eye-lids of all. You look at your watch—it is two o'clock. You lay your head upon your arms, and ponder with eye-lids heavy, but not to sleep, over the long and weary hours till day. The events of yesterday, a little metamorphosed by fancy, are beginning to become present realities to you, when one of your companions, who had been resting his head upon his hand, slips from his support, and starts from a horrid dream in which he was plunging down a bottomless abyss on a black horse breathing fire. He awakens you of course—you think you have been asleep, and again consult your watch, to see how much of the night is gone. It is just five minutes since you last looked at

it. You finally select a position, which, not having tried it before, gives you, you think, a chance of obtaining some repose. You sink deep in the chair, and rest your head against its back. You feel the delicious sensation of sleep stealing over you, but before you have had time to forget in slumber the woes of the night, the pain of your occiput becomes so annoying that you are forced to make another change. You cast your eyes towards the window—there is no hint as yet of day. You trim the light, and fancy you could read. You begin to nod ere you are half through the first page. You lay down the book, and make another desperate effort to sleep, but meet with another disappointment. After many a doze, and many a weary awaking, at last, just at day-break, you fall asleep, fairly exhausted, with your nose and chin buried in the folds of your waistcoat. You recover recollection heavily and slowly—your feet are cold, your legs cramped—your temples are hot and throbbing, and the cold light of the morning is looking in at the casement.

Such was our night at the *Albergo dell' Aquila*, and we awoke from a heavy doze amid the stench of the expiring lamp, and the mutual guttural congratulations of our German co-mates on their good night's rest, as they sat up and yawned, and stretched themselves, with the air of men who had nothing to wish for.

"Why! hav'n't you been abed?" said Basler, in his best Italian, as he drew the curtains of his long mustaches. "You hav'n't surely been sitting there all night."

I stated to him the reason we were watchers, and inquired whether he had been at all incommoded in the same way.

"Not a bit of it—I had no idea there were such things here."

"Well," said the doctor, who had been muttering something about ignorance and bliss, "since we have not had a sleep, let us at least have a shave, which is the most refreshing substitute I know, and get out of this abominable place. In the mean time, with your permission, I'll open the window."

He did open it, and put out his head, but instantly drew it back, peering cautiously and suspiciously up and down both sides of the window frame.

"What's the matter now, doctor?" said Dawson, who had observed the action.

"There's some flue, or something here—it puffed in my face when I opened the window like the breath of an oven."

"Flue? my dear doctor," said I, stepping out on the balcony. "It's the sirocco. I was too well accustomed to it at Naples to mistake it now. We had it diluted there by another sweep over the Mediterranean, here you inhale it neat."

"I'll go back to Naples," said the doctor; "I cannot stand this infernal country any longer. Poisoned with dirt, devoured by vermin, the very air of heaven tasting as if you inhaled it out of a chimney-pot. I would not undergo it to see all the antiquities of Sicily since the time of Noah."

Within an hour, however, the doctor was considerably mollified by a good breakfast at the Prince of Wales' hotel. The proprietor, Mr.

Page, a round-faced, good-natured little gentleman, was not English; though Mrs. Ann, his wife, was. A long and comfortable *siesta* succeeded in putting us all in good humour with Palermo once more. That *siesta* is in the south a delicious sleep. Having prolonged your evening before, far into the calm and starry night, and snatched a few hours of repose just to fit you to enjoy the sunrise, which you go forth to meet, having spent the cool hours of the morning amid the most delightful scenery under a sky as clear and lustrous as the blue eye one loves to gaze into, enjoying the exhilarating atmosphere that quickens your pulse, and animates your step while you drink it in, as if it were some delicious wine, you are quite ready to relish the kind of midday eve that sends commerce from her counter, and labour from her toil—when all pause to draw breath amid the noise and bustle of this toilsome world—that gives you the pleasures of a second morning without the weary interval of the night, and prepares you for a second day quite long enough for pleasure. There is something to an English eye very singular in the appearance of a southern city at these hours. The closed shops, the deserted streets, closed and deserted under the very mid-day sun, make it look like a city of the dead. Dogs and Englishmen, they say, are alone stirring. I question whether the exception should not be further restricted by the exclusion of the dogs. The very curs know the hour, and seek out some cool angle to sleep away the time. There is a languor in an Italian mid-day that marks it out for rest. There is no *far niente* in the north, no luxury in doing nothing. In our cold and changeable climate, active exertion, in some shape, is a necessary of life. The Englishman walks up and down his drawing-room to rest himself. Who ever saw an Italian guilty of a similar waste of muscular exertion? and how would your Englishman, in his perpetual bustle of counting-house and 'change, (unless he had been long enough in Italia Bella to have imbibed some of the listlessness that floats in the very air,)—how could he relish the pleasures of a Neapolitan noon? The ottoman wheeled forward across the glossy tiles to the window that opens from floor to roof—a slice or two of water-melon on the small round marble table beside the Ariosto, wherein you have just been reading some grotesque legend of gramarye and lady-love—the cool air, fresh from the blue wave that ripples lazily at the old well-worn waterline below, creeping through the room, and turning the book over, leaf by leaf, as if Aurora herself were perusing the page, and laughing, with her rosy lips, over the “Adventures of Ruggiero and Sacripante”—until, 'twixt the dash of the water and the rustling of the leaf, you doze through all the delicious gradations of drowsiness into your dreamless *siesta*.

An application of this kind restored the doctor's equanimity, and he found Palermo much more tolerable than he had thought it in the morning. *Siesta* over, we sallied forth to have a view of the great city. We walked along the Toledo or Corso, the principal street running right through the city from north to south. It is about a mile and a half in length, crossed in the centre at right angles by a second main street, the *Strada Nuova*, running from wall to wall, so that, standing in the centre, we had a *coup d'œil* of the whole city, at least

of its main thoroughfares and principal entrances. All Palermo was now once again awake. The sellers of iced water and lemonade were practising their noisy vocation at the corners of the streets—others, in astonishment at the goodness of their own wares, were screaming out “Oh! *che belli macaroni!*” as if no mode of expression but the interjectional were energetic enough for the occasion—there were everywhere the comings and goings of an active though petty commerce. Every house had its balcony built and ornamented to suit the taste of the proprietor, and however one might quarrel with particular specimens, the effect of the whole, to the eye of one wearied with the two-windows-and-a-door style of architecture was extremely pleasing. Diversified as it was in the permanent portion of the prospect, it was still more so on the sunny side of the street, by the gay colours of the canvas or matting flung from the top of the window over the iron railing, and behind which many a dark-haired and dark-eyed girl was gossiping the scandal with which Palermo, like most other towns in which woman is known, is well supplied, or canvassing the personal merits of the cavaliers—the foreigners especially—in the crowd below. We, I have no doubt, came in for our share of observation. The doctor’s “fair round belly” and professional blacks, were not to be mistaken. Dick Dawson, with his light-coloured shooting-jacket, his broad-brimmed hat, and his close hair, *à la Henri Quatre*, was equally, as his countrymen would say, *observable*. Igins, with that chaste style of stern elegance which Englishmen alone attain, his black frock by Stultz, a fit, but not a tight one—his trowsers hinting at, but not showing, the slim proportions of his nether man—a waistcoat, black as jet, a cravat white as snow—neither stud nor brooch, chain nor tassel—a hat by Hill and a boot by Hoby—from top to toe a *parfait amour*. Such a figure was not likely to pass unnoticed by the “lovely cratures,” as Dawson called them, who, to pursue the figure of speech adopted by my Milesian friend, “were concentratin’ the focuses of their beautiful optics upon us.”

The sirocco, however, soon drove us from the Toledo. I had often experienced this at Naples, where they impute to it the most serious effects upon the health, but it was *there* a cool and refreshing breeze compared with that which we now experienced. It is no figure of speech to say it was like the breath of an oven, so hot and stifling was it, cracking the skin of our lips, and compelling us every now and then to turn our backs, for the purpose of relieving for a few seconds our lungs, unaccustomed to inhale such an atmosphere. We took refuge in a café, of which we saw several fitted up in a very magnificent style, with large folding doors open to the street. We thought, as we entered, that the occupants, principally staid-looking old gentlemen, looked at us with more than ordinary inquisitiveness; but we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable round one of the marble tables, and ordered ices. The waiter to whom we gave our commands said, he supposed we were strangers, and, with many apologies, informed us that the place in which we were was a private club-room—for the use of the members alone. He pointed out to us, however, a public café on the other side of the street, not quite so magnificently fitted up, and to this, with many apologies, we adjourned.

We then sauntered along the Marina to the Flora—the public gardens... The Marina is a splendid carriage drive along the shore, with a terrace, about twenty feet above it, for foot passengers, decorated with marble seats, and a variety of what in England would be rich and rare greenhouse plants. The public gardens are small, but, to a Northern, extremely delicious. The quantity of rich flowers, April flowers—the long arcades under the orange-trees, with their rich perfume—large drooping willows, gigantic cacti, and climbers of a luxuriance of growth of which we have no idea in England—showed we had made a long stride into the regions of the glowing South.

We dined at a trattoria. We had for dessert a variety of delicious fruits, figs dropping in their rich ripeness, and oranges fresh plucked, each on its little green-leaved sprig. In the evening we sauntered through a number of churches, which, it being a festival, were illuminated and decorated with an enormous quantity of flowers of the richest hues and the most delicious odours. In some attached to nunneries, the whole of the alcove behind the high altar was from floor to roof one mass of calyx and petal—blue, and pink, and purple. Heretic as I was, I could not help admiring this mode of bringing to the temple the first offerings of the spring, but the sight of the white coifs of the nuns, dimly seen above through the dark gratings as they looked down on the bustle below, speedily gave me a relapse.

The miseries of the night before rendered an early retirement agreeable, and having made arrangements for a trip to Monte Pellegrino on the morrow, and each having ordered a *sommaro*, to bear him thither, we supped, and to bed.

In the morning I was glad to find a change of wind had swept away the sultry vapours that had almost stifled us the day before. "The hot and copper sky" had given place to the true Italian blue, and all our party were once more as gay as grigs. After breakfast, we descended to the archway of our hotel to inspect our steeds. Droll animals they were, with their long shaggy coats, and though stout and serviceable, almost smothered under the length, breadth, and thickness of the huge disproportioned demipique saddles by which they were surmounted. Our whole cavalcade had a most singular appearance. The doctor had donned a straw hat and a pair of blue spectacles, with side-glasses. Dawson and myself were in black travelling-caps, light-coloured gambroon shooting-jackets, and hob-nailed shoes. Each was overshadowed by a huge umbrella, that almost hid donkey and all, while Igins, who was an entomologist, and had been bitten by a beetle, mounted at his saddlebow a butterfly landing-net. As we crossed the piazza towards the Toledo, a procession passed us. A priest walked first, under a canopy, holding up before him the host. A number of other inferior officers of the church walked behind him in two lines, bearing tapers. They were close upon us before the barefooted little ragamuffin who accompanied us perceived them. He rushed before the donkeys, bringing them to a stand-still by a tap administered to each upon the nose, and flung himself upon his knees as he pressed his fragment of a hat with both his hands upon his breast. The guard turned out of the guard-house, and presented arms, kneeling on one knee, while the drummer beat a salute in the

same position. The procession passed, Giuseppe recommenced his ministrations upon the *croupes* of the donkeys, the guard turned in, and we proceeded on our journey.

As we proceeded along the Toledo, I could not imagine what was the matter with little Giuseppe. He looked in the doctor's face with the most intense interest. At the corner of one of the streets a pretty young girl, who had been looking out of the window, drew in her head as we approached.

"*Oh per Dio !*" exclaimed Giuseppe, rubbing his hands, and in an ecstasy of delight bestowing an uncalled-for whack upon the donkey next him. "*Oh per Dio ! Ah ! Briccone !*" he added, *sotto voce*.

"What's the matter with the monkey," said the doctor (following him round and round with his eye, as he shrunk behind first one of the party and then another to get out of its range, turning his back, shading his face with his hand, and laughing as if some one were tickling his soles,) "the little beast is crazy."

We went on a little further, Giuseppe had crept up beside the doctor, and was gazing with a grin in his face. A party of three ladies at one of the windows were evidently commenting, laughingly, upon the outlandish appearance of the *Signori Inglesi*. The doctor looked up.

"*Oh per Dio !*" exclaimed Giuseppe again. "*Corpo di Bacco !*" and he laughed, and screamed, and danced, round the party, in a fidget of delight, which a glance from the doctor made absolutely hysterical.

"*Venite qui*—come here, you little scoundrel," said the doctor, turning round, and looking sternly at him.

"*Oh signor !*" said Giuseppe, looking for a second from behind his hand, and turning again to laugh, as if the glimpse were too much for him ; "*Oh signor, quei quattr' occhi !*"

"Four eyes?" said the doctor, making a lunge at him, and seizing his fragment of a collar ; "what d'y'e mean?"

"*Oh signor !*" giggled out Giuseppe, incoherently :—"to ogle the girls, signor—looking this way, and that way, and every way—*così, signor*"—and he rolled his eyes in a most grotesque fashion—" *Oh per Dio !*" And he relapsed into his giggle again.

"Get along with you, you little fool!" said the doctor ; but during the whole of our journey along the Toledo, I could see he was trying the effect of his spectacles upon each dark-eyed *ragazza*, who passed us. They were almost as much amused as Giuseppe.

Leaving the city, we proceeded towards Monte Pellegrino, the dry, sunburnt, rugged hill, or mountain rather, that forms the western extremity of the bay. Here, according to the legend, Rosalia, the niece of William the Good, took refuge from the violence of the Saracens, and here she ended her days. The mountain seemed quite inaccessible, except at the point at which we approached it, where a slight depression had enabled the Palermitans to form a road to the monastery of their patron saint, by attaching to the side of the hill a long zigzag of arches, appropriately called the *Scala*, mounting tier over tier to the summit. This *Scala* is paved with broad smooth stones, over which the animal I rode, being unshod, progressed rapidly. The other parties, however, were obliged, after a shuffling attempt, to dismount, and proceed on foot. It was a long and heavy climb, but the

prospect, as we ascended, opened up gloriously. Palermo lay at our feet, crowded with domes and spires—the apparently-narrow plain widening out, as we rose, into a rich expanse of corn-fields and vineyards, interspersed with cypress, orange, and lemon trees. The valley seemed to go fairly round the group on which we stood until it met the sea on the west, and it was covered with villas and gardens laid out in an amazing variety of tasteful forms, on which we looked down as on a map. We passed the Monastery of St. Rosalia, taking a passing glance at the shrine-covered cell she is said to have inhabited, and winding round the back of the hill, approached the craggy mound on which her statue is placed. Leaving the donkeys in charge of Giuseppe, at its base, we clambered toilsomely to the summit. There, under an alcove, stands the memorial of the patron saint of Palermo. It is a colossal statue of clumsy proportions, but placed in a most commanding situation. We looked sheer down on the blue bay—blue as Mediterranean waves alone are, curled by a stiff northern breeze, before which the small fishing-boats, with their picturesque white latine sails, were flying like sea-birds. A slight haze on the northern horizon, out of which the wind was sweeping, limited our view, and prevented us from seeing what on a clear day would be visible from where we stood—some of the stragglers of the Liparis. A French brig of war was displaying her *drapeau* in the roadstead; but we were disappointed in finding that the view did not take in Palermo, a second peak, on which a telegraph was erected, standing in the way.

We spent some hours on the summit, chatting over the view, finding out its beauties, and enjoying the fresh breeze. We had an unexpected pleasure, too, in finding that the doctor, with more prudence than the rest of the party, had taken the precaution to stock his capacious pockets with bread and salame. Seated on the steps of the alcove, the treasures were produced one after the other, amid “Hip, hip, hurras!” that went floating far away, startling the sea gulls that were sweeping and screaming below us. A good flask of *lacryma* crowned the banquet.

“Well,” said Dawson, as he drew his breath, after a gulp of wine, “you *are* a nice man, doctor. Your feast is better than a lord mayor’s. Talk of white bait and turtle! Give me bread and salame—with such an appetite, looking on such a view, under such a sky, and in such a breeze, and let those have turtle and white-bait who like them.”

“My dear fellow,” said Danks, “some Solomon has said ‘Our misfortunes come in a lump, but the pleasures of life are put up in little parcels, and he will accumulate the largest stock who looks diligently after such fragments.’ For my part I never think of ills past or to come,—except when I must, I never wear tight shoes, and I never set out to climb such a hill as this without a lunch. That’s *my* philosophy, and I’ve got through the world with it pretty well.”

“A Daniel come to judgment! Give me a drop more *lacryma*.”

“With pleasure, Dick; but since, as the poet says,

Liquor,

Without its *chanson* is but ‘cold without,’

give us a song from the budget of our old club—‘The Knights of Malt.’”

" Say no more ; to be sure I will

Pour, pour the ruddy wine,
 Pass, pass the bowl ;
 Even so,
 With its ebb and flow,
 Ebbs and flows the soul.
 Ere the brimming flood decline
 Pour, pour the wine.

Pour, pour the ruddy wine,
 Pass, pass the bowl ;
 Seers may gaze
 On starry rays,
 Here *our* planets roll—
 Swiftly circling as they shine—
 Pour, pour the wine.

Pour, pour the ruddy wine,
 Pass, pass the bowl ;
 We, if Time
 Forgets his chime,
 Will his watches toll,
 As thy goblet rings with mine—
 Pour, pour the wine."

" *Mille grazie*, Dick."

" It has made me thirsty, doctor ; I want another bumper."

The doctor turned up the bottle, and tapped it with his knuckle, to shake off the last drop that hung on its rim.

" O, doctor dear, if your philosophy had only extended to another bottle !"

" And if it had, Dick, you'd have been just as thirsty for a third. You have had as much as will do you good. How beautiful that *speonaro* looks, with her huge peaked sail shooting up into the sky, bounding from wave to wave ! Hah ! with what a smack she met that breaker, the foam flying right over the highest rag of her canvass. It is wet now, and holds the wind. Look how she reels over, till her lee-bulwarks are under the water. That sniff is too much for her. Down comes the yard until it is close to the deck and she rides easier, pelt-ing along, still, however, at a giddy speed. It is strange to think that here, where one of the Knights of Malt has just been singing to the sea-gulls, Hamilcar the Carthaginian looked down as we do on those very waves from his strongholds on these very heights, and that a few centuries ago the fleets of the Crusaders, proud in their pomp and pennonry, floated from that port to whiten, with the bones of Europe's chivalry, the plains of Palestine. Here——"

" What a beautiful butterfly !" interrupted Igins, starting off with his net, stumbling over the blocks of stone with which the ground was covered, striking, and missing, and falling, and rising again to the pursuit with all the eagerness of a fox-hunt.

" There you go," said Dick, " on your hobbies. The doctor's classical—Igins natural-historical. Blessed are they who *have* hobbies."

" What is yours, Dick ?"

" At present, a donkey : doctor, I think we had better be off to Palermo."

SALVATOR ROSA; OR, THE TWO PORTRAITS.

Chapter I.—The Wedding Day.

IN the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, at Rome, there is a tomb which bears the following inscription :—

D. O. M.
 Salvatorem Rosam, Neapolitanum ;
 Pictorum sui temporis
 Nulli secundum,
 Poetarum omnium temporum
 Principibus parem,
 Augustus filium
 Hic mœrens composuit.
 Sexagenario minor obiit
 Anno Salutis, 1673,
 Idibus Martii.

The enthusiastic traveller, the lover of arts, the admirer of genius, passing by this resting-place of so much glory, and offering his devotion to the memory of the great master, little suspects the fact that the unsparing temerity of critics has thrown a doubt into the sanctity of the tomb, and denied Salvator Rosa's identity with the person whose merits the above epitaph was designed to celebrate. Strange to say, those sceptical writers, among whom are not a few of learned Italians themselves, place their assertion of disbelief upon the ground of the exaggerated estimate of his poetical powers, and in the same breath are bold enough to attribute it to a man still more obscure in the annals of verse, and scarcely known in those of painting. The merit of Rosa's six satires would not perhaps justify a modern reader in proclaiming him "equal to the princes of poetry of all times;" but he will excuse the taint of overweening sentiment in the piety of a devoted son; and moreover, he will see in that unmerited eulogy, if such it be, a kind of compensation for the oblivion in which are buried the intellectual grace, pungent and sparkling wit, and that immense influence, which made the father an ornament and a ruler in the highest circles of contemporaneous society. These attainments, the agency of which has naturally passed away with life, are scarcely ever recorded, except in some such tale as we are now about to relate.

The whole tenor of Salvator Rosa's life presents a striking transition from poverty to opulence, from obscurity to renown, from the wild course of a reckless youth into the dignified estate of a honoured old age. The artist, who, in the early stage of his career, could scarcely find, in the laborious productions of his pencil, the bare means to allay, with a crust of bread, the hunger of his famished family,—*a saziare con un vil tozzo di pane la fama di suoi e di se stesso*—had lived to see one of his pictures bought at the price of a rich estate. The wild companion of Abruzzian robbers had become, with time, the welcome, the elegant, the admired guest at the festive board of princes and magnates. In the rude and vulgar mountebank, who

had used to amuse the populace of Rome with his freaks and gambols, the fair dames of Italy found afterwards a most witty, refined, and talented dispenser of gaiety, a ruler of fashion, and an unopposed authority in every social meeting. "*La sua casa*," says his biographer, "*divenne l'albergo delle muse, dell'eruditione, e della giocondita*." Painting, music, poetry, convivial amenity,—in short, every resource of cultivated life, opened its stores to him for the entertainment or the instruction of others. Wherever he went, alike in public place or private assembly, he formed the chief point of attraction. Beside him the old patrician forgot his cares; at the sallies of his wit inveterate enemies often joined in a hearty laugh; and youth was willing to forego the more congenial amusements of dance and sport to listen to his tales of wild romance and mysterious adventure. Among the latter he used to relate the following story, which, although he plays in it but a secondary part, is such as he liked to dream of himself, or to interest an attentive crowd of the first nobles of his land, the choice of foreign potentates, the minions of fortune or of genius, among whom he stood peerless, unmatched though unenvied.

A gay concourse of Italian beauty and chivalry thronged the stately halls of the Castle of Ottajano, on the 10th of May, in the year 1646. Its massy pile crowned one of the romantic hills overlooking the Bay of Naples. Covered on all sides with the rich vesture of a thick pine wood, it formed a pleasing contrast between the awful cones of Vesuvius and the elegant city below. Placed within the reach of the thundering roars of the first and the incessant hum of the second, it looked like a calm and ever-ready mediator between two eager combatants. But now the scene was entirely changed. Vesuvius, as in honour of its neighbour's festivity, subdued its voice, and the citizens of Naples hushed their nocturnal merriment, and went out in the streets to look up to the blazing windows of the castle, and to listen in silence to the sounds of joy, which, bursting from it, mingled their gay symphony with the solemn tones of the pine-wood, and, chased by the wind, hurried to die on the distant rocks of Ischia. The avenues leading to the castle shone in the varied hues of white and red, interspersed as they were by thousands of orange and rose-trees alternately disposed, and running in curious devices from the foot to the top of the hill. Gold and silver woven colours waved over every cornice of the noble mansion, and the Castilian banner, hoisted over the entrance-tower, displayed to the wind its glorious emblem, the lion and the castle. This unusual splendour, this gathering of Spanish and Neapolitan grandees,—the high-born ladies gliding over the shining floor of the ball-room to the sound of the first band in Italy—the peasant girls dancing, on grass-plots, the tarantella, to the music of their mandolines,—all this dazzled, sported, and played, to celebrate the wedding-day of Stellina, a young girl of fifteen, daughter of the Spanish Count Las Vegas. She has been united this morning to her cousin Leontio, only three years older than she, burning with love like a schoolboy, who trembles at the very name of woman, dark and strong as a mariner of Ischia, enthusiastic as an artist. He was the only son of Ottajano, lord of the castle.

The guests looked with lively interest, but without the least sign of

intrusive curiosity, on the two lovely children, as they walked down a solitary alley, little minding the splendid fête prepared in their honour. Leontio saw only his wife, she, whom he loved so much ever since that day when she ceased to be a sister to him, and revealed herself in all the beauty of a young girl, filling the castle, the hills, and the wood, with the atmosphere of grace and voluptuous mystery. Now he pressed her hand—now he let her go, remaining himself a few paces behind. His lips quivered, his veins beat with scorching blood, and his heart reeled with the fulness of bliss. As he looked on that angelic creature—on her form, ærial, light, and fantastic—he shuddered, fearful lest it should prove a delusion of sense or an image of fancy, like a vision in the wood or the dream of an artist. Her rich attire gave her an appearance different from the usual—a solemn gait and unwonted majesty, too new, too sudden, for him not to increase such childish apprehensions. In charming coquetry, she had united in her dress all the elegance of the costume of Seville and of Naples. Her long flowing hair, spangled with stars of orange-flowers, overshadowed a snow-white neck, and a voluptuous bust, for the first time half-uncovered to the burning looks of the lover. She looked upon him with the mild expression of timidity and resignation. Leontio's eyes were filled with tears: he trembled, he made efforts to speak, but indistinct words died in his throat. Thus walking in silence, in rapture, they arrived on the summit of a steep rock, bathed by the calm billows of the sea. A delicious bower, surrounded by an elegant colonnade, was built there for repose and meditation. A thicket of oaks, myrtles, and tamarind trees, rendered it entirely obscure and isolated. In the middle a fountain played on the bending corollas of water-lilies, and on the walls some whimsical painter had represented Saturnalian scenes of revelry and debauchery.

"Dear Leontio, let us not enter here. This bower is forbidden to ladies," said Stellina, stopping on the threshold.

"Nothing is now forbidden to thee," rejoined he. "Come, come, let us rest here for a while. The castle is far; listen, the sound of merry voices scarcely reaches this secluded spot. They have respected the mystery of our walk. Come, come, my lovely wife, we are . . . alone."

"Not alone!" gently interrupted a voice unknown to them.

Stellina shrieked, and fell on the arm of her husband; Leontio drew a dagger, and exclaimed, in a thundering tone, "What art thou doing here?"

These words were addressed to a man who appeared at the entrance of the rotunda. His garb denoted him to be one of the mendicant friars of the neighbouring convent of the Annunciata.

"Excuse me, brother," said the monk with humility, "I would not overhear you. Is it a fault to have given you a timely warning of my presence? But you ask me what am I doing here? Returning home from my daily quest in the environs, it is my custom to stop in this bower to quench my thirst, and recruit the debilitated strength of the body. I have to-night lingered here longer than usual, because to a man like me, born and living in sorrow and want, the sounds of joy and felicity arriving from yon castle, had a

novel charm, and predisposed the mind to long meditation. Sheath then your dagger, young lord ! It behoves you little to be so rash on such a solemn occasion. God protect you from danger the day of your nuptials."

"And how dost thou know it is the day of my nuptials?" angrily asked Leontio.

"There is not a village," answered the monk, "many miles round the castle of Ottajano, which does not rejoice at the happy union of your two noble houses. There is not a human being in the neighbourhood who will not watch an hour longer to-night to bless you, and to send fervent prayers to the Almighty for your long life and prosperity. Are not your parents, are not you, yourselves, known everywhere as patrons to the poor, defenders of the innocent, just to all? In the whole land of Italy, there is not one single enemy to the powerful houses of Ottajano and Las Vegas, and if there is——"

"What of that?" exclaimed Leontio, and turning his back to the friar, desired Stellina to depart.

"No," said gently the latter, "dear Leontio, give a few ducats to the holy brother; let him pray God and St. Francis for us."

"We never accept money," said the monk; "but my bag is empty to-day. I hope to fill it with the crumbs of your nuptial repast. The board of an opulent christian is never shut from the poor Lazarus."

"Well, you shall be welcome at the castle, we shall lead the way; it grows late, and we ought not to cause anxiety to our parents the first day of liberty."

"The company of a mendicant friar may prove displeasing and importunate," whispered the humble interlocutor, observing the frowning brow of Leontio.

"Father, it shall bring us a blessing," added the youthful bride.

And they directed their steps towards the castle; Leontio melancholy and silent, Stellina gay and sportive, the monk calm and indifferent, as if he were one of the expected guests at the festival.

As they went on a golden needle fell from the flowing hair of Stellina. The monk picked it up and handed it over to the fair owner, with a grace and deportment unusual in a man of such humble condition. She blushed, Leontio smiled, and this little incident restored harmony again, reconciling the young man to the obtrusive visit of the new guest. And when, half way, they met the old Duke of Ottajano, it was Leontio who introduced him to his father, and pleaded in his favour. For a moment, and but for a moment only, Ottajano's features darkened, as he fixed his eyes on the stern face of the mendicant friar. Something like a dim recollection shot across his flushed countenance. But he did not address to him a single word; he waved merely his hand as if to dismiss some frivolous idea, or to show the little concern he took in the arrival of that unexpected visiter. On entering the castle a sign of his head instructed the attendants that care should be taken of the diet and the repose of Father Spiridione, for such he gave out as his name. No sooner was this done, than the latter disappeared in the long winding corridors

with the air of perfect knowledge of locality, just as if he were one of its inmates or its familiar visitors.

The reappearance of Leontio and Stellina in the ball-room, gave a fresh impulse to pleasure and animation. Their absence seemed to have deprived the votaries of gaiety of their rallying point—the dancers had dispersed—the orchestra played merely to beat time to the ladies, who walked on the terrace—and the winding paths of the wood drew many a lovely pair into their solitary mazes. It was like a suspense of hostilities. By common accord the field of gallantry had been left free till the renewal of innocuous hostilities. During the truce adverse ranks appeared to observe each other. The fair daughters of Spain, with whose graceful gait and amorous looks the love-traditions of Seville, Grenada, and Valladolid, seemed to have revived, passed and passed over again before the admiring groups of young nobles. As their fairy-like forms glided in the misty light reverberated by the windows, they might have been taken for a fantastic patrol reviewing by stealth the victims of their next attack. A melodious hum of voices hovered round this crowd, which spoke only of love, dreamed of pleasure, and breathed seduction. The lofty pines opened their rich foliage to the breeze fraught with the richest scents of Pausilippian meadows. At the foot of the hill the sea rolled waves of liquid light; the port and the city winked to each other with uncertain rays; and Vesuvius, for its share in the splendour of the scene, diversified it with a mock eruption, throwing up columns of white smoke, with a profusion of starry flames, whose sudden outbreak betrayed many a secret, interrupted many a vow, surprised many an embrace, stolen in reliance on the obscurity of the night and the deep shade of the grove.

Amidst the dim and the turmoil of that scene, there was but one person who took no part in the transports of joy, and stood apart wrapped in cold reserve. It was precisely he who was wont to be looked upon as the soul of every concourse. Leaning against a marble column, Salvator Rosa pensively looked through a receding window into the wide expanse of the landscape stretching before him. As from time to time he turned his head towards the assembly, one might suppose that his mind brooded over some new designs for future performance of his pencil. Perchance this display of worldly riches and transient greatness suggested then to him materials for that sublime representation of the instability of human things, to which he appended his favourite motto : *Nasci pœna, vita labor, necesse mori*. Who would not envy, but who would deny to a man of genius the right of thoughtful reserve, and the privilege,

“Midst the crowd, the hum and the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess?”

But the respect with which even his most intimate friends observed his serious mood, showed that it had some more immediate and exciting cause. No one knew better than he all the resources of his art to reproduce the forms of human beauty; but, at the same time, no one was more sensible of its defects, and inability to transfer them on canvas with such perfection, as, if placed in immediate comparison

with its original, the representation should satisfy the fond eye of a parent or a lover. He had painted the portraits of Leontio and Stellina. Much of his genius, and much of his time, were spent on that work. It was a task which he performed *con amore*, as if his renown had depended upon that single achievement. At times he delighted in it, and complacently listened to the applause of his friends, but then painful misgivings of a failure invariably followed; and never were they greater than now, when he beheld the youthful pair surrounded with a halo of beauty and happiness. Those portraits had been hung in their nuptial-room. Veiled with a gold-woven gauze, they had been carefully concealed from the gaze of strangers, and the knowledge of the lovers. Light was to break upon them for the first time to-night in the castle of Ottajano, and reveal their features, but to none more than to their fair originals. In a few minutes, perhaps, Leontio will draw the veil from the portrait of the object of his frenzied affection, plunge into it his anxious looks, place Stellina beside it, then turn away in pity and contempt for the art and the artist. Thus thought the great painter, and he felt disheartened and uneasy. He scarcely dared to raise his eyes towards the married couple, as they now led the last dance through the pillared nave of the hall. In spite of all his affection for them, they appeared to him as implacable traducers of his art, and merciless destroyers of his fame. From this trance of despondency he was startled by the sound of the harmonious voices of Leontio and Stellina, who had stopped near him to accept a cup of cooling beverage from some one, whom he did not see, but whose tone of speech shook his frame, as if it had been of a person long known, and long-forgotten. It was the Monk Spiridione. Unminding his coarse garb and holy profession, he had mixed among the menials, and was seen untiring and ever-ready in his attendance upon the company.

"Methinks thou shalt want my intercession with the abbot, who cannot fail to punish thee for the part thou takest in the profane gaieties of the world," said humorously Leontio, as he took a deep draught in the cup offered by Spiridione, and reached it to Stellina.

"My son," answered the monk, "I have never been exposed to the temptation of evil. What merit can I possess before God, if I have never been tried? The palm of virtue belongs only to those who have struggled. I could not choose a better opportunity for the test of my piety and humility than this; hell has drawn here around all its infernal snares. I shall try whether I can, in a few hours sleep with the sound repose of the strong, whether I am able to repel, with the aid of divine grace, all this host of impure phantoms of night—*noctium phantasmata*."

Carried away by the strong but gentle arm of her husband, Stellina was lost in the crowd of whirling dancers before the moralising friar had concluded his sentence. One round more, and the happy couple disappeared by a side-door, followed by their parents. This gave the signal to the company for departure. The clock of the neighbouring Chartreuse was chiming the long hour of midnight. In the castle, one window after another grew dark, till all lights disappeared, and obscurity and silence drew a veil over the scene, so animated, so

riotous awhile before. Peasant girls descending the hill, amused themselves by descriptions of the various costumes and incidents of the fête. Noble ladies, with their gallant companions, were returning to Naples with all the speed of their horses. *Salvator Rosa* had outsped them all.

In the nuptial-room *Leontio* knelt at the feet of his wife, looking now on her, now on her painted personification. Two lamps of antique form threw a dim light over that nuptial group—that duality of brides and bridegrooms. Admirably, divinely, had the painter represented that pure, angelic maiden. It was a heavenly image, calm, radiant, bearing no sign of the wants, the infirmities, and the miseries of our nature. Under that luminous, clear, and transparent complexion you could not even suspect the existence of the human skeleton. And when reflected by the large mirror on the opposite wall, it seemed to live, and to move, in the misty space. Its black eyes dazzled and spoke of wonders, the rosy lips muttered a tale of ecstatic love. Then the animation of the portrait became so complete, that a night passed before it would have rendered mad one of these young enthusiastic Italians, who lived only for arts and women. And that image was capable of infusing into the heart such intense feeling, such frenzied passion, as no living woman on earth could ever hope to satisfy.

"The painter has flattered me," said at last *Stellina*.

"Flattered!" exclaimed *Leontio* with ineffable emotion, and pressed her to his bosom.

"Thou frightenest me, *Leontio*—thy hands are cold—thy head is fevered—thy eyes grow wild! Heaven protect us!"

"Yes—I am too feeble; happiness overwhelms me—my ideas run riot; I see nothing but thee; the whole world seems to dance around me with frightful speed. But thou art pale, thyself, dear love! thy cheeks are sinking in—thy eyes shine with maddened fixity. *Stellina*, what is it? What do we feel?"

"Great God! *Leontio*, I am lost. I fancied some one spoke in the alcove. Help! help! . . . I am dying . . . It is my last breath!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed *Leontio*; "what happens to us?"

And he turned his ghastly looks towards the nuptial couch. It seemed to him as if a hand had pushed aside the folds of the bed-curtains; he thought he heard the golden rings moving on their silver poles. He made an effort to seize his sword, and fell again on his knees.

"Answer me," whispered he in an agonising voice; "answer me, *Stellina*."

Stellina extended her benumbed arm, and seized his hair with convulsive force. She moved her lips, as if striving to answer, or reciting a last prayer. Death had already touched her virgin-body with his polluting finger.

At this moment a chant of melodious voices broke upon their ears. It was the nuptial serenade.

"Sing—sing on!" said *Leontio*, striving to reach the window with his hand.

Stellina awoke, and exclaimed in an unearthly tone, "We are poisoned!"

"This cannot be," whispered he. "I—I should die beside thee dying! No; we are no prey for death. Thou, in the beauty and strength of life—that thou, shouldst die! No; it cannot be. Ah! my chest is swelling to burst!"

Stellina touched his lips, and fell inanimate on the floor.

"No!" said the husband, with calm and hopeful look; "No—we shall not die! This is but a trial. Were we to die to day—God is just—he would resuscitate us to-morrow." He rose, and fell beside the body of his wife.

Then a man precipitately stepped out of the alcove. It was the Friar Spiridione. He gazed on the two corpses with an expression of unutterable satisfaction. The golden needle of Stellina's hair caught his eye. He took it, and wrote upon her white bosom the word "Avenged!" Then he tied a rope ladder to the railings of the balcony, descended on the esplanade, and vanished in the labyrinth of the grove.*

THE WORLD.

TALK who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
 Yet—yet, there is bloom on the waste;
 Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall
 There are honey-drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
 And note all the shades of our lot;
 But the rich scintillations that brighten our way,
 Are bask'd in, enjoyed, and forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright,
 Will not moan o'er each billow that rolls,
 But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
 As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

How thankless is he, who remembers alone
 All the bitter, the drear, and the dark,
 Though the raven may scare with its woe-boding tone,
 Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark?

* To be continued.

We may utter farewell when 'tis torture to part,
But in meeting the dear one again,
Have we never rejoiced with that wildness of heart
Which outbalances ages of pain?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,
When the soul in its fulness of love
Would waver, if bidden to choose between this
And the paradise promised above?

Though the eye may be dimm'd with its grief drop awhile,
And the whiten'd lip sigh forth its fear,
Yet pensive indeed is that face where the smile
Is not oftener seen than the tear.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around,
There are spots where the poison-shrub grows;
Yet are there not hours when nought else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar;
But I think we must own, in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

Earth is not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom,
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That He who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,
Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well.

Should Fate do its worst, and my spirit oppress'd
O'er its own shattered happiness pine,
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,
And some pleasure *must* kindle in mine.

Then say not the world is a desert of thrall,
There is bloom, there is light on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

ELIZA COOK.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE BRIDGE OF NOTRE DAME.

"A little while before this time a son had killed his mother upon the said bridge, and much people said, that this most wicked deed was the cause of all this ruin."—*Annals of Aquitaine.*

Chapter I.—The Eve of St. Crispin.

IT was on a Thursday morning, the 24th of October, 1499, a rich, warm, clear, autumnal day, that there appeared to be a greater influx of visitors, and, in consequence, a greater increase of bustle and business among the merchants of the Bridge of Notre Dame, than was usual even in that scene of diurnal bustle and business of every kind. It was the eve of the day of fête—the celebration of Saints Crispin and Crispinian—and the inhabitants of the great metropolis had flocked there with one accord, to make their purchases for its honourable celebration.

The bridge, which occupied at that period the space covered by the Pont Notre Dame in our days, was, in point of wealth and dignity, the first mart in Paris, and perhaps in Europe. It was the peculiar pride and glory of France, and not without reason, for its merchants were known in every town in the kingdom, and their great riches and honourable dealings were become proverbial in Europe. It was built in the year of grace 1412, and, though under the distracted reign of the lunatic king, the unhappy Charles VI., great care and pains had been bestowed upon its erection, and no expense had been spared to render it worthy the nation whose commerce it represented. It was solidly built of wood and plaister, and the arches were supported by seventeen enormous columns, each representing a huge fasces, composed of innumerable smaller ones, giving to the eye a very perfect idea of the union of strength and beauty. It was long, wide, and covered by sixty large houses, thirty on each side, of nearly equal height and dimensions, and of the same character of architecture. The ground-floors of these houses were the shops and warehouses of their respective possessors, and they thus formed a noble street, better built and better paved than any other in the city.

But, however solidly built and carefully watched by the authorities, the venerable bridge had lately began to manifest symptoms of decay; several rents were perceptible in the arches; one or two of the smaller pillars, composing the larger ones, had, in several instances, separated themselves from the others, and the water was observed to rush more tumultuously around the base of the pillars, and to eddy so strongly as to indicate the presence of many large holes in the foundation; but still, no one feared the distant danger, nor were any remonstrances made to the government on the subject. The authorities, the provost of the bridge, &c. were shrewdly suspected of

having contented themselves with only watching the bridge, and too strictly economising the sums committed to them for repairs; but no complaints were made: to accuse "men under authority" in those days was no trifle, and nobody cared to draw upon himself so formidable a responsibility, especially for a danger so remote as this.

"It will last my time," said one of the inhabitants, who had no children.

And, "As it has stood so long, it will stand longer," observed another, who had.

It was the same thing then as now—men lived for themselves, and not for posterity, and they troubled themselves very little respecting the fate of a bridge that might fall in a hundred years hence, when they should know nothing of the matter. It was the general opinion that it was "safe enough," and would not fall except from the operation of the curse which the crime of the parricide had left upon it, or his accursed feet should once more press its pavement, and, as this latter category, at least, was not likely to happen, the murderer being long since dead, they consoled themselves with the durability of the bridge, as far as they were concerned at least.

But, on the day already noticed, the eve of the fête of St. Crispin, and his companion in glory, Crispinian, although the old bridge had uttered several portentous groans some days before, and many new rents were observed yawning wider than the others in its arches, no one was startled by these discouraging signs of the times. Crowds of buyers of all ranks flocked to the shops on the bridge, and continual changes of comers and goers were visible at each end of it; the noise of this perpetual movement, the tramp of the horses, the buz of the general conversation, the shrill cries or laughter of children, the disputes of buyers and sellers, and the repeated screaming or grunting invitations, according to the sex of these latter, to induce the customers to enter, made a din that might have overpowered Babel, and prevented the trumpet of the last judgment from making itself distinguished.

Every house upon the bridge had its shop and warehouses, and every shop had its well-furnished window, and gaily painted sign. All were alive with movement, except one, which seemed to bear a stamp of reprobation on its brow, as no one approached its entry, and the passenger quickened his steps in passing before the door, the sooner to be out of the circle of its gloomy forbidding shadow. It was one of the two centre houses on the bridge, which were rather larger and higher than the others, and which were finished with much more care than their neighbours with regard to exterior ornament and decoration. It was closely shut up from top to bottom, and the golden arrow outside, which was once the sign of an honourable and thriving trade, now, shorn of its gilded glory by the action of many years' snows and rains, hung sadly down, loosened from its frame, and gave a melancholy complaining sound each time, that, driven backwards and forwards by the winds, it struck against the front of the dark and deserted house. And melancholy was the history of which the broken arrow spoke to the deserted house—a history which few loved to remember, and none dared to repeat—a story of unnatural murder,

which had brought a malediction upon the house, for it had been the house of the parricide, and the scene of his hideous crime. The building, and all it contained, had been confiscated to the crown to pay the necessary expenses of the law; for justice and the axe were as dear in those days, as justice and the guillotine are in ours; the family of the criminal was beggared to pay the fees of his punishment. In this case, the confiscation was of little value, for the government in vain attempted to let, or sell it at the very lowest price; no one would listen to a proposition, and such a firm conviction had the people that death, or worse, would befall the man daring enough to enter its walls, that though fifteen years had elapsed since the commission of the murder, it still remained shut up and deserted—men even trembling as they passed it.

A striking contrast to this excommunicated mansion was one at some distance from it, on the other side of the street. There were to be heard, and seen, the sounds of life, the looks of social kindness, and companionship of profitable activity. Yet the mansion at this moment was not so happy as it had been, for the three persons who occupied the back shop, and who were engaged in loud and serious conversation, were no longer of one mind, nor in such strict accordance of opinion as formerly. There was a difference among them, and that difference had bred discontent and sorrow.

The eldest of the three persons was a handsome, sturdy, obstinate-looking man, of middle age, who occupied the only chair in the apartment, and from it was addressing some loud and evidently not very agreeable remonstrances, to a very young and lovely blue-eyed girl, who stood timidly near him, with a coaxing expression of affection spread over her fair face, and a fine young man about twenty years of age, who appeared to listen with a sort of forced and angry resignation, to the words and counsels of wisdom. This latter was Godfrey Mervin, the young apprentice and kinsman of John Barrail, commonly called John of the Bow, the best archer and bow-maker in all the fair land of France. A near neighbour, Godfrey had been allowed to visit familiarly his kinsman's earliest friend, Noel Campion, the engraver, and had repaid with his heart the gentle kindness of Guyonne, his lovely daughter, towards himself, the poor orphan kinsman of old John of the Bow. At this period the art of engraving was new in France—there were few who possessed it, and those few soon grew rich. Noel Campion was a great man in his profession—he had studied his art in Nuremberg, under the same master, and in friendly fellowship with Albert Durer: this made him proud, and when he grew rich, he was not content with one fortune, but still hungered after more. He had that morning received a demand for his sweet daughter from old Antoine Legris, the richest draper in all the Rue de la Draperie, who had offered to take her fair hand, all for love of her fair face, without any dowry at all; and though Noel loved his daughter well, he loved money as much, and this determined him to separate Godfrey from his daughter, which hitherto he had not had courage to do.

"I believe that you love each other well," said he; "it is quite natural in you to do so; and you would, if I were to permit you to marry,

continue to love, till poverty, showing her excommunicated visage in your house, would frighten you from it, and from each other. You may think, perhaps, that I, being no longer poor, might give you enough for happiness out of my wealth; but, independent of my determination not to part from my hard-earned fortune in my life-time, let it be remembered that I am but forty years of age, that I do not love to live alone, and that when Guyonne shall take a husband, I also shall take a wife: I should, in that case, have other children, doubtless, and then my gold will not be too much for their wants at present, and Guyonne's and their fortunes in the future, as I shall not, in a few years hence, be able to work as I have done till now. It is for this reason that the offer of Antoine Legris pleases me well, and, I did hope, thee also, my Guyonne; for I thought, and still think, thou wouldst not wish to deprive thy father of his comforts and enjoyments to increase thine own."

"O no, no, no! dear father," said Guyonne; "such was never my thought; but we do not ask for money—Godfrey is young, industrious, and you know, dear father, no men have such reputations as he and his kinsman John, for making the best bows and fleetest arrows in France, since the days of Robert de Leglie."

"I know all that right well, my Guyonnette, my gentle Mie," replied Noel Campion soothingly, for he tenderly loved his daughter; "I know he is the most cunning workman of his trade, and that the strongest bows and sharpest arrows in John Barrail's shop, are of thy lover's fabric; but, what of that, my Guyonne: as yet, he is only the helper of his cousin John, neither his partner nor his heir, and he who weds my daughter must be able to keep her bravely, and not be dependent upon her father for support. Thou art surely worth so much, my Guyonne, and he who loves thee truly would scarcely desire it otherwise."

"Neither do I desire it, Master Noel," said the poor young bowman, whose tears, filling his eyes, disavowed the boast of his words. "Neither do I desire it, believe me—my wife shall look for help to no man save one, and you do well to prize Guyonne so highly; it is not above her deserts. Simply, I will pray you not to hurry the espousals, Master Noel, for who knows what may happen:—perhaps Heaven may take compassion upon my sincere and honest love, and help me to some remedy."

"I wish it may, with all my soul," replied the engraver, touched by the generous submission of the young man to his, as he thought, powerful argument: "if it should, I shall not be backward in lending a hand to second its kind intentions. I do not demand wealth from thee, Godfrey—I should be very glad my Guyonne would wed my gossip Legris; but as she prefers you, Godfrey, why only show me that you can maintain her as she ought to be maintained, and you shall be my son-in-law in preference to Antoine, and his fortune. I do not, as I said before, exact riches from you, Godfrey, but merely enough gold to set you handsomely afloat, and assure you the means of making more; for, if Antoine be richer than you, you have that which he has no longer—youth, health, and strength, with the courage of industry."

"And the kind good-will of my gentle Mie, Master Noel," returned Godfrey, throwing a sad look upon his beloved maiden, who returned it with one as sad; "do not forget *that* among *my* claims, for, in my thought, it is the strongest of all, and that which I value most."

"Nay, nay—I forget it not, for it is on that consideration solely that I do what I do in your favour, gentle archer," replied Noel; "I love my child, and will sacrifice something of my own desires to make her happy in hers: therefore, if you were master of only two hundred golden shields* of the crown, to establish you for yourself, I would give you my daughter's hand, and a hundred more to boot."

This friendly assurance, although it drew from Godfrey many expressions of gratitude and affection, in no way lightened his heart, or added to the weight of his purse, since two hundred golden shields were as unattainable to him as twenty thousand; therefore, after obtaining Campion's promise, that he would not press the nuptials for a week at least, and making a little secret signal to Guyonne, to which she as secretly replied, he was preparing to leave the shop, when his foot was arrested in the door-way by the sight of what was passing in the street. The crier, belonging to the city, accompanied by the provost, keeper of the bridge, and two or three of the archers of the provost-marshal's guard, were preparing with trumpet and drum to make a proclamation. Noel Campion approached the door to listen, half-laughing, as he observed, "Ah, ah! all that pomp is quite useless. No man in his senses will venture—the old house will stand thus till it fall; for, though all men love gain, neighbour Godfrey, few are willing to encounter death, or worse, in the pursuit of it."

Godfrey was turning to ask Noel for the explanation of his observation, when the crier began his proclamation. It set forth, that "the king would give, free of all expense, the house which bore the sign of the Golden Arrow, lately the residence of Robert de Leglie, bow-maker, together with all the goods, stores, stock, and tools, upon the premises, and fifty golden shields of the crown, to establish the acceptor in that or any other business or trade which he might adopt, provided the said acceptor would previously sleep three nights in the said house of Robert de Leglie consecutively."

The passers-by all paused to listen to the proclamation, but no one addressed the officers on the subject: had fifty times the sum been offered the silence would have been the same; so great was the horror at the idea of passing even one night under the parricidal roof of Robert Leglie—some who grew red with hope at the idea of the fifty golden shields, grew pale as death at the condition annexed to their possession, and hurried quicker past the house, as if in dread lest their cupidity should tempt them to enter. There was an anxious whispering among some of the listeners—those who were of the neighbour-

* I have given here the proper translation of the French word *ecu*, so called from its having the king's shield stamped upon it, and which has hitherto been erroneously translated by the word "crown." As the French of the middle ages had, besides the "*ecu au soleil*" and the "*ecu à la rose*," the "*ecu à la couronne*," this mode of translating it is ridiculous; the golden shield of the crown was worth about eighteen shillings.

hood,—and the name of Luke Breville was frequently repeated by them.

“Not in this generation,” said one of the neighbours, a cordwainer, of the Bridge, approaching the door at which Noel and Godfrey were standing; “it will not be in this generation, with the fate of poor Luke Breville fresh in its memory, that our good king, God bless him! will find a purchaser for his confiscation at the price he demands for it. The reward is indeed handsome, but, corbleu, were it ten times more, it would not be handsome enough to tempt a man to risk his life and his reason. Yet the house, if such a purchaser could be found to make good his possession, is a certain fortune. I was one of the commission who, a few days after the murder, was appointed to examine the property and stores, and cover them up from damp and hazard: there are bows, arrows, and cross-bows, finished, half-finished, and just begun, enough to stock an army; ay, and the very best quality too,—sturdy pine, well-seasoned wood, that would require a man to bend and the devil himself to break—for you all know that Robert de Leglie had a superb hand at his business.”

“Not such another bow-maker in all France,” returned Campion; “but what think you may be the positive value of the house and stock?”

“Not less than three hundred golden shields of the crown,” replied the cordwainer; “and I think I speak under the mark, and that, with fifty more to set forward, is a very handsome thing to begin with, neighbour Campion, if it could be obtained; but who would brave the anger of Heaven for it—and of what use is wealth, which it may cost a life to win?”

“I marvel why they leave it still standing,” observed Campion; “methinks it would cost less to pull it down altogether, than give it thus, more especially as it has brought a curse upon the bridge, which has been creaking and tottering ever since.”

“First, because, being a centre house,” replied the cordwainer, “it might entrain others in its fall, and still more seriously damage the bridge; and next, because the archbishop has declared, that if one can be found with courage enough to brave the danger, and virtue enough to pass through it, the curse will be removed, and the house and its owner will prosper. Now I believe most men are, like myself, very well satisfied of their portion of courage, but by no means so confident in their virtue; mine, I am afraid, is not enough to preserve my wits, and in that case I should only better my son, who, though I love him dearly, I do not love at quite so high a rate as that. Our lord the king, whom Heaven guard, knows, that if it stand much longer thus, it is likely to fall of itself; but being no waster of the people’s money, he will not dispense their gold upon a house which nobody will inhabit, therefore he makes it a free gift, seeing that no man will buy—it is well and wisely thought, but who will accept it with such terrible conditions annexed to its possession?”

During this conversation Godfrey had intently listened, but he had not uttered a word—a light had broken in upon his despair, and he followed rapidly and cheerfully its guidance. To personal fear he was a stranger; and though not superior in superstition to the age in which

he lived, yet that was so tempered by his firm conviction of the truth of his religion, his steady reliance on the protection of the saints and angels, so long as by crime he had not rendered himself unworthy of it, that he felt that he could encounter, and even brave, that most appalling of all dangers to weak humanity, the intercourse with the beings of another world. He had, in the short space of time which occupied the conversation between the neighbours, weighed all the difficulties of his situation against all the perils of his projected undertaking, and had found them the heavier of the two—he debated the chance of success, and considered the result of a failure—he cast a look upon the gloomy abode of the parricide, and found that, armed with a motive, he could contemplate its walls without a shudder—he gave another look to the blue eyes of his Guyonne, and gathered from them strength and force to his resolution—another moment, and his determination was fixed unalterably. “Master Noel,” said he, as soon as the neighbour had departed, “I blame no man for not caring to face unknown dangers, or, for slight causes, being unwilling to meet heavy perils, and incur the wrath of the saints for blind and insolent presumption; but when the cause is like mine, the weal or woe of a whole life, surely with a clear conscience and a strong but humble reliance upon Heaven, a man may confront much, and hope for help in the hour of his trial. You have promised me the hand of Guyonne, if I can become master of two hundred golden shields—I can obtain three hundred and fifty with only a little courage and the gracious aid of Providence.”

“Are you mad, Godfrey?” said Noel Campion, shivering to the very backbone; “is it possible you can seriously entertain such a thought? O, young man, dismiss it at once and for ever, for it is not of Heaven, believe me—the evil one has whispered it to you for your own destruction—you do not know how many have attempted, and have not dared, to cross the threshold—and then there was one more valiant than the rest who did. He rejected the warnings of his fear, which is a holy thing, implanted by Heaven in our souls for the body’s safety, and he became a terrible monument of the power of the unholy, and the Eternal’s indignation at the presumption of those who seek to penetrate the mystery of his secret judgments.”

“He, to whom fear speaks so plainly would do well to listen to its voice,” said Godfrey, “and so will I, if it address itself to me; but at present there is no check to my desire—neither is it presumption that leads *me*, Master Noel, therefore I hope for better things; but, whatever the danger may be, I am resolved to face it boldly. If my kinsman John were here at this moment, I might consult with him on the subject, though I should not allow him to turn me from my purpose; but John of the Bow is absent for some days, attending his dying sister, and I am alone in this great city; therefore, as I have only you, of friends, Master Noel, do not, I pray you, dissuade me from my purpose, but rather give me your good wishes and your blessing upon my undertaking.”

“But if—if you should perish?” said Noel Campion, hesitatingly.

“It is better to die at once than to be wretched during life,” said Godfrey, firmly, “and what would my life be without my Guyonne?”

At the worst, it is but death, for I cannot think these evil things have power over the christian soul—no—I am sure they have not! It is, then, but death, and more welcome shall it be to me in my pride of youth, than a sad old age dragged on in sorrow and regret—Master Noel, I accept our good king's gift."

"But at any rate, Godfrey, let me first explain to you the nature of the danger which threatens you—let me recount to you the history of that house."

"You shall, and I will listen to you after I shall have seen the provost, and acquainted him with my determination. As nothing that you can tell me will now change my purpose, Master Noel, it will be time enough when I return."

"I beseech thee, Godfrey," said Noel, earnestly, and, frightened beyond all measure, he looked towards his daughter for help; but though her cheeks were fearfully pale, her lips said nothing, and the speech of Noel was stopped by the arrival of Antoine Legris, the aged pretender to the white hand of Guyonne, who did not seem well pleased by the presence of his young rival, nor by the information which he received from Noel, as touching the agreement entered into between them. But he smiled, and looked satisfied, when he heard Godfrey's project to obtain a fortune. "It is well resolved," said he; "at his age, and in his position, it is what I should have done myself—courage, young man—win the fortune and wear the maiden, for I should be ashamed to oppose so generous a proceeding—achieve your purpose, and though you will advantage greatly, it is not yourself alone whom you will serve—you will take off the curse that has weighed heavy upon the bridge, even to its decay, and thus benefit many of your fellow citizens. Courage, young man, go on, and prosper."

He *said* all this, and in his cruel heart he thought of poor Luke, and hoped inwardly that he should thus also be freed from his rival.

Godfrey took leave of Campion, who, though he had refused him his daughter, was sadly anxious for his safety, and went straight to seek the provost. At the door he met his Guyonne, who, with a gentle kiss upon his forehead, breathed these words into his ear—"My beloved, I do not oppose thy purpose, because I know my father will never change in his: shouldst thou succeed, we shall be happy—shouldst thou perish, and I behold thee no more in this life, I swear to join thee in the other, ere the fall of midnight to-morrow." And so saying she returned rapidly into the house.

Chapter II.—Robert de Leglie.

The provost expressed some surprise, but more pleasure, at the determination of Godfrey, and gave every possible encouragement to his undertaking. He told him that after the third night passed in the mansion, on the morning of the following day he would be put into immediate possession of the house, stock, and the fifty golden shields in money. "It is a pretty fortune to any man beginning life, Master Godfrey," remarked the officer; "but it is doubly valuable to you, as being of the same craft as Robert de Leglie; you have a noble stock

of arms ready to begin business." He did more still to reassure Godfrey; he laughed to scorn the idea of personal danger, and maintained that it was the miserable fear of those who had vainly attempted the enterprize that made them fail; and though he derided the idea of a curse falling upon all the houses on the bridge, because a crime had been committed in one, yet he admitted that such an opinion being fixed in the minds of men, was as prejudicial as the reality, and that therefore Godfrey would do as great a service to his fellow-citizens by destroying the prejudice, as if he had really removed the curse. He then gave him the keys of the house, in order that he might examine it by daylight and make his preparations for the night.

Godfrey Mervin left the provost with a lightened heart, for his observations and opinion had fallen in with his own ideas upon the subject of the abandoned house, and he returned gaily to his own home to make the necessary preparations. He said nothing to any one of his intentions, for he knew that, should he demand assistance, no one would accompany him to the door of the Golden Arrow under any human consideration; packing up, therefore, a long thick candle of yellow wax, his arms, his houppe, and a basket of provisions containing a couple of bottles of excellent wine, he set out on his little journey, and, watching his opportunity, slipped into the house without being remarked, either by the passengers or any of the residents on the bridge. He shivered, as he entered and closed the door behind him, but more from the disagreeable sensation arising from the long closed up damp and chill air that blew upon him, than from any sensation of fear—in fact, there was nothing to excite the latter idea in the very ordinary objects which met his eyes on entering the mansion. A large shop, and back-shop which served as a warehouse, were filled, as the provost had told him, by a noble stock of arms of all dimensions, but of the best quality. He surveyed this wealth with pleasure, examined with a critic's eye the workmanship, and then mounted the dull stone staircase to the first story of the mansion. A long dismal corridor showed him the doors of several chambers half-furnished, into which he merely looked, and reclosed them, till he arrived at one which, from its size and situation, he knew must be the principal room of the house. It was large, and entirely furnished: there was a bed in it, and the aspect was towards the river—a circumstance favourable to his wish for secrecy, as by passing the night there, his light would not be seen from the street. Here then he resolved to make his abode, and with that intention deposited his candle in the chimney, and his provisions on the table.

The chamber itself, if it had nothing to encourage, neither had it anything to terrify; it was large, square, with one gigantic window and two doors, one of which was hermetically fastened up, to the other he had a key. Thus far all was well. The second story remained to be visited, which offered nothing particular, being, in most respects, the same with that which he had just quitted—equally large, gloomy, and desolate, having a few articles of furniture scattered here and there, but all covered with dust. His examination made, he descended, took another look at his own chamber, and then departed, locking all the doors most carefully after him; and, as the day was

beginning to wear away, and he had promised to sup with Noel, and give him an account of his proceedings, he went directly to his abode.

Although the account which he gave the engraver of his visit greatly tended to encourage both him and his daughter, yet the former could not entirely divest himself of his terrors, and therefore did his utmost to persuade Godfrey to relinquish his design: in this hope it was, that, the supper ended, over a bowl of hippocras, he related to him the hideous circumstances connected with the desolate house; for though Mervin had frequently heard allusions to the history of Robert de Leglie, the horror inspired by his crime was so great, that all feared to draw upon themselves some particular calamity by dwelling upon it; and it was a proof of the great interest which the engraver took in the destiny of his young friend that he could sufficiently conquer the repugnance he felt to relate circumstances, the very remembrance of which were deemed unlucky.

"It is a strange thing," said Noel Campion, beginning to recount his sad history—"it is a strange thing to mark, how, in this world, blessings and evils are unequally distributed among us, seeing that we are all alike the children of Providence, and all having an equal claim upon his bounty: in some families we hear of nothing but happy marriages, good obedient children, prosperous enterprises, regular lives, and calm and venerable age—in others, sin and misery from the birth, crime and sorrow through life, and dishonourable deaths, from father to son, through many succeeding generations!—and wherefore this?—I know not—I only know that such is the fact.

"The family of Robert de Leglie was of this latter character: originally noble, they had, for their evil conduct, been degraded from their knightly rank, and, to procure the means of existence, had become archers and bow-makers of the bridge. Fallen into a lower class of society, they did not improve in morals, and were not more respected as merchants than they had been as nobles; and Richard, the father of Robert, was so notoriously vicious and dissolute, that my father would not keep his company, lest his good name should suffer by the association. Most of the merchants of the bridge and the halls shunned his society, and it surprised all the world that there should be found any honest man willing to unite himself with him.

"Laurent Laval took pity upon his youth and his isolation from mankind, and gave him his daughter Marguerite, who tenderly loved him, hoping that her virtuous affection would recal him from his dissolute courses, and convert him to honesty and his duties—but all was of no avail: for one year he seemed bent to reform his life and manners, and tenderly to cherish the sweet wife who had done so much for him—the second year he relaxed, returned to his old companions and riotous excesses—the third, he threw off all restraint, all decency, and was killed before the end of it, in a drunken quarrel, leaving his poor Marguerite and her little Robert to weep for his loss, and pray Heaven's mercy upon his sinful soul.

"Marguerite, who was as good as she was beautiful—and that is saying much—placed all her hope of happiness in her little Robert, and did her utmost to inspire him with a love of virtue, and of an honest, active life; but the child, as he grew up, partook of none of

her noble qualities, inherited nothing of her character. Despite her early cares, her constant watching, and unwearying attention to the development of his youthful character, he grew up so wild, so dissolute, so reckless of reputation, of the prayers of friends and the menaces of enemies, that all men said his father's spirit had passed into his body, and that, a true *de Leglie*, he was as accursed as the rest.

"You may think how all this wounded his noble, high-minded mother, and how earnestly she tried to turn him from the error of his ways. My mother was her dearest friend, and her sad bosom's confidant, and many times I have heard her describe the unhappy woman's passionate grief. At length, hoping something from the power of love, she wedded him to a niece of her own, a fair girl with a noble dowry and a gentle temper; but he, worse than his father, would not even feign an amendment: he soon spent her fortune, and neglected his business, or only attended to it when he needed money for his pleasures. He abandoned, for months together, his wife and infant son; and when he *did* return to them, provoked by the tears of the two unhappy women, and stung by the consciousness of his own unworthiness, he treated them with harshness and brutality, and forced his wife to silence by indignities and blows. This was the cause of her death. The blows fell upon her heart and broke it, and she took refuge in the grave from the cruelty of her husband, beseeching his mother, with her dying breath, to protect her little Roland, and remove him from the brutality of his father.

"Marguerite wept long and bitterly over the grave of her son's first victim; and calling to mind all she had heard of the hereditary evil of the family of *de Leglie*, she determined to bring up his son at a distance, far from the influence of his father, and in ignorance of his hateful parentage. As Robert was utterly indifferent as to the fate of his infant, never making any inquiries about him, she sent him to some relatives of her own family, while she remained with her son to prevent the ruin which, without her care, must have been the inevitable consequence of his conduct. She made herself mistress of the business, overlooked the workmen, and kept up her son's reputation as a bowmaker—the only one now left him—to the last. Finding she could not reform, she tried at least to conceal his conduct; but he was too boldly wicked, too openly hardened in crime, to care for its publicity.

"It was at this time, when things were at the worst between the mother and her son, that a brother of Marguerite died in the country, after confiding to her integrity a large sum of money, the inheritance of his only child, an infant daughter, then in a convent in Paris. Marguerite said nothing of this trust to her son; but somehow or other he soon learned the secret, and he determined to appropriate to his own use this legacy. At first, he feigned great distress for money, and implored his mother to spare him a part of this as a loan, which, in a few months, he solemnly promised to repay. Then he pointed out to her a means of doubling the sum, by employing it in an undertaking of which a friend of his own was the director. To all this his mother was deaf, for she knew her duty, and pursued it

steadily. Irritated by her resistance, and contempt of his falsehoods, he threatened to declare himself ruined, to throw himself into the river, and to die, accusing her obduracy as the cause of his condemnation. His mother remained unmoved. Grown desperate, he left his home, associated himself with a band of miscreants, and after committing several actions, which drew upon him the ominous notice of the provost marshal, was compelled to quit the country, in order to avoid a prison.

"The cup of sorrow, from which Marguerite had so long been made to sip, was this time full, and she drank of it to the very dregs. She saw few persons, and those she did see, said, that her noble heart was breaking at this last and greatest of all her calamities. Her person grew meagre and wasted, and her beautiful features, once so gracious in their expression, became sad and severe, and there was a look of something unearthly and terrible in her large and glittering eyes. She would have died surely; but that one object seemed to attach her still to life, and that was the care of the little orphan, left to her by her brother.

"Things went on thus cheerlessly, for several months, when one night Marguerite went to bed earlier than was usual, for she had been more than ordinarily depressed and suffering during the day. Her only servant had attended her with great care, and had remarked, that she had spent the evening in prayer; and that, contrary to her custom, she had wept frequently and unrestrainedly during the day. The servant, who tenderly cherished her good mistress, had kept watch by her pillow during several hours; but at length seeing her sink into a sound and heavy sleep, retired to her own chamber, which was on the upper story of the house, directly over that of Marguerite. Fatigued by waiting on her mistress, her eyes were closed as soon as her head pressed her pillow, and she slept quietly till suddenly aroused by a noise in the chamber of Marguerite, as if of voices in altercation. She arose immediately and descended, fearing a fresh attack of illness; but everything was silent when she reached the chamber, the door of which was shut, and from the little window in the upper part of it, she could perceive the light was still burning, as she had left it. Thinking that she must have been mistaken, and fearing to awaken her mistress by opening the door, she determined to examine the chamber through the little window in the door; but as it was much above her reach, she returned to her own apartment to get a stool to assist her. As she ascended the stairs, she again heard a noise—loud voices in dispute—then a trampling of feet—a struggle: she re-descended rapidly, but was arrested suddenly by a loud and agonising shriek, and the noise of something falling heavily to the ground. Palsied for a moment, she yet recovered sufficient strength to look into the chamber, and the sight that met her eyes was ill calculated to calm the terrors of her heart. Prostrate on the ground, near the iron chest, which stood in one corner of the chamber, with three ghastly wounds on her breast, and apparently in the agonies of death, lay the unhappy Marguerite, and near her, his person and habit stained with blood, stood Robert de Leglie, one of whose hands grasped a small iron box, the other held the dagger.

yet reeking with his mother's blood : his hard eye, bent upon hers, was watching the progress of her agony—the armed hand ready to strike again, if it should not soon be final. The poor servant, sickening with horror, had much difficulty to restrain a cry : she did so, however, and the greatness of the danger teaching her caution, she gained gently the door of the house, which she found had been opened, and running out on the bridge, alarmed the guard stationed at the foot of it, and prayed them to accompany her back to the house. In their way thither, two or three of the soldiers, who had descended to the river in order to examine the back of it, announced that the large window of the principal chamber was open, that a boat was stationed at the foot of the bridge, into which a ladder of rope descended from the window. On this information, two or three of the archers, conducted by the servant, set forward to gain the front of the house, while two others entered a boat, and rowed rapidly towards that stationed under the bridge. While they were thus employed, Robert de Leglie, who had doubtless taken alarm, appeared at the window, and after first looking earnestly round, threw into the river a large mass of something white, which plunged heavily, and almost instantly sunk. He watched it for some moments, then, as if alarmed by the noise of the archers entering the house, turned suddenly from the window to the interior of the chamber, the light burning within it allowing the archers on the river to distinguish thus much of his movements ; but, in the next instant, the chamber was in darkness : he had, no doubt, extinguished the light as a means of covering his escape. A few minutes passed in incertitude were terminated by the archers, who had entered the house from the street, appearing at the window with lighted torches, which they held down towards the river ; by the strong light which they threw around, and warned by the cries of their companions, the archers in the boat, when within bowshot of the ladder, beheld Robert de Leglie rapidly descending it, and about half way down towards his boat, they called aloud to him to surrender—to yield, and not to provoke them to shoot. He continued to descend without uttering a word, and in the next instant the arrows of the archers whizzed against his head, but apparently without touching him, as he was seen to leap firmly from the ladder into his boat.

“ The shouts of the archers below, and the noise which those above had made on entering the house, and forcing open the chamber door—which the murderer had fastened within—had alarmed the inhabitants of the bridge and its vicinity ; and all, even to the children, came flocking to the scene of this execrable crime with all the torches and arms they could collect. I was among the number, and never shall I forget the breathless horror with which we all watched a terrible struggle which had taken place between the assassin and one of the archers, who had also leaped into his boat—it was short but deadly ; for before the others could come to his assistance, the despairing and powerful criminal had forced his enemy into the river, and was rapidly rowing away. Some of his comrades immediately drew him up ; while others, for their number was now greatly increased, pursued the parricide, who rowed with immense strength and rapi-

dity. A shower of arrows fell round him into the water, but one of them went to its destination, for we suddenly saw him drop down into the river, and the boat was upset. As he did not appear on the surface, in all probability he was drawn under it, and therefore could not rise, but went to the bottom at once. The body of his poor mother was found horribly mutilated just beneath where he had thrown it; and in the chamber the little iron box was discovered to be empty, and as the money entrusted to Marguerite's care was never found nor heard of, it is not difficult to guess the motive of the monster's visit. The house was immediately shut up as something accursed; and though a year afterwards the government offered to sell it, at a very low price, it had so bad a reputation, that no one would buy it upon any terms. Dismal shrieks were sometimes heard during the night proceeding from the house; and it was observed, a very few years afterwards, that the bridge itself began, for the first time, to manifest symptoms of decay.

"There are always to be found in the world men poor enough and desperate enough to do anything for fortune, and two or three such, at different periods, treated for the purchase of Robert de Leglie's house. They made their preparations boldly in the day; but when the night came their hearts failed them, and after remaining a few minutes in the house, they quitted it, not daring to face the awful midnight hour, in a place so peculiarly devoted to the evil powers. No doubt, to cover their want of firmness, they invented many sounds which they had not heard—many sights which they had not seen; but still their accounts were believed by all but one, a poor fellow whom we all knew, and who determined to face the danger, whatever it might be, for the sake of the reward; for he was also a bowmaker, whom undeserved misfortunes had brought to poverty. His wife tried hard to persuade him from it, but he refused to listen, and after entering into treaty for the property, took his arms and went to spend a night in the house, according to the conditions, which have always been the same. Many of us were on the watch, for poor Luke Breville was much beloved among us; and most sincerely did we hope that all would end well. Hearing nothing to alarm us during the night, we all crowded hastily round the house in the morning; but as Luke did not appear, none of us had courage to enter it. At length the provost and his guard went in, and ascended to the principal chamber; there they found the poor fellow stretched senseless on the ground; and when our cares had restored him to consciousness, it was evident that his intellects were entirely gone. He uttered some piercing cries, and talked incoherently to some invisible object which his staring eyes seemed to pursue. At intervals he repeated, in a loud and terrible voice, 'Falling—falling—falling—the foot of the murderer shall weigh it down, and the tottering bridge, and the accursed house, shall bury the accursed race!' After this he sunk into a profound and mournful stupor, and from that into a state of idiotcy, not recognising either family or friends, in which he continued till he died, about seven years since, without giving any further information as to what had befallen him on that terrible night. His history was too well known not to deter all from making similar attempts to pierce

the secret ; and though, during the last year, the king has offered to give the house, none will be found to accept it on the condition of living within its walls, or of passing three nights in vigil.

"And now, my dear Godfrey," continued the engraver, "think well of what you do : it is yet early in the evening, and there is still time to change your purpose, if you feel so disposed. Think of what would be my sufferings should any evil happen to you. I should consider myself as the cause, and never pardon myself the consequences. Do then, gentle archer, do then pause yet a little—do not go to-night. Wait a few days—only till the return of your friend and kinsman John."

But Godfrey was deaf to all persuasion, as he would have been to all menace. There was a firmness in his character which amounted to obstinacy, and a spirit that was tintured with something more than pride. That spirit had been deeply wounded by the manner in which the engraver had refused him his daughter ; and he had found it difficult to prevent his indignation from expressing itself in bitter words, both against Noel and his chosen son-in-law, Antoine. His boyhood had shown some sparkles of a violence of character, which, though his good kinsman, John Barrail, had taken much care to correct in time, there were moments when that wrath would flame fiercely, consuming all before it ; and it would, perhaps, have been so to-day, had not the presence of Guyonne curbed his temper, and the incident of the proclamation given another turn to his affairs.

Piqued in honour then, as well as love, to show Noel Campion that he was well worth Antoine Legris at least, the story that he had heard, by apparently increasing the danger of his enterprise, only made his determination the stronger to undertake it. His visit to the house, too, had increased his confidence, so that by the time Noel Campion had finished his speech of persuasion, Godfrey had risen from table, and was preparing for his departure.

"The good Saints Crispin and Crispinian, the eve of whose holy fête it is," observed Godfrey, "be my aids and guards, and keep me in their gracious protection this night. I go for a good purpose, conscious of no crime, but with a clear conscience towards God and man, and firm in my hope of our dear Lady's grace, that will enable me to combat against all the powers of darkness. And, hark ! it is the angelus which rings at this moment ; let us hope it is an answer to my prayer—a promise that I shall not be forgotten."

The customary prayer devoutly said by the three friends, after a little further conversation, Godfrey departed, wishing to be at his post before the curfew, in order that he might not be seen in the street with a light in his hand after that hour : it was now between seven and eight o'clock, so that he had no time to lose. So after some friendly good wishes on the part of Noel, a few tears and an affectionate embrace from Guyonne, he departed.*

* To be continued.

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.¹

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH," "GENTLEMAN JACK," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

SCARCELY a day now passed on board this frigate, but displayed, in its developement, some fresh evidence of that drunkenness of power, which more intoxicates the mind than spirits can the frame. Letters threatening violence of every description were constantly picked up on the quarter-deck, or thrown into the cabin sky-light in the dusk ; but Captain Hecla seemed strong in his determination to prove a most notable instance of the *quem Deus vult perdere*. The only notice which he took of these warnings of his approaching fate, being, if possible, to excel himself in the various arts of tormenting. But most matters in this world have their climax.

One night, at about nine o'clock, the pipe was heard through the decks of the frigate, "All hands reef topsails." A slight squall had been observed gathering to windward, and precaution in these latitudes being worth every other remedy, this step was taken to meet its fury half way. Quick as lightning the men were at their posts. .

"Way aloft!—trice up!—lay out!" were the orders given by Captain Hecla in quick succession, and as swiftly executed.

"Stick yourself on the main-top-sail yard there, you blackguard, will you?" continued the gentle chief, with a few oaths which it is not strictly necessary to repeat, and stamping on the gun-carriage on which he stood : not that he did this from the negligence with which his men were doing their duty, for all the evolutions of the frigate were performed with a rapidity truly wonderful, but from the passion, as unheeded as unavailing, into which it was the custom of the captain to transport himself at every possible opportunity.

Imagining, however, that he should have a better position for this ridiculous demonstration of mental infirmity by standing on the gangway, he jumped off his favourite gun-carriage, which in honour of him bore the sweet name of Brimstone Bess, and striding to that part of the waist-nettings, near which the main tack is hauled a-board, leant back on the hammocks, and commenced on both fore and main tops that raking fire of general abuse, the disgraceful character of which, on the lips of a post-captain, is now beginning to be a little better understood.

The peculiar flowers of Captain Hecla's oratory, or rather declamation, were, however, most suddenly nipped in their stormy bloom, by what, in theatrical parlance, would be styled the heavy displeasure of the gods ; for while in the very act of rehearsing to the top-men the sundry nice matters that he had in store for their entertainment, a

¹ Continued from page 316. Digitized by Google.

marlingspike was hurled at him from the main-top, and a twenty-four pound shot from the fore. The former, gliding past his right shoulder, half buried itself in the thin woodwork of the waist hammock nettings, where it quivered in its impotent wrath, while the shot, falling still wider of its mark, bounded about with a rochet, distinctly audible above any other sound, until it fell innocuous into the main-deck below.

In the darkness of the night, and the preoccupation of the moment, it was some little time before Captain Hecla could believe that this combined and deliberate attempt at his destruction was the result of preconceived violence. As soon, however, as this flashed across his mind, back he flew to the quarter-deck.

"Mates and midshipmen, man the fore and main rigging—let not a man pass down from those tops, except as they are called. Mr. Sneak, send for the marine-officer—range the marines on the quarter-deck with their side-arms—load with ball cartridge. As soon as you hear the words given to belay the topsail halyards, call all hands. By —— I'll teach these fellows a lesson! They shall soon see who's to be the master—they or I."

With these words down flew Captain Hecla to his cabin.

"What's the matter? what's happened? what does he mean?" were the questions bandied about among his officers. But no one seemed rightly able to give answer to these queries; some asserted one thing, some another. Alarm and confusion made their appearance where they should ever be unknown—on a British quarter-deck. The marines were flying helter skelter below for their arms, Sneak was placing his midshipmen in the fore and main rigging, and just as the topsails were being run up to the mast-head, Hecla himself put in his appearance, bristling to the teeth with arms, and very much "like the fretful porcupine."

He had a huge service sash belted round his loins—three pistols stuck in its folds, and another in his left hand—more in the manner of a roaring buccaneer, who finds himself in the midst of a treacherous, motley band, the scum of many people, where every man's hand is against his neighbour, than a gallant English officer in the midst of a devoted and admiring crew, bound to him by the indissoluble links of superior skill and daring, and each ready to risk a life for the preservation of their leader's.

"Belay the topsail halyards!" cried Hecla, as his quick eye detected the tautened leach-ropes aloft, and the accustomed mark on the rope below. The order was obeyed.

"Boatswain, pipe all hands!"

"All hands!" quoth the sullen voice of the warrant officer.

"Mizen topmen down below on the main-deck, and bring up half a dozen fighting lanterns."

Down rushed the mizen topmen.

"What the devil's in the wind now?" muttered one of the lieutenants to another.

"Lord knows!" was the reply. "Oh! here comes the clerk; don't you see what's up?"

"No—what?"

"Why, don't you see he's brought the skipper the articles of war?"

"O ho! and yonder, by the entering port, is one of the boatswain's mates handling something uncommonly like a pair of a nine-tailed cats, for those lanterns fling a pretty strong light."

"Mr. Sneak, give me your watch-bill," said the captain, interrupting this side colloquy.

Sneak pressed forward over the tender toes of his brother officers, and placed the required document in the hands of his superior.

"A lantern, Mr. Sneak."

"Mizen topmen, one of you give me a lantern."

"That's right; hold it a little nearer—so—that's it. Mr. Sneak, now who are the midshipmen in the main rigging?"

"Mr. Seymour and Mr. Urquhart, sir."

"Mr. Seymour and Mr. Urquhart, are you in the main rigging?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you allowed any of the main topmen to pass you?"

"No, sir."

"Then call down Augustus Ramsay, captain of the top."

"Ay, ay, sir. Augustus Ramsay, captain of the main-top, come down on the quarter-deck."

"Augustus Ramsay," took up another voice, "come down on the quarter-deck!" Still no Augustus Ramsay made his appearance.

"Where is Augustus Ramsay?" cried the captain, with his usual stamp.

A pause of a few seconds ensued, and then a distant voice from aloft replied, "Ramsay's in the sick list, sir."

"No such thing," bawled back the captain in reply. "Where's the senior assistant-surgeon? Mr. Liverwort!"

"Sir."

"You have never reported Ramsay to me as in the sick list."

"No, sir; perhaps I may not have *written* him down as in the list, but——"

"Let us have no *buts* here, sir—no such a word on board a man-of-war. You did *not* report him, sir—you know it—that's enough—begone! Has Ramsay not been up then, at all, during the reefing of topsails?"

"No, sir," cried half a dozen voices.

"Very good," said Hecla, with a suppressed noise, hybrid between a growl and a grin, and—like the rumbling of a volcano—a sure note of coming mischief. "Who's the captain of the larboard watch?"

"John Herbert, sir."

"True; so he is. Call down John Herbert."

"Here, sir," cried the ready seaman; and quick as thought, a figure left the body of sailors, crowded like so many bees upon the shrouds aloft, and John Herbert stood before his unsparing captain, cap in hand—his abashed eyes sought the deck, and the whole glare of half a dozen fighting-lanterns pouring their red strong light upon his stalwart person, and pointing it out to the universal gaze, amid the darkness, still more increased by contrast.

The honest fellow bore a character universally good throughout the

ship, and had done so ever since he first entered her, when he had then received, what he still retained, his present rating. This, in such a craft, it required no ordinary man to keep. In figure he was a short, tough, muscular, and active bit of true heart of oak, who, place but a Frenchman before his gun and he behind it, would stand from it when the trunnions did, and not before—the very type of those inimitable and glorious jack-tars who have made, and ever must make, to those who possess a single thought, the pride, glory, and wealth, of old England.

Whether reflections such as these were passing through the mind of Captain Hecla, or not, during the pause he made after his last question, I know not; but having looked at Herbert in silence for a minute or two, he abruptly said, "Tell me, sir, who flung a marling-spike out of the maintop at my head when I was standing on the gangway during the reefing of topsails?"

This question, which first revealed to the officers the cause of all the sudden hubbub which had ensued, produced among them a general murmur of surprise.

"Marlingspike, your honour!" said Herbert, boldly. "If 'twas any but you, sir, who told me it came out of the maintop, I would have said 'twas no such thing. I never heard of it till this moment."

"You scoundrel! that's a lie—I see it is. You must know who it was very well—the thing was done amongst you, and have the truth out of you I will, though I give four dozen to every man in the top."

"You may give me eight dozen if you like, sir; I'm alive to bear it—I can't help that. But this I can tell your honour, if I'd known of such a thing to be done, I'd a' been the first to let you know about it; but in the matter of reefing topsails, I was out doing my duty in the weather main-topsail, easing in Mr. Ramsay's place, and never knew no more that such a thing had happened than the very babe unborn may do at this moment."

"Mr. Ramsay, sir? Who do you dare to call Mr. Ramsay, sir, to me?—a disabled, skulking scoundrel, that shall get his deserts, if he only lives till to-morrow—I'll let you know what it is to tamper with your captain in this way—*strip!*"

Obedient to the word, and with the same sort of submission with which a Turk may be supposed to bare his neck to the bowstring, Herbert laid down his cap on the deck in silence, then off came his "long Barcelona," next his tarry well-worn jacket, and so on, till his back was bared to the night-fall, and glowing in the torch-like light of the fighting lanterns.

"Quarter-masters, seize him up," was the next order, and the poor fellow's wrist and knees were immediately secured to the footings, which the carpenter had already rigged, while immediately above, no doubt, stood the culprit, for whose crime he was to suffer.

"Now, sir—will you give up the name of the top-man who flung that marlingspike?"

"Indeed, your honour, I would with all my heart; but I know no more than you do—so I hope, sir——"

"Silence, sir! Officers, hats off while I read the articles of war."

The general and concluding article having been read, and the officers' hats replaced, the word was given—"Boatswain's mate, do your duty!"

With a sound that made the flesh of many a stout heart creep, the first lash of nine simultaneous strokes fell on the topman's back, whizzing through the strong breeze that filled the sails of the frigate, and urged her dashing on her course; but beyond the sighing of the night wind through the straining rigging, and the mournful plashing of the water thrown off by her bows, not another sound seemed to be produced by this wanton exhibition of torture. For the stoicism with which it was borne, the sufferer himself might almost have been deemed some flesh-coloured piece of marble, saving that as the arm of the scourger was raised to repeat the blow there gradually stole over the seaman's honest shoulders the blue livid lines streaked with blood, where the flesh had just been bruised and lacerated, and where the kindred colours of the lantern-light fell strongly terrible and bright.

"ONE!" said the master-at-arms in a deep bell-like tone, well fitted to knell forth the number of those unjust stripes. No other voice was heard. The seamen seemed to gaze on the unusual spectacle with awe, and the officers with a mixture of surprise, concern, anger, and impotence. But other human sound was there none.

"Whizz!" flew the second lash, and a second number of similar lines were scored on the back of the unfortunate fellow, intersecting at every angle and curve those already so direfully written there.

"Two!" said the master-at-arms—a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, fell—and so on, till the dozen was complete, and the blood slowly trickled down Herbert's back from points more severely wounded than the rest, stood congealed by the cold air in others, which had more escaped the repeated cutting of the last: still not a sound escaped him. He could not even have been noticed to breathe, much less sigh; nor was Indian chief ever more motionless under the tomahawk of a fellow-savage. It was as if his indomitable soul disdained to give the slightest proof that the unjust infliction could at all reach the mind, however it might disport its wantonness on the enslaved body.

As soon as the twelfth lash was complete, the master-at-arms moved a step towards the captain, and, touching his hat, reported,

"One dozen, sir!"

"Step forward another boatswain's mate," was the captain's reply. The man who had just given the last dozen resigned his position to a brother executioner. The arm of the successor was already raised to begin the second dozen, when the captain again demanded,

"Will you tell me now, sir, who threw that marling-spike out of your top?"

"I would if I could, sir," replied Herbert, in a coarse husky voice.

"Do your duty, boatswain's mate!" said the captain, cutting off by this order any further explanation in the matter. Another dozen followed, and again the same question was put with the same reply. A fresh boatswain's mate, and another dozen was inflicted. Still,

though barely able to articulate the denial, Herbert still protested his utter and entire ignorance of the whole affair. After thus receiving these four dozen lashes, he was cast off, and allowed to retire below upon the doctor's hands. This case disposed of, Sneak was desired to hold the lantern that Captain Hecla might read the next name of the proscribed, and that done, down came Samuel Brown.

"Who threw that marlingspike, sir, out of your top at me, while we were reefing topsails?"

"Don't know, sir," said Brown; "I had no hand in it—know nothing about it, sir, at all."

"Strip, sir!" Down went Samuel Brown's hat upon the deck, off went his jacket; and the same imperturbable docility as the last had displayed, marked his conduct too, with this addition, that he even went and held up his arm at the gratings before the command "seize" was given. This last, though, he had not to wait for long; for it speedily came to terminate all suspense in the matter, and he, having borne his five dozen with the same silence as Herbert, was, like the latter, cast loose. Thus, then, one after another, every individual seaman was called down from the main rigging, and received the inquiry as to his knowledge of the marlingspike's fall. Each, however, as stoutly denied any knowledge of it, and each received as many as his strength of frame would bear, the least being favoured with three dozen and six.

The maintopmen being thus summarily disposed of, the midshipmen who had performed the disagreeable duty of sentinels in the main-rigging, were relieved, and the peculiar process of Captain Hecla's justice extended to the crew of the foretop.

It has generally been supposed an axiom of British law, that many guilty should rather be allowed to escape, than one innocent be punished; but, in this instance, it was reserved for an English representative of his sovereign to reverse the very spirit of those beneficent institutions, which are the chief boast of our country, and prefer that some forty innocent men should suffer, rather than two guilty should escape.

But, whatever might have been the criminal views of these men, they showed at least that rude untutored virtue, which alike abhors and avoids the mean treachery of a betrayal; and if any of the large number that night scarified and tormented, were in any degree aware of the real culprit, they singly and unanimously determined to endure any pain on their own parts sooner than avow what would injure a comrade.

Not a particle of information—not even a stray hint to guide him, could Hecla obtain from the foretopmen, as to who hurled the twenty-four pound shot, than the crew of the other top gave as to the marling spike, and so, having indulged the inhuman and butcher-like cruelty of his nature by a wholesale punishment, he was not in the end a whit nearer the attainment of his point than when he set out, while the complete baffle he had received seemed to have fanned all the worst passions into a more furious degree of activity than ever—a result increased, no doubt, by the seeming passiveness with which his men had submitted to the outrage he had, in the mad plenitude of power, played off on them.

By the time that the last foretopman was cast loose, the ship's time had passed one bell in the middle-watch, or half an hour after midnight—still the hands were not piped down—still the watch was not called; surely there were to be no more victims for that night! Thrice had the purser been obliged to renew the candles in the fighting lanterns—again and again had the boatswain and his mates to ply their weary arms in varied turns, as successive dozens demanded their exertions, till, at length, their strength had been so exhausted as to render it a question whether their last blows were of much effect.

The crew, standing during all these hours of the night, thus inhumanly taken up, were half asleep; yet still there seemed some further barbarity to be wreaked.

"Corporal of the watch," said the captain, soon terminating all doubt.

"The corporal of the watch, sir, is in the sick-list," responded the sergeant of marines.

"Very well, sir—then go yourself, with a couple of your men, and bring on deck that skulking blackguard, Ramsay."

At the sound of this name, so full of meaning to all on board, the weary crew seemed yet again to quicken into life. Surely he couldn't be about to terminate the scene by punishing the broken lieutenant—the wrongly-impressed merchant captain—the invalid, sick-list man. The question raised deep interest in the bosom of every spectator, and with aroused faculties they waited to see the result.

CHAPTER VIII.

A few minutes having elapsed while Ramsay was putting on his clothes, he at the end of that space made his appearance on deck, accompanied by the sergeant, and a couple of marines.

"Well, you skulking scoundrel!" cried the captain, hailing his appearance with the hoarse enraged accent of some uncontrollable savage driven to the confines of madness, by the possession of more power than his weak intellect could withstand—"what's the reason, sir, that when the ship's company are piped to reef topsails, you presume to keep your hammock?"

"I did so, sir, by the orders of the senior assistant-surgeon, who told me to consider myself on the sick-list. The language, therefore, Captain Hecla, that you——"

"Silence, sir—your name is not upon the sick-list—you are a skulker—you have deserted your duty."

"I hope not, sir—and if you will but ask the assistant-surgeon he will tell you that I have only stated the truth."

"The truth, you impudent blackguard—do you mean to bandy me about betwixt you and the assistant-surgeon? There's the sick list—look at it, and tell me if your name is down for the evening report?"

Ramsay took the book from the captain's hand, and ran his eye over it. "Well, sir, do you see your name there?"

"No, Captain Hecla, I do not; but though the assistant-surgeon has made an omission, I hope——"

"Hope nothing, sir! In the king's service there are no omissions. You have been found skulking in your hammock when the hands were on deck, and you should have been doing your duty, and to-morrow morning I must do mine. Master-at-arms, put Ramsay into the report."

"Captain Hecla," said Ramsay, in the strength of despair assuming a tone that he usually avoided as much as possible, "I have to remind you that I am not legally one of your crew. I was impressed by the most shameful and outrageous violation of all law, and I have only continued to do the duty of a topman to preserve quiet, and avoid creating any disturbance in the ship; but I must beg, with every respect for the rank you hold, to warn you, that if, notwithstanding my illegal impressment, you now unjustly punish me for a fault not by me committed, I shall take legal measures against you for any assault that you may cause to be committed on my person by your orders, as soon as I am enabled to reach England—and you are aware how severe is the punishment for this offence awarded by the civil power, including not only a heavy fine but a lengthened imprisonment."

"Upon my word, sir! a devilish pretty sea-lawyer you are! So you presume to lecture me on my own quarter-deck! What is it, you scoundrel, that you want?"

"Justice, sir, is all I ask."

"Justice, eh! Take care, sir, you don't get a little more of it than you may like." And Hecla paused for a few moments in deep thought, as if the mention of Ramsay's appeal to the civil power had awakened unpleasant cogitations. "Now tell me, sir, pray what do you call justice?"

"The discharging from the service one who has been wrongfully compelled to work in it."

"Oh! that's what *you* call justice, is it? Then to-morrow, sir, I'll give you some sort of notion of what *I* call justice. Boatswain, call the watch." And giving Ramsay no time to make any sort of remonstrance against this threat, Hecla at once descended to his cabin. In half an hour he sent for Sneak, and put into his hands a sealed order, which was not to be opened till four o'clock in the morning, when Sneak was accustomed to rise for the duties of the day. Captain Hecla also gave orders that he himself was on no account to be called till eight o'clock. The ship was to be continued in her present course, but not to be allowed to exceed the rate of eight miles an hour, while sail was to be shortened and made according as circumstances might require.

Meanwhile, it being now Ramsay's watch below, he had retired to the lower deck in a state of mind that none might envy. Fate seemed to have delivered him, bound hand and foot, into the power of his enemies, for though a change of captains had taken place, it seemed only that most wretched change from very bad to worse; nor did he who had no private reasons for his animosity prove a whit less inhuman in his tyranny than he who, to every hardness of heart, added the strong incentive of personal hatred against him.

As these terrible reflections came home in the solitude of the night, they conjured up all those dark images of violence and despair,

which seem to hold, as favourite trysting spots, the hearts of the unhappy.

The first lieutenant, having left orders to be called at four o'clock, had retired from the quarter-deck, and the ship was once more left to the comparative silence and repose of the watch. Although the air still felt heavy and the sky bore every appearance of threatening weather, the breeze had rather gone down than increased, and as the ship's progress had been rather less than above the desired rate of eight miles an hour, no necessity had existed for either shortening or making sail, while the gallant frigate still held on the same course.

At last, to the joy of those who had kept the middle watch, and the regret of such as still were to go through that probation for the morning, the hour of four o'clock arrived. The ship's bell sounded forth its sleep-disturbing summons. The quarter-master hurried down to call the relief midshipmen, and the mate of the watch to rouse the next officer, together with the first lieutenant. With the heavy start of one who too well knows that he must awake to some unpleasant duty, the latter received the intimation of the hour, and hastily rising called for a light to open the letter of the captain.

If his manner had before been disturbed and ruffled, the contents of the long written order, whose seal he had just broken, did not greatly tend to bring him to any pre-eminent state of composure. With a motion of the shoulder and elbow that betokened the excess of his surprise, he read through the document very carefully a second time, and placing it on the table before him, proceeded with all possible haste to make his toilet. This is never a very long matter with a seaman, and ere many more minutes had passed, he and the officer of the next watch left the gun-room together.

As soon as the preceding officer had been relieved Sneak went up to his successor and showed him the written order. Still more astonishment was exhibited by its second peruser than its first, while a dash of no slight anger might have been read mixed up with this feeling. After a long consultation, which seemed to take no very precise termination, Sneak inquired "Is the land in sight yet?"

"No: Heathfield told me, when he went below just now, that it was not yet in sight, but soon would be, as we should have to leave it on the lee-quarter. He little knew what was in store connected with that island. But stay, give me the glass; if I mistake not there is something monstrously like the haze of low land now coming in sight on the lee bow."

The two lieutenants, taking with them a couple of glasses, mounted into the fore-rigging, and having ascended to the foreyard, after a few minutes' scrutiny, returned to the quarter deck.

"That's the land, depend on it, Sneak," said the officer of the morning watch. "What's to be done? It would be but kindly to give him a hint of what's coming."

"And lose your own commission for acting in downright disobedience to the positive written orders of the captain? I, for one, will have no hand in it."

"But consider, my dear fellow—is it not a hard case—a cruel, heart-rending, infamously oppressive case?"

"Well, but charity begins at home; and by so violating the captain's orders we might bring ourselves into the very case we deplore, and yet do Ramsay no essential service after all."

"By my soul, 'tis too bad to be driven to such a selfish argument; and yet I know not either what to do else."

"We can do nothing—whatever orders may be in themselves obey them we must. We must remain quite silent till we get so near the shore as to be within two or three miles, and then the first cutter must be piped away."

"Very well—needs must, I suppose, when the devil drives; but it goes against my heart, and right glad am I that you have had the duty, and not I."

At the easy rate at which the frigate was now speeding, a very short space of time brought her within the space named by the lieutenant, in reference to the island then on their lee bow, for as day had hardly yet broken it was nearer than had at first appeared.

"Pipe the first cutter away," was the order from the quarter-deck.

The whistle's piercing tones resounded through the still-slumbering ship below, and the boatswain's mate in person collected the crew together. Two of these, however, had been so severely flogged among the maintopmen on the night before as to be now incapable of doing their duty. As soon as this was reported on the quarter-deck, Sneak ordered the vacancies to be filled by Ramsay, whose watch it now was, and another seaman. The cutter's crew having seen that their boat was fit for lowering from the quarter, the frigate had by that time gained the required distance, the boat was brought up alongside, the crew taking their places and tossing up their double-banded oars, the gun-room steward descended with a basket, and Lieutenant Sneak following, took his place.

"Shove off forward," was the word. The cutter's bow was thrust from the frigate, the twelve blades fell simultaneously into the water, and with Ramsay pulling the starboard stroke-oar, glided rapidly over the exulting surface of the ocean towards the land.

The golden burst of the young sun upon the deep blue waves—the feeling of freshness and that wild freedom which seems to breathe in every aspect of nature, lightened spirits even so depressed as his. Little did the crew dream, as they pulled so cheerily along, the duty on which they were going—the scene to which they were hastening or that which they had left behind.

After forty minutes hard rowing, they struck the gentle acclivity of a sandy shore. The island to which this belonged was low from the sea, yet from this part of its own ground it seemed to possess one or two higher hills than the stranger would have expected to find, and these were covered by the palm-tree, the wild tamarind, and tropical growths, filled up by canebreak and similar brushwood.

"Come, my boys," said one of the bowmen, jumping out, "here, at any rate, we may have a run before we get packed up on board again." And, delighted with the thought, he leaped out upon the sand.

"Come back here, sir, directly," called out Sneak; "not one of you

are to quit the boat without orders. Ramsay, take from the steward that basket and carry it on shore."

Without a moment's suspicion that anything sinister was meant, the broken lieutenant rose, and took the basket from the steward's hand. As he did so he thought he felt something like a pressure of the hand, and turned round in surprise. All, however, that he could observe was the steadfast gaze of Sneak, fixed upon himself; but conscious of no reason why it should be so, he proceeded to step out of the boat, and carry high up to the dry sand the basket committed to his care.

No sooner did the acting lieutenant observe the poor fellow to be out of ordinary hearing, than he turned round to the crew, and in as low a voice as he could command, said, "Bowmen, shove her off a few fathoms from the land. Out oars, my men!"

The dominion which habit acquires over reason is so great that the men, used only to obey their orders, without attempting to canvass their propriety, were too busy in executing the commands of their superior to think, for the first few moments, of that to which they led. The first pause that afforded time for this reflection showed them that they were lying at a couple of ships' lengths from the shore, on which stood Ramsay, who had not yet put down his basket. As soon as he had done this, he turned round, and, somewhat surprised at beholding the cutter lying with her oars out, her bow towards the sea, and at such a distance that he could only get on board by swimming, in danger of sharks' teeth, rushed down to the water, to hear what was the matter. The truth now suddenly dawned on all hands, and as soon as the ill-treated officer arrived within hail, Sneak opened Captain Hecla's letter, and pointing to it with one hand, said, "I have landed you, Mr. Ramsay, by the written order of Captain Hecla, who, from the complaints you have made of improper impressment, is anxious to render you the '*justice*' you have required, by setting you free from the service at the first land which has appeared since your requisition. Give way on board, my men."

When this brutal and insulting outrage on human nature was ended, as far as the worthless projector and despicable tool of it were concerned, the men looked round on one another in mute astonishment, as if still doubting whether they had heard aright.

"Give way, stroke-oar—sir, do you hear?—give way, you blackguards, when I order you."

"In half a minute, sir," replied the coxswain, and stepping from the stern sheets into the middle of the boat, "here, my lads, since that gentleman is to be left to shift for himself on a bit of land that most likely has no human being on it save himself, let's do all we can for him. Here, I'll club a jacket and knife for him!" whipping his jacket on the thwarts, and flinging his knife in it: the example once set, spread with the electricity of deep and genuine feeling throughout the whole faithful thirteen.

"Here," cried another, "here are my shoes and neckcloth!"

"Here goes for a hat!" said a third.

"D—— my eyes, as luck would have it, if I hav'n't two pair of breeches on this morning, and here's one and a pair of purser's stockings."

"That's right, Bo; and here's a neckhankicher and a box of baccy, for that *must* be useful. Has none of ye got ne'er a pipe?"

"Here's my dudeen, and welcome," cried another.

And so the enthusiasm ran from man to man, as if there had been but one heart amongst the whole of them—steward and all; for the latter being a young man, a civilian, who had come out in the frigate from England, and had known the prisoner in all his woes and all his worth, he wept like a woman at the almost certain, but most cruel and lingering, death to which he saw a noble-hearted man devoted, and from which all the kindness and solicitude of his friends would, he feared, but slightly tend to shield him.

While, with a quickness and determination of purpose that petrified the weak mind of Sneak, the men thus showed their most unequivocal attachment to Ramsay, and their instinctive abhorrence of the persecutions so mercilessly heaped upon him, the lieutenant himself, between surprise, pusillanimity, and resolution, knew not how to act. That Ramsay should thus, as the boat's crew evidently designed, obtain from their momentary fellowship and genuine compassion everything they were able thus hastily to contribute to the alleviation of his fate, was, he knew, in most direct opposition to his orders. Still, what could he do? Even to so common-place an observer as himself, it was evident that he might as well attempt to dam up the falls of Niagara with his open fingers, as stop the burst of feeling which Ramsay's horrible sentence had called forth in those rude breasts, to which so many a soft passion might plead for preference in vain.

Meanwhile, the various contributions each had made from their person to the probable wants of the deserted, or as it is technically termed, the marooned man, being securely wrapped together in a bundle, this last was put on the point of a boathook, and one of the strongest of the seamen got upon the head-sheets to give it a vigorous cast to the shore.

"As surely as you attempt to fling that bundle to the land, Wilson, I shoot you through the body."

"Can't help that, sir," was the cool reply, as the boatman deliberately fixed the bundle on his boathook.

"Sit down, sir, this instant; and out oars all of you. Wilson, I'll be as good as my word;" and Sneak drew forth a pistol, and cocked it preparatory to taking aim.

"Come, your honour," said the larboard stroke oar, rising, while all the rest followed his example, "let your shot pass through the whole of us, for we're all equally to blame; *for* you needn't see the bundle go ashore, sir, or know anything about it. 'Tis but human nature to feel for a brave gentleman cast on a desert place without two days' food to eat, nor a plank to cover him, let alone a bed to lie on, and not a sight or sound of man or voice to near him more. How can a shipmate bear to think of this, sir, and not tear the heart almost out of his bosom to help him a bit over the rough of it? We would have done the same for you, sir,—Mr. Ramsay there among the very first."

Rude as this appeal might have been, who, at such an hour,

could have withstood the truth of it but Sneak? On him it made as little impression as on the wave beneath him; and when the boatman, with a sudden and powerful swing, launched the bundle nearly to the feet of Ramsay, the lieutenant levelled his pistol, and taking the best aim he could, shot the offender through the right arm.

"Thank ye, sir," said he, touching his hat with the left. "There's little merit in doing a shipmate and a good officer a bit of service, if it doesn't cost ye anything!" holding up the bleeding limb to his shipmates' gaze.

"Here, my boy!" said the stroke oar, "there's still a handkerchief in the boat; sit down and let's clap a stopper on that wounded spar of yours."

"Give way, my men, instantly—give way!" cried Sneak. "The first who refuses is a dead man."

A second pistol here made its appearance, and the seamen, with murmured rage and evident reluctance, were compelled to leave to the most barbarous of all destinies, one who, in every trying circumstance, had not only won their deep esteem, but proved how fully he deserved it.

As for poor Ramsay himself, the sudden announcement of his misfortune seemed to have come upon him with startling effect; but neither in gesture, word, nor deed, did he betray the incapacity to bear up even against that which might have crushed the heart of the bravest. Silent he remained, for he knew the uselessness of appeal; and the motionless attitude he preserved was as much the result of the sudden shock that had come upon him as aught beside. It was not till he saw the motion of the rowers quickened to their utmost velocity, and the boat still receding towards the noble frigate hove-to in the distance, that a convulsive throes of anguish produced an involuntary clasping of his hands together on his chest, and the quick following remembrance of the boatswain's kindness towards him, called forth the only farewell he could now give them—a wave of his hand.

The men, whose eyes were intently and affectionately fixed on his fast diminishing figure, saw this token of his thankfulness towards them; and before the lieutenant could foresee—much less prevent such an exhibition of their esteem—the rowers one and all tossed their oars perpendicularly upright in the middle of their boat, a salute of respect reserved in the service to pay honour to the rank of a captain. For an instant the fresh waters gleamed bright as gold in the morning sun, rendering each blade distinctly visible for miles. A sudden dash—and all were returned once more to the bounding wave that bore them onward, for life and death were in their race.

Notwithstanding the care which the strokesman had paid to his shipmate Wilson, in attempting, by a rude external ligature, to staunch his bleeding arm, the good intention was only in the most trivial way successful. The bullet had, in its passage, partially divided the brachial artery, and though all hands knew that a tourniquet stopped the effusion of blood—none of them were aware of the principle of partial pressure on which that instrument acts; and—still

more important—none of them would even then have possessed the ability of turning such knowledge to account, since their ignorance of anatomy did not permit them to determine what particular vessel was wounded, or where that vessel lay.

Stretched out on the stern-sheets, therefore, the kind-hearted sailor lay with the blood slowly trickling from his arm, despite of every effort of his shipmates. The pallid hues of the grave were rapidly stealing over his bronzed and still cheerful countenance, and over him bent, with all the revolting wildness of strong fear, the conscience-stricken Sneak, who had to answer for the blood of a fellow-creature so unnecessarily shed.

"Pull, my men!—for me!—for God's sake pull! Stretch out heartily! give way, my lads, we may yet get on board time enough for the surgeon to save him! How are you, Wilson, my good fellow, less faint?"

Such were the passionate, fearful, and repentant exclamations and questions of the lieutenant, as he witnessed the result of his awful hastiness. Every time, however, that Wilson attempted to make a reply to this entreaty, his words endeavoured to impart a comfort little deserved by him for whom it was intended; while, at the same time, his voice grew less able to convey, and in truth, most fatally contradicted, it. Still the attached shipmate hung over him, keeping the wounded arm in an upright position, and multiplying wrapper after wrapper on the arm in vain. Neither were the rest of the crew deficient in their part. Though heartily despising an officer who had proved himself equally as ready to exult over the misfortunes of another, as to sink beneath his own, they could have been urged in their exertions by no stimulus so powerful as the increasing pallor of him who, an hour since, leaped into their boat with as much irrepressible gaiety as strong health, a kind heart, and a mind void of offence, could give to a British seaman.

Again and again they cheered each other on as they swiftly shot along from crest to crest, and the frigate appeared more and more near.

"Here we get aboard of her, my boys! Another stroke! Now stretch to it! Another, my hearties! One like that again! There she goes! Hold your heart up, Wilson, my boy, a few minutes more?"

Such were the cheering cries of the crew, as their stout ash oars bent like so many withes in their powerful grasp. Away flew the boat right on, as if the senseless timbers themselves knew that the life of a "true-hearted sailor" were worth some struggles to preserve—the water crisping and curling up under her fore foot, like the feathering of an arrow in its rapid flight. Even Sneak began to hope that his fears had magnified the danger. But one glance at the wounded man as soon sank his spirit to despair.

"Heavens, he looks very pale! Wilson, my boy, cheer up! Steward, have you not a drop of rum—not one drop?"

"No, sir; Mr. Ramsay had everything in the basket."

"Is there no spirit in the boat—nothing of any sort to revive him? One moment, only one moment more, and he might be saved!

Give way, my men, give way. Hah! the frigate sees something is the matter. See—she fills her maintop sail, and bears up for us! Wilson, my fine fellow—Wilson, I say, cheer up! here's the frigate at last."

"The frigate!" echoed the wounded man, in little better than a whisper, endeavouring at the same time to lift his head and see her."

"Here, Bo, I'll shove ye up to have a squint at her," said the strokesman, propping up his shipmate's heavy shoulders.

The glazing eyes of the rude tar unclosed once more upon the noble ship, as running free of the wind, she came dashing down towards them in all the glory of her element—a happy smile broke over the cold features of the sailor, as he recognised a sight familiar from his childhood. The lips parted to give utterance to a faint "hurrah!" and the last sad voyage of life was over.

Happily for him the final port was gained—on those who survived, how dark a tempest was, even at that moment, about to break!

O! ROSY TWILIGHT STAR.

O! rosy twilight star,
I behold thee shine afar,
Now clouds near the sun are crimson and yellow;
And the golden autumn light,
With the shadows of the night,
Is blent, and with the sounds of eve soft and mellow.

O! bliss-diffusing star,
O! memory-hallowed bar,
'Twixt the night and the day sweet division:
Thou art purpling all about,
Thou art wooing lovers out;
And the world, in thy smile, grows elysian.

Now quiet with spread wings,
Is descending on all things,
And dews, blent with sleep, are wept from the willow;
And the sun has bade "good night,"
With a trail of glorious light,
As he sank from the sight to sleep in the billow.

RICHARD HOWITT.

ALICE; OR, THE MYSTERIES.

A SEQUEL TO "ERNEST MALTRAVERS."

HOWEVER admirable in itself, and complete in some of its parts as a narrative, Maltravers certainly seemed to require a sequel, and this, for many other reasons beside the good old one—that the hero of a tale ought to be married, or buried, or "settled down" in some other way, before he is dismissed. Now Ernest Maltravers, as the reader will remember, had only gone on his travels.*

Mr. Bulwer, in allusion to his higher objects, says, that had his hero's principal faults been corrected in the preceding volumes, the reader would have been spared this sequel. He adds, "It is because his opinions were often morbid and unsound—it is because his sentiments were nobler than his actions, and his pride too lofty for his virtue, that these volumes were necessary to the completion of his trial, and the consummation of my design."

It would have been difficult, by the means the author has adopted, of showing the effect of time, and of many peculiar circumstances, which all require detail, to complete his design in the usual space of three volumes, and we rejoice that he has had the courage to give us, what, in all respects, may be properly called an excellent novel in *six* volumes. The sequel, on the whole, pleases us even better than the first part. There is more sunshine in it; more happiness, more tenderness, and, in the person of the fair Alice, a being of an exquisitely gentle and feminine spirit, we have by far the most finished portrait of an Englishwoman that the author has ever yet painted. She is a most attractive example of that great truth, that the most tender sensibility, the greatest gentleness of disposition—that all the womanly graces are perfectly compatible with high intellectual cultivation, firmness of character, acuteness as well as strength of mind, and plain good sense.

Evelyn, her daughter, and a child worthy of such a mother, is a new personage, having only appeared as a child in the former volumes. There are many other new characters, most of which are skilfully drawn; but the skill with which we are particularly struck, is the author's manner of reproducing the personages who have already been upon the stage, and showing by little touches, and, as it were, accidental lights, the changes which time, and circumstance, and difference of fortune, have produced upon them. We meet some of them as we should meet old acquaintances whom we had not seen for many years.

" Tu vois, ma chère Hortense,
Un camarade à moi, mon compagnon d'enfance."

Maltravers himself improves wonderfully on this renewal of acquaintance, and Lumley Ferrers, now Lord Vargrave, hardens into

* See Review of "Ernest Maltravers" in our number for October last.

a worse villain than ever ; but still, systematically, without anything melodramatic or exaggerated. He is still the same man, only modified by different accidents of fortune, and animated by higher pursuits. His *finale* is tremendous ! The horror of the scene is heightened by a momentary doubt whether he is murdered, or dies of apoplexy. In general, we exceedingly dislike the politics, the state intrigues, the secretaries, cabinet ministers, and statesmen, introduced into modern novels ; and this, because novel writers (for the most part ladies) know nothing of such matters, and draw exclusively from their fancy ; but we enjoy the party manœuvres, the plotting and counter-plotting of Vargrave, as described by one acquainted with the great game of politics, and who writes with *connaissance des causes*. Some of the scenes between Vargrave and Lord Saxingham, who, God help him ! longs to be premier, and relies on his slippery friend, are admirable. While we detest the man, we never fail to respect Vargrave's brilliant talents. In his way he certainly says some of the best things in the book. The following are said in conversing with a substantial country parson, who is fully convinced of that mischievous doctrine which the gifted Figaro complains of, that "*l'amour des belles lettres est incompatible avec l'esprit des affaires*," and that no man of genius can be a man of business—a very encouraging doctrine for dull people. "It is astonishing," says the parson in speaking of Maltravers, who has recently returned from abroad, "what talent and energy he throws into every thing he attempts. One could not have supposed that a man of genius"

" ' Flattering to your humble servant—whom all the world allow to be the last, and deny to be the first. But your remark shows what a sad possession genius is—like the rest of the world, you fancy immediately that it cannot be of the least possible use. If a man is called a genius, it means that he is to be thrust out of all the good things in this life. He is not fit for anything but a garret ! Put a *genius* into office !—make a *genius* a bishop ! or a lord chancellor !—the world would be turned topsy-turvy ! You see that you are quite astonished, that a genius can be even a country magistrate, and know the difference between a spade and a poker ! In fact, a genius is supposed to be the most ignorant, impracticable, good-for-nothing, do-nothing, sort of thing that ever walked upon two legs. Well, when I began life, I took excellent care that nobody should take *me* for a genius—and it is only within the last year or two that I have ventured to emerge a little out of my shell. I have not been the better for it ; I was getting on faster while I was merely a plodder. The world is so fond of that droll fable, the hare and the tortoise—it really believes, that because (I suppose the fable to be true) a tortoise *once* beat a hare, that all tortoises are much better runners than hares possibly can be. Mediocre men have the monopoly of the loaves and fishes ; and even when talent does rise in life, it is a talent that only differs from mediocrity by being more energetic and bustling. '

" ' You are bitter, Lord Vargrave,' said Caroline, laughing, ' yet surely you have had no reason to complain of the non-appreciation of talent. '

" ' Humph ! if I had had a grain more talent I should have been crushed by it. There is a subtle allegory in the story of the lean poet, who put *lead* in his pockets to prevent being blown away !—*Mais à nos moutons*, to return to Maltravers—let us suppose that he was merely clever—had not had a particle of what is called genius—been merely a

hard-working able gentleman, of good family and fortune—he might be half way up the hill by this time;—whereas now, what is he? Less before the public than he was at twenty-eight—a discontented anchorite, a meditative idler.’”

If any one wishes for proof that mediocre men have the “monopoly of the loaves and fishes,” we would simply recommend them to take a glance at the actual list of placemen. This said parson, who is *not* a man of genius, is painted to the life! We do not know a more finished portrait in this style, or one that conveys a better notion of a certain class of richly-beneficed pastors.

“The Rev. Mr. Merton was a man of the nicest perception in all things appertaining to worldly consideration: the second son of a very wealthy baronet, (who was the first commoner of his county,) and of the daughter of a rich and highly descended peer, Mr. Merton had been brought near enough to rank and power to appreciate all their advantages. In early life he had been something of a “tuft-hunter;” but as his understanding was good, and his passions not very strong, he had soon perceived, that that vessel of clay, a young man with a moderate fortune, cannot long sail down the same stream with the metal vessels of rich earls and extravagant dandies. Besides, he was destined for the Church,—because there was one of the finest livings in England in the family. He, therefore, took orders at six-and-twenty, married Mrs. Leslie’s daughter, who had thirty thousand pounds, and settled at the rectory of Merton, within a mile of the family seat. He became a very respectable, and extremely popular man. He was singularly hospitable, and built a new wing—containing a large dining-room, and six capital bed-rooms—to the Rectory, which had now much more the appearance of a country villa than a country personage. His brother, succeeding to the estates, and residing chiefly in the neighbourhood, became, like his father before him, member for the county, and was one of the country gentlemen most looked up to in the House of Commons. A sensible and frequent, though uncommonly prosy speaker, singularly independent, (for he had a clear fourteen thousand pounds a-year, and did not desire office,) and valuing himself on not being a party man, so that his vote on critical questions was often a matter of great doubt, and, therefore, of great importance—Sir John Merton gave considerable importance to the Reverend Charles Merton. The latter kept up all the more select of his old London acquaintances; and few country houses, at certain seasons of the year, were filled more aristocratically than the pleasant Rectory House. Mr. Merton, indeed, contrived to make the Hall a reservoir for the Parsonage, and periodically drafted off the *élite* of the visitors at the former, to spend a few days at the latter. This was the more easily done, as his brother was a widower, and his conversation was all of one sort—the state of the nation, and the agricultural interest. Mr. Merton was upon very friendly terms with his brother—looked after the property in the absence of Sir John—kept up the family interest—was an excellent electioneerer—a good speaker, at a pinch—an able magistrate—a man, in short, most useful in the county;—a Tory—as became his cloth; so, at least he said, with a pleasant smile—but not a bigoted one: and chiefly anxious to be well with all men. On the whole, he was more popular than his brother, and almost as much looked up to—perhaps, because he was much less ostentatious. He had very good taste, had the Reverend Charles Merton!—his table plentiful, but plain—his manners affable to the low, though agreeably sycophantic to the high; and there was nothing about him that ever wounded self-love. To add to the attractions of his house, his wife—simple and good tempered—could talk with anybody—take off the bores, and

leave people to be comfortable in their own way ;—while he had a large family of fine children of all ages, that had long given easy and constant excuse, under the name of ‘little children’s parties,’ for getting up an impromptu dance, or a gipsy dinner—enlivening the neighbourhood, in short. Caroline was the eldest ; then came a son, attached to a foreign ministry, and another, who, though only nineteen, was a private secretary to one of our Indian satraps. The acquaintance of these young gentlemen, thus engaged, it was therefore Evelyn’s misfortune to lose the advantage of cultivating—a loss which both Mr. and Mrs. Merton assured her was very much to be regretted. But to make up to her for such a privation, there were two lovely little girls ; one ten, and the other seven years old, who fell in love with Evelyn at first sight. Caroline was one of the beauties of the county—clever, and conversible—‘drew young men,’ and set the fashion to young ladies, especially when she returned from spending the season with Lady Elizabeth.

“It was a delightful family !

“In person, Mr. Merton was of the middle height : fair, and inclined to stoutness—with small features, beautiful teeth, and great suavity of address. Mindful still of the time when he had been ‘about town,’ he was very particular in his dress : his black coat, neatly relieved in the evening by a white under-waistcoat, and a shirt-front admirably plaited, with plain studs of dark enamel—his well-cut trowsers, and elaborately-polished shoes—(he was good-humouredly vain of his feet and hands)—won for him the common praise of the dandies, (who occasionally honoured him with a visit to shoot his game, and flirt with his daughter,) ‘that old Merton was a most gentlemanlike fellow—so damned neat for a parson !’

“Such, mentally, morally, and physically, was the Reverend Charles Merton, rector of Merton, brother of Sir John, and possessor of an income, that, with his rich living, his wife’s fortune, and his own, which was not inconsiderable, amounted to between four and five thousand pounds a-year—which income, managed with judgment, as well as liberality, could not fail to secure to him all the good things of this world—the respect of his friends amongst the rest. Caroline was right when she told Evelyn that her papa was very different from a mere country parson.”

The fair Evelyn was on a visit at the Rectory, when the following interesting scene arose out of her wish to see Burleigh, the long-deserted mansion of Maltravers, whom she knew only by his writings.

“It was a most cheerful, exhilarating day—the close of sweet May ; the hedges were white with blossoms—a light breeze rustled the young leaves—the butterflies had ventured forth—and the children chased them over the grass—as Evelyn and Caroline, (who walked much too slow for her companion—Evelyn longed to run,) followed them soberly towards Burleigh.

“They passed the glebe-fields—and a little bridge, thrown over a brawling rivulet, conducted them into a wood.

“‘This stream,’ said Caroline, ‘forms the boundary between my uncle’s estates and those of Mr. Maltravers. It must be very unpleasant to so proud a man as Mr. Maltravers is said to be, to have the land of another proprietor so near his house. He could hear my uncle’s gun from his very drawing-room. However, Sir John takes care not to molest him. On the other side, the Burleigh estates extend for some miles ; indeed, Mr. Maltravers is the next great proprietor to my uncle in this part of the county. Very strange that he does not marry ! There, now you can see the house.’

“The mansion lay somewhat low, with hanging woods in the rear ; and

the old-fashioned fish-ponds gleaming in the sunshine, and overshadowed by gigantic trees, increased the venerable stillness of its aspect. Ivy and innumerable creepers covered one side of the house ; and long weeds cumbered the deserted road.

“ ‘ It is sadly neglected,’ said Caroline,—‘ and was so even in the last owner’s life. Mr. Maltravers inherits the place from his mother’s uncle. We may as well enter the house by the private way. The front entrance is kept locked up.’ ”

“ Winding by a path that conducted into a flower-garden, divided from the park by a ha-ha, over which a plank, and a small gate rusting off its hinges, were placed, Caroline led the way towards the building. At this point of view it presented a large bay-window, that, by a flight of four steps, led into the garden. On one side rose a square, narrow turret, surmounted by a gilt dome and quaint weathercock—below the architrave of which was a sun-dial, set in the stone-work—and another dial stood in the garden, with the common and beautiful motto—

‘ Non numero horas, nisi serenas !’

On the other side of the bay-window, a huge buttress cast its mass of shadow. There was something in the appearance of the whole place that invited to contemplation and repose—something almost monastic. The gaiety of the teeming spring-time could not divest the spot of a certain sadness, not displeasing, however, whether to the young, to whom there is a luxury in the vague sentiment of melancholy, or to those who, having known real griefs, seek for an anodyne in meditation and memory. The low lead-coloured door, set deep in the turret, was locked, and the bell beside it broken. Caroline turned impatiently away—‘ We must go round to the other side,’ said she, ‘ and try to make the deaf old man hear us.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, Carry !’ cried Cecilia, ‘ the great window is open ;’ and she ran up the steps.

“ ‘ That is lucky,’ said Caroline ; and the rest followed Cecilia.

“ Evelyn now stood within the library, of which Mr. Merton had spoken. It was a large room, about fifty feet in length, and proportionably wide ; somewhat dark, for the light came only from the one large window through which they entered ; and, though the window rose to the cornice of the ceiling, and took up one side of the apartment, the daylight was subdued by the heaviness of the stonework in which the narrow panes were set, and by the glass stained with armorial bearings in the upper part of the casement. The bookcases, too, were of the dark oak, which so much absorbs the light : and the gilding, formerly meant to relieve them, was discoloured by time.

“ The room was almost disproportionably lofty—the ceiling, elaborately coved and richly carved with grotesque masks, preserved the Gothic character of the age in which it had been devoted to a religious purpose. Two fireplaces, with high chimney-pieces of oak, in which were inserted two portraits, broke the symmetry of the tall bookcases. In one of these fireplaces were half-burnt logs ; and a huge arm-chair, with a small reading-desk beside it, seemed to bespeak the recent occupation of the room. On the fourth side, opposite the window, the wall was covered with faded tapestry, representing the meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba ; the arras was nailed over doors on either hand ; the chinks between the door and the wall serving, in one instance, to cut off in the middle his wise majesty, who was making a low bow ; while in the other it took the ground from under the wanton queen, just as she was descending from her chariot.

“ Near the window stood a grand piano, the only modern article in the room, save one of the portraits, presently to be described. On all this

Evelyn gazed silently and devoutly ; she had naturally that reverence for genius, which is common to the enthusiastic and young ; and there is, even to the dullest, a certain interest in the homes of those who have implanted within us a new thought. But here, there was, she imagined, a rare and singular harmony between the place and the mental characteristics of the owner. She fancied she now better understood the shadowy and metaphysical repose of thought that had distinguished the earlier writings of Maltravers—the writings composed or planned in this still retreat.

“ But what particularly caught her attention was one of the two portraits that adorned the mantelpieces. The farther one was attired in the rich and fanciful armour of the time of Elizabeth ;—the head bare, the helmet on a table, on which the hand rested. It was a handsome and striking countenance ; and an inscription announced it to be a Digby, an ancestor of Maltravers, who had fallen by the side of Sidney in the field of Zutphen.

“ But the other was a beautiful girl of about eighteen, in the now almost antiquated dress of forty years ago. The features were delicate, but the colours somewhat faded, and there was something mournful in the expression. A silk curtain, drawn on one side, seemed to denote how carefully it was prized by the possessor.

“ Evelyn turned for explanation to her cicerone.

“ ‘ This is the second time I have seen that picture,’ said Caroline ; ‘ for it is only by great entreaty, and as a mysterious favour, that the old housekeeper draws aside the veil. Some touch of sentiment in Maltravers makes him regard it as sacred. It is the picture of his mother before she married ; she died in giving him birth.’

“ Evelyn sighed—how well she understood the sentiment, that seemed to Caroline so eccentric ! The countenance fascinated her—the eye seemed to follow her as she turned.

“ ‘ As a proper pendant to this picture,’ said Caroline, ‘ he ought to have dismissed the effigy of yon warlike gentleman, and replaced it by one of poor Lady Florence Lascelles, for whose loss he is said to have quitted his country ; but, perhaps, it was the loss of her fortune.’

“ ‘ How can you say so ?—fie !’ cried Evelyn, with a burst of generous indignation.

“ Ah, my dear, you heiresses have a fellow-feeling with each other !—Nevertheless, clever men are less sentimental than we deem them—heigho !—this quiet room gives me the spleen, I fancy.’

“ ‘ Dearest Evy,’ whispered Cecilia, ‘ I think you have a look of that pretty picture, only you are much prettier. Do take off your bonnet ; your hair falls down just like hers.’

“ Evelyn shook her head gravely ; but the spoiled child hastily untied the ribbons, and snatched away the hat, and Evelyn’s sunny ringlets fell down in beautiful disorder. There was no resemblance between Evelyn and the portrait, except in the colour of the hair, and the careless fashion it now by chance assumed. Yet Evelyn was pleased to think that a likeness did exist, though Caroline declared it was a most unflattering compliment.

“ ‘ I don’t wonder,’ said the latter, changing the theme, ‘ I don’t wonder Mr. Maltravers lives so little in this ‘ Castle Dull ;’ yet it might be much improved—French windows and plate-glass, for instance ; and if those lumbering book-selves and horrid old chimney-pieces were removed, and the ceiling painted white and gold, like that in my uncle’s saloon, and a rich, lively paper, instead of the tapestry, it would really make a very fine ball-room.’

“ ‘ Let us have a dance here now,’ cried Cecilia. ‘ Come, stand up, Sophy ;’—and the children began to practise a waltz step, tumbling over each other, and laughing in full glee.

" 'Hush, hush !' said Evelyn, softly. She had never before checked the children's mirth, and she could not tell why she did so now.

" 'I suppose the old butler has been entertaining the bailiff here,' said Caroline, pointing to the remains of the fire.

" 'And is this the room he chiefly inhabited—the room that you say they show as his ?'

" 'No ; that tapestry door to the right leads into a little study, where he wrote.' So saying Caroline tried to open the door, but it was locked from within. She then opened the other door, which showed a long wainscoted passage, hung with rusty pikes and a few breastplates of the time of the Parliamentary Wars. 'This leads to the main body of the house,' said Caroline ; from which the room we are now in and the little study are completely detached, having, as you know, been the chapel in popish times. I have heard that Sir Kenelm Digby, an ancestral connexion of the present owner, first converted them into their present use, and, in return, built the village church on the other side of the park.'

" 'Sir Kenelm Digby, the old cavalier-philosopher ! a new name of interest to consecrate the place ! Evelyn could have lingered all day in the room ; and, perhaps, as an excuse for a longer sojourn, hastened to the piano—it was open—she ran her fairy fingers over the keys, and the sound, from the untuned and neglected instrument, thrilled wild and spirit-like through the melancholy chamber.

" 'Oh ! do sing us something, Evy,' cried Cecilia, running up to, and drawing a chair to the instrument.

" 'Do, Evelyn,' said Caroline, languidly ; 'it will serve to bring one of the servants to us, and save us a journey to the offices.'

" 'It was just what Evelyn wished. Some verses, which her mother especially loved—verses written by Maltravers upon returning, after absence, to his own home—had rushed into her mind as she had touched the keys. They were appropriate to the place, and had been beautifully set to music. So the children hushed themselves, and nestled at her feet ; and after a little prelude, keeping the accompaniment under, that the spoiled instrument might not mar the sweet words, and sweeter voice, she began the song.

" 'Meanwhile, in the adjoining room—the little study which Caroline had spoken of—sate the Owner of the House !—he had returned suddenly and unexpectedly the previous night. The old steward was in attendance at the moment, full of apologies, congratulations, and gossip ; and Maltravers, grown a stern and haughty man, was already impatiently turned away—when he heard the sudden sound of the children's laughter and loud voices in the room beyond. Maltravers frowned.

" 'What impertinence is this ?' said he, in a tone that, though very calm, made the steward quake in his shoes.

" 'I don't know, really, your Honour ; there be so many grand folks come to see the house in the fine weather, that'——

" 'And you permit your master's house to be a raree-show—you do well, sir.'

" 'If your Honour were more amongst us, there might be more discipline like,' said the steward, stoutly ; 'but no one in my time has cared so little for the old place as those it belongs to.'

" 'Fewer words with me, Sir,' said Maltravers, haughtily ; 'and now go and inform those people that I am returned, and wish for no guests but those I invite myself.'

" 'Sir !'

" 'Do you not hear me ? Say, that, if it so please them, these old ruins are my property, and are not to be jobbed out to the insolence of public curiosity. Go, Sir.'

" 'But—I beg pardon, your Honour—if they be great folks ?'

"Great folks—great! Ay, there it is. Why, if they be great folks, they have great houses of their own, Mr. Justis."

The steward stared. "Perhaps, your Honour," he put in, deprecatingly, "they be Mr. Merton's family: they come very often when the London gentlemen are with them."

"Merton—oh, the cringing parson. Harkye! one word more with me, Sir, and you quit my service to-morrow."

Mr. Justis lifted his eyes and hands to heaven; but there was something in his master's voice and look which checked reply, and he turned slowly to the door—when a voice of such heavenly sweetness was heard without, that it arrested his own step, and made the stern Maltravers start in his seat. He held up his hand to the steward to delay his errand, and listened, charmed, and spell-bound. His own words came on his ear—words long unfamiliar to him, and at first but imperfectly remembered—words connected with the early and virgin years of poetry and aspiration—words that were as the ghosts of thoughts now far too gentle for his altered soul. He bowed down his head, and the dark shade left his brow.

The song ceased. Maltravers moved with a sigh, and his eyes rested on the form of the steward with his hand on the door.

"Shall I give your Honour's message?" said Mr. Justis, gravely.

"No—take care for the future: leave me now."

Mr. Justis made one leg, and then, well pleased, took to both.

"Well," thought he, as he departed, "how foreign parts do spoil a gentleman!—So mild as he was once! I must botch up the accounts, I see—the Squire has grown sharp."

As Evelyn concluded her song, she—whose charm in singing was that she sang from the heart—was so touched by the melancholy music of the air and words, that her voice faltered, and the last line died inaudibly on her lips.

The children sprang up and kissed her.

"Oh," cried Cecilia, "there is the beautiful peacock!" And there, indeed, on the steps without—perhaps attracted by the music—stood the picturesque bird. The children ran out to greet their old favourite, who was extremely tame; and presently Cecilia returned.

"Oh, Carry! do see what beautiful horses are coming up the park!"

Caroline—who was a good rider, and fond of horses, and whose curiosity was always aroused by things connected with show and station—suffered the little girl to draw her into the garden. Two grooms, each mounted on a horse of the pure Arabian breed, and each leading another, swathed and bandaged, were riding slowly up the road; and Caroline was so attracted by the novel appearance of the animals in a place so deserted, that she followed the children towards them, to learn who could possibly be their enviable owner. Evelyn, forgotten for the moment, remained alone. She was pleased at being so, and once more turned to the picture which had so attracted her before. The mild eyes fixed on her, with an expression that recalled to her mind her own mother.

"And," thought she, as she gazed, "this fair creature did not live to know the fame of her son—to rejoice in his success—or to soothe his grief. And he, that son—a disappointed and solitary exile in distant lands, while strangers stand within his deserted hall!"

The images she had conjured up moved and absorbed her, and she continued to stand before the picture, gazing upward with moistened eyes. It was a beautiful vision as she thus stood, with her delicate bloom, her luxuriant hair (for the hat was not yet replaced)—her elastic form, so full of youth, and health, and hope—the living form beside the faded canvass of the dead—once youthful, tender, lovely as herself!

Evelyn turned away with a sigh—the sigh was re-echoed yet more deeply. She started: the door that led to the study was opened—and in the aperture was the figure of a man, in the prime of life. His hair, still luxuriant as in his earliest youth, though darkened by the suns of the East, curled over a forehead of majestic expanse. The high and proud features, that well became a stature above the ordinary standard—the pale but bronzed complexion—the large eyes of deepest blue, shaded by dark brows and lashes—and, more than all, that expression at once of passion and repose which characterises the old Italian portraits, and seems to denote the inscrutable power that experience imparts to intellect—constituted an *ensemble* which, if not faultlessly handsome, was eminently striking, and adapted at once to interest and to command. It was a face, once seen, never to be forgotten: it was a face that had long, half unconsciously, haunted Evelyn's young dreams: it was a face she had seen before, though, then younger, and milder, and fairer, it wore a different aspect.

"Evelyn stood rooted to the spot, feeling herself blush to her very temples—an enchanting picture of bashful confusion and innocent alarm.

"'Do not let me regret my return,' said the stranger, approaching, after a short pause, and with much gentleness in his voice and smile, 'and think that the owner is doomed to scare away the fair spirits that haunted the spot in his absence.'

"'The owner!' repeated Evelyn, almost inaudibly, and in increased embarrassment; 'are you then the—the——?'

"'Yes,' courteously interrupted the stranger, seeing her confusion; 'my name is Maltravers; and I am to blame for not having informed you of my sudden return, or for now trespassing on your presence. But you see my excuse; and he pointed to the instrument. 'You have the magic that draws even the serpent from his hole. But you are not alone?'

"'Oh, no; no, indeed! Miss Merton is with me. I know not where she is gone. I will seek her.'

"'Miss Merton! you are not then one of that family?'

"'No, only a guest. I will find her—she must apologize for us. We were not aware that you were here—indeed we were not.'

"'That is a cruel excuse,' said Maltravers, smiling at her eagerness: and the smile and the look reminded her yet more forcibly of the time when he had carried her in his arms, and soothed her suffering, and praised her courage, and pressed the kiss almost of a lover on her hand. At that thought she blushed yet more deeply, and yet more eagerly turned to escape.

"Maltravers did not seek to detain her, but silently followed her steps. She had scarcely gained the window, before little Cecilia scampered in, crying—

"'Only think! Mr. Maltravers has come back, and brought such beautiful horses!'

"Cecilia stopped abruptly, as she caught sight of the stranger; and the next moment Caroline herself appeared. Her worldly experience and quick sense saw immediately what had chanced; and she hastened to apologize to Maltravers, and contratulate him on his return, with an ease that astonished poor Evelyn, and by no means seemed appreciated by Maltravers himself. He replied with brief and haughty courtesy.

"'My father,' continued Caroline, 'will be so glad to hear you are come back. He will hasten to pay you his respects, and apologize for his truants. But I have not formally introduced you to my fellow-offender. My dear, let me present to you one whom Fame has already made known to you—Mr. Maltravers—Miss Cameron, daughter-in-law,' she added, in a lower voice, 'to the late Lord Vargrave.'

"At the first part of this introduction Maltravers frowned—at the last, he forgot all displeasure.

"Is it possible? I *thought* I had seen you before, but in a dream. Ah! then we are not quite strangers."

"Evelyn's eye met his, and though she coloured and strove to look grave, a half smile brought out the dimples that played round her arch lips.

"But you do not remember me?" added Maltravers.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Evelyn, with a sudden impulse; and then checked herself.

"Caroline came to her friend's relief.

"What is this?—you surprise me—where did you ever see Mr. Maltravers before?"

"I can answer that question, Miss Merton. When Miss Cameron was but a child, as high as my little friend here, an accident on the road procured me her acquaintance; and the sweetness and fortitude she then displayed, left an impression on me not worn out even to this day.—And thus we meet again," added Maltravers, in a muttered voice, as to himself, "How strange a thing life is!"

"Well," said Miss Merton, "we must intrude on you no more—you have so much to do. I am so sorry Sir John is not down to welcome you; but I hope we shall be good neighbours. *Au revoir!*"

In this manner meet the old lover and the reputed daughter of Alice. The consequences which follow this interview are such as few writers could have ventured to treat without revolting our feelings. Maltravers becomes enamoured of Evelyn, who appears to the reader to be his own daughter, though, in reality, she proves to be neither his child nor the child of Alice. We must refer to the volumes for an idea of the delicacy and mastery with which the author treats this trying part of his story.

We cannot enter into any particulars of the story without injuring its effect and playing mischief with the "Mysteries." Everybody will read the book, and we would not spoil their zest by anticipating the catastrophe, and clearing away all the secrets which excite the mind in perusing it. The end of all is happy without being in the slightest degree extravagant or out of nature. It is not exactly one of your common-place "vice punished" and "virtue rewarded" *finales*; but we think that it conveys a truer picture of human events, and a better and a more practical moral than the prescribed and conventional formula, generally adopted in works of fiction. The reflections in Mr. Bulwer's last page may startle some moralists by routine, but they will obtain the assent of those who have looked beyond the surface of society.

"And Alice!—Will the world blame us if you are left happy at the last? We are daily banishing from our law-books the statutes that disproportionate punishment to crime. Daily we preach the doctrine that we demoralize, wherever we strain justice into cruelty. It is time that we should apply to the Social Code the wisdom we recognise in Legislation;—it is time that we should do away with the punishment of death for inadequate offences, even in books;—it is time that we should allow the morality of atonement, and permit to Error the right to hope, as the reward of submission to its sufferings. Nor let it be thought, that the

close to Alice's career can offer temptation to the offence of its commencement. Eighteen years of sadness—a youth consumed in silent sorrow over the grave of Joy—have images that throw over these pages a dark and warning shadow that will haunt the young long after they turn from the tale that is about to close! If Alice had died of a broken heart—if her punishment had been more than she could bear—then, as in real life, you would have justly condemned my moral; and the human heart, in its pity for the victim, would have lost all recollection of the error.

The exciting incidents—the scenes of tenderness and passion with which the latter part of this work abounds, will enchain those who merely read for amusement; while many of the author's detached observations—his little essays, full of original thoughts and suggestions, will rivet the attention of more reflecting minds. We have lately read an immense deal about the social condition of the French people, but we remember nothing so striking and so good as the following passage.

“The state of *visible transition*, is the state of nearly all the enlightened communities in Europe. But nowhere is it so pronounced as in that country which may be called the Heart of European Civilisation. There, all, to which the spirit of society attaches itself, appears broken, vague, and half-developed—the Antique in ruins, and the New not formed. It is, perhaps, the only country in which the Constructive principle has not kept pace with the Destructive. The Has Been is blotted out—the To Be is as the shadow of a far land in a mighty and perturbed sea.

“Maltravers, who for several years had not examined the progress of modern literature, looked with feelings of surprise, distaste, and occasional and most reluctant admiration, on the various works which the successors of Voltaire and Rousseau have produced, and are pleased to call the offspring of Truth united to Romance.

“Profoundly versed in the mechanism and elements of those master-pieces of Germany and England, from which the French have borrowed so largely, while pretending to be original,—Maltravers was shocked to see the monsters which these Frankenstein's had created from the relics and offal of the holiest sepulchres. The head of a giant on the limbs of a dwarf—incongruous members jumbled together—parts fair and beautiful—the whole a hideous distortion!

“‘It may be possible,’ said he to De Montaigne—‘that these works are admired and extolled; but how they can be vindicated by the examples of Shakspeare and Goëthe, or even by Byron, who redeemed poor and melodramatic conceptions with a manly vigour of execution, an energy and completeness of purpose, that Dryden himself never surpassed—is to me utterly inconceivable.’

“‘I allow that there is a strange mixture of fustian and maudlin in all these things,’ answered De Montaigne—‘but they are but the windfalls of trees that may bear rich fruit in due season—meanwhile, any new school is better than eternal imitations of the old. As for critical vindications of the works themselves—the age that produces the phenomena is never the age to classify and analyse them. We have had a deluge—and now new creatures spring from the new soil.’

“‘An excellent simile: they come forth from slime and mud—foetid and crawling—unformed and monstrous. I grant exceptions; and even in the New School, as it is called, I can admire the real genius—the vital and creative power of Victor Hugo. But oh, that a nation which has known a Corneille, should ever spawn forth a Janin! And with these

ricketty and drivelling abortions—all having followers and adulators—your public can still bear to be told, that they have improved wonderfully on the day when they gave laws and models to the literature of Europe ; —they can bear to hear ***** proclaimed a sublime genius in the same circles which sneer down Voltaire !’

“ Voltaire is out of fashion in France—but Rousseau still maintains his influence, and boasts his imitators. Rousseau was the worst man of the two ; perhaps he was also the more dangerous writer. But his reputation is more durable, and sinks deeper into the heart of his nation ; and the danger of his unstable and capricious doctrines has passed away. In Voltaire we behold the fate of all writers purely destructive ; their uses cease with the evils they denounce. But Rousseau sought to construct as well as to destroy ; and though nothing could well be more absurd than his constructions, still man loves to look back and see even delusive images—castles in the air—reared above the waste where cities have been : rather than leave even a burial-ground to solitude, we populate it with ghosts.

“ By degrees, however, as he mastered all the features of the French literature, Maltravers became more tolerant of the present defects and more hopeful of the future results. He saw, in one respect, that that literature carried with it its own ultimate redemption. Its general characteristic—contradistinguished from the literature of the old French classic school—is to take the *heart* for its study ; to bring the passions and feelings into action, and let the Within have its record and history as well as the Without. In all this, our contemplative analyst began to allow that the French were not far wrong when they contended that Shakspeare made the fountain of their inspiration—a fountain which the majority of our later English Fictionists, and Scott especially, have neglected. It is not by a story woven of interesting incidents, relieved by delineations of the externals and surface of character, humorous phraseology, and every-day ethics, that Fiction achieves its grandest ends.

“ In the French literature, thus characterised, there is much false morality, much depraved sentiment, and much hollow rant. But still it carries within it the germ of an excellence, which, sooner or later, must, in the progress of national genius, arrive at its full development.

“ Meanwhile, it is a consolation to know, that nothing really immoral is ever permanently popular, or ever, therefore, long deleterious ; what is dangerous in a work of genius, cures itself in a few years. We can now read Werter, and instruct our hearts by its exposition of weakness and passion—our taste by its exquisite and unrivalled simplicity of construction and detail, without any fear that we shall shoot ourselves in top-boots ! We can feel ourselves elevated by the noble sentiments of ‘ The Robbers,’ and our penetration sharpened as to the wholesale immorality of conventional cant and hypocrisy, without any dangers of turning banditti, and becoming cut-throats from the love of virtue. Providence, that has made the genius of the few in all times and countries the guide and prophet of the many ; and appointed Literature, as the sublime agent of Civilization, of Opinion, and of Law, has endowed the elements it employs with a divine power of self-purification. The stream settles of itself by rest and time ; the impure particles fly off, or are neutralized by the healthful. It is only fools that call the works of a master-spirit immoral. There does not exist in the literature of the world, one *popular* book that is immoral two centuries after it is produced. For, in the heart of nations, the False does not live so long ; and the True is the Ethical to the end of time.

“ From the literary, Maltravers turned to the political state of France his curious and thoughtful eye. He was struck by the resemblance

which this nation—so civilized, so thoroughly European—bears in one respect to the despotisms of the East: the convulsions of the capital decide the fate of the country; Paris is the tyrant of France. He saw in this inflammable concentration of power, which must ever be pregnant with great evils, one of the causes why the revolutions of that powerful and polished people are so incomplete and unsatisfactory—why, like Cardinal Fleury—system after system, and Government after Government,

‘ — floruit sine fructu,
Defloruit sine luctu.’

“ Maltravers regarded it as a singular instance of perverse ratiocination; that, unwarned by experience, the French should still persist in perpetuating this political vice; that all their policy should still be the policy of Centralisation—a principle which secures the momentary strength, but ever ends in the abrupt destruction, of States. It is, in fact, the perilous tonic, which seems to brace the system, but drives the blood to the head—thus comes apoplexy and madness. By centralisation the provinces are weakened, it is true; but weak to assist as well as to oppose a Government—weak to withstand a mob. Nowhere, now-a-days, is a mob so powerful as in Paris: the political history of Paris is the history of mobs. Centralisation is an excellent quackery for a despot who desires power to last only his own life, and who has but a life-interest in the State; but to true liberty and permanent order, centralisation is a deadly poison. The more the Provinces govern their own affairs, the more we find everything, even to roads and post-horses, are left to the people;—the more the Municipal Spirit pervades every vein of the vast body, the more certain may we be that reform and change must come from universal opinion, which is slow, and constructs ere it destroys—not from public clamour, which is sudden, and not only pulls down the edifice, but sells the bricks!

“ Another peculiarity in the French Constitution struck and perplexed Maltravers. This people, so pervaded by the republican sentiment—this people, who had sacrificed so much for Freedom—this people, who, in the name of Freedom, had perpetrated so much crime with Robespierre, and achieved so much glory with Napoleon—this people were, *as a people*, contented to be utterly excluded from all power and voice in the State! Out of thirty-three millions of subjects, less than two hundred thousand electors! Where was there ever an oligarchy equal to this? What a strange infatuation, to demolish an aristocracy and yet to exclude a people! What an anomaly in political architecture, to build an inverted pyramid! Where was the safety-valve of government—where the natural vents of excitement in a population so inflammable? The People itself were left a mob: no stake in the State—no action in its affairs—no legislative interest in its security.

“ On the other hand, it was singular to see how—the aristocracy of birth broken down—the aristocracy of letters had arisen. A Peerage, half composed of journalists, philosophers, and authors! There was the *beau idéal* of Algernon Sidney’s Aristocratic Republic; of the Helvetian visions of what ought to be the dispensation of public distinctions; yet was it, after all, a desirable aristocracy? Did society gain?—did literature lose? Was the Priesthood of Genius made more sacred and more pure by these worldly decorations and hollow titles—or was aristocracy itself thus rendered a loftier, a more disinterested, a more powerful, or more sagacious element in the administration of law, or the exaltation of opinion? These questions, not lightly to be answered, could not fail to arouse the speculation and curiosity of a man who had been familiar with the closet and the forum; and, in proportion as he found his interest

excited in these problems to be solved by a foreign nation, did the thoughtful Englishman feel the old instinct—which binds the citizen to the father-land—begin to stir once more earnestly and vividly within him."

In another vein, the tirade put into the mouth of Cleveland, a fastidious, and somewhat prejudiced old English gentleman, is excellent. For ourselves, we confess that we believe there is much truth in it, and that, notwithstanding their being in a transition state, it will be a long while before the French cure some of the defects complained of.

"Paris is a delightful place—that is allowed by all. It is delightful to the young, to the gay, to the idle ; to the literary lion, who likes to be petted ; to the wiser epicure, who indulges a more justifiable appetite. It is delightful to ladies, who wish to live at their ease, and buy beautiful caps ; delightful to philanthropists, who wish for listeners to schemes of colonising the moon ; delightful to the haunters of balls, and ballets, and little theatres, and superb cafés, where men with beards of all sizes and shapes scowl at the English, and involve their intellects in the fascinating game of dominoes. For these, and for many others, Paris is delightful. I say nothing against it. But, for my own part, I would rather live in a garret in London, than in a palace in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. *Chacun à son mauvais gout.*"

"I don't like the streets, in which I cannot walk but in the kennel : I don't like the shops, that contain nothing except what's at the window ; I don't like the houses like prisons, which look upon a court-yard : I don't like the *beaux jardins*, which grow no plants save a Cupid in plaster : I don't like the wood fires, which demand as many *petit soins* as the women, and which warm no part of one but one's eyelids : I don't like the language, with its strong phrases about nothing, and vibrating like a pendulum, between "rapture" and "desolation :—" I don't like the accent, which one cannot get, without speaking through one's nose : I don't like the eternal fuss and jabber about books without nature, and revolutions without fruit : I have no sympathy with tales that turn on a dead jackass ; nor with constitutions that give the ballot to the representatives, and withhold the suffrage from the people : neither have I much faith in that enthusiasm for the *beaux arts*, which shows its produce in execrable music, detestable pictures, abominable sculpture, and a droll something that I believe the *French* call POETRY. Dancing and cookery—these are the arts the French excel in ; I grant it, and excellent things they are : but oh, England ! oh, Germany ! you need not be jealous of your rival !"

One of the tendencies of the book is to make us satisfied with the land we live in—with its institutions, its peculiar comforts, and its pleasant scenery. This effect is not produced by ignorant and prejudiced comparisons with other countries, nor by that empty boasting of the superiority of everything English, which would now scarcely be tolerated even at a port-wine dinner of old Tory squires. Mr. Bulwer sees the evil as well as the good ; his satire nowhere falls with so keen an edge as on some of the vices and follies of our social system, and his praise is never more warm than when bestowed on what is good and beautiful in other countries. We have been delighted beyond measure by some of his sketches of quiet, rural scenery, which are as true, and as thoroughly English, as the best pictures of our admirable Calcott. They give an exquisite relief to the stormier parts of the narrative.

OCEAN'S TRIUMPH.

"A little to the east of the harbour of Boulogne are still to be seen a few remains of the foundations of an ancient Roman building, now on the very verge of the cliff, and which will disappear in the course of a few years more. This was the ancient pharos or light-house, built by the Emperor Caligula during his short campaign in Gaul, to celebrate his boasted conquest of the ocean. During sixteen centuries this building stood in good preservation, but the blue liss of which that coast consists being extremely liable to decay, the waves made a gradual and steady encroachment upon the elevated slope upon which it had been built, and on the 29th of July, 1644, this ancient tower was precipitated over the cliff. It had been enclosed with a wall, for some space around it, and all that remains at the present time (1836) are the last vestiges of this enclosure."—*Fairholme on the Mosaic Deluge.*

UPON the Gallic strand
 Stood a king in days of yore,
 And the music of a martial band
 Echoed along the shore.
 A triumph he obtained
 For the conquest of the sea,
 As though he had the deeps enchained,
 And the waves no more were free.

A pharos raised on high,
 Near to the slope's low verge,
 As an emblem of his victory,
 Frowned on the boisterous surge.
 But the restless ocean passed
 Still on with booming roar;
 And laughed the waves 'mid the storm's rude blast
 As they dashed against the shore.

Where is the monarch now?
 He rests with the lowly laid;
 Death's hand has cooled his throbbing brow,
 And his heart's proud swellings stayed.
 Where is the lofty tower
 That looked upon Boulogne?
 Gone with the wreck of the tyrant's power
 Down, down to ruin gone.

Wasting the rock, the waves,
 Pursued their constant race,
 And the roof-cliffs fell in ocean caves
 Beneath that pile's deep base.
 Then catching to its breast
 The Roman's tower of pride,
 Triumphant o'er its fallen crest
 Swept the exulting tide.

Where is thy empty boast,
 King of the foaming sea?
 It laugh'd as it engulfed the coast
 At a creature vain as thee.
 For though *man* his rod of power
 Has lost by devious ways,
 The winds and waves *retain* their dower,
 And the hymn of *freedom* raise.

VENICE, AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.¹

WE have hitherto beheld Venice only victorious and glorious : in this *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, which depicts the return of the doge, Andrea Contarini, we behold her bleeding and enfeebled, and escaping with the greatest difficulty the loss of liberty and independence. And we must bestow the tribute of our admiration on the memory of the three great men who saved her. The Genoese having discomfited the Venetian fleet, and made themselves masters of Chioggia—(a most important post, because it is the key of the lagunes, and opens their communication with the continent)—closely menaced the city itself.

Carrara, Lord of Padua, the implacable enemy of the republic, cooperated with the fleet with a numerous army, and the last evils hung over Venice. Vettor Pisani was shut up in a dungeon, his punishment for having been worsted in a naval combat, to which he had been forced against his will by a mutiny among the soldiers, and in which he gave the greatest proofs of valour—Carlo Zeno was in the Levant with his squadron, and the doge touched on his ninetieth year. Terror was universal—multitudes of affrighted men, of weeping women, crowded the Piazza, and surrounded the palace ; the great bell of the Tower sounded to combat, called up the sentinels to their posts, and the citizens to arms. On a sudden there arose a cry among the people, “Vettor Pisani ! we will have Vettor Pisani for our general ! *Viva Pisani !*” At the sound of these shouts and acclamations, the face of the prisoner appeared at the iron grating of his dungeon. “My friends,” said he to the tumultuous crowd, “that is not the cry which should arise from your lips, ‘*Viva San Marco !*’ that is the cry which befits you on this occasion, that cry which has so many times led you to victory !”

These generous words increased the admiration of the people for this great man, and their desire that he should lead them ; the senate perceived that the will of the populace was the wisest choice which remained to them, and Vettor passed from his chains to the command, free from anger at his unmerited chastisement, great in the one position as in the other.

Now the courage of the Venetians revived—every nerve was strained in preparing arms, barks, and ammunition ; and the Genoese, who without doubt would have made themselves masters of Venice, had they availed themselves of their advantages only a few days sooner, beheld, with astonishment, a fleet sail out to navigate the lagunes and defend the city. But Chioggia, the object of terror and the most imminent peril, was in the power of the enemy, and it was determined to risk everything to recover it.

Then it was, that the doge insisted upon being himself the leader of the enterprize, and he swore never to return to Venice, if Chioggia was not recovered. The venerable Andrea Contarini heard a solemn

¹ Continued from page 336. Digitized by Google

mass at daybreak, on Christmas Day, in the Piazza San Marco, at the head of the assembled nobles, bearing in his hand the gonfalon of the republic; with this he stepped on board the bark, raising to the utmost enthusiasm of the entire population, crowded on the shore, to witness the scene which they beheld as the presage of approaching deliverance.

The fleet weighed anchor, preceded by fifteen galleys, with which Pisani blockaded the port of Chioggia. But vain seemed all the efforts of Andrea and Vettor—the Genoese in the garrison opposed to them a most vigorous defence, and their ships, commanded by Doria, attacked the Venetians repeatedly with various success. Discouragement pervaded the fleet, and the doge, perceiving the impossibility of a successful result with soldiers depressed by fatigue and adverse fortune, determined to retire in three days if the aspect of affairs did not alter.

The fatal termination was near at hand, when Carlo Zeno arrived unexpectedly with his victorious squadron, laden with booty and prisoners. Venice passed in a few days from famine to abundance—from desperation to joy. What could resist Contarini, Pisani, and Zeno, united? But fortune, who was beginning to smile upon them, was willing to prove the soul of Zeno to the utmost. A furious tempest dispersed the galleys, and their admiral was driven beneath a tower of the besieged city. The darkness of the night, the rain, the raging tempest, rendered this moment horrible. The enemy showered on them from above stones, darts, and fire. The crew began to talk of surrender, and Zeno, trembling with rage, turned to one of his ancient sailors. "In thee," said he in a low voice, "I repose our common salvation. Take the end of this rope, and swim with it to the other galleys, if thou canst find them." The brave man understood the meaning of his admiral. He obeyed, and by little short of a miracle reached the other ships, across the floods and through the darkness of the night. They fastened themselves to the cord, and drew out the ship in safety. At the moment he left the shore a dart struck Zeno in the throat, and the iron remained in the wound. The brave man heeded it not; but very shortly, weakened by the loss of blood, the violent movement of the vessel caused him to fall, the arrow was driven further into the wound, and he appeared at the point of death. The destinies of Venice willed that he should be saved; and when convalescent, he was chosen commander of the troops which besieged Chioggia by land. He refused the large emoluments which belonged to this charge, and even bestowed money on the mercenaries who were discontented, from his private purse. He dispersed a strong band of the enemy which would have relieved the besieged city, and Doria himself was among the dead. He discovered and counteracted the treachery of a captain who tried to excite a mutiny in the camp, and exposing himself to imminent danger, slew the traitor amidst the circle of swords which were drawn to defend him. The dissensions of the senators, who, weary of the blockade, urged an assault—the complaints of the soldiers worn out with intolerable fatigue—the perfidy of cowards corrupted by the gold of the enemy—the adverse season, the tempests, the battles—

Zeno overcame all—conquered everything—with admirable constancy and good fortune. Life, substance, honour, all did he expose to loss, for the salvation of his country—for the success of the enterprise! Chioggia surrendered at length—Venice was free, the humbled Genoese withdrew, and Carrara foresaw with terror that the whirlwind of war would now fall upon him. Zeno, Pisani, and Contarini, returned in triumph to Venice, having emulated each other in proofs of such magnanimity and valour as we are tempted to consider exaggerated when we read of them in ancient story.

The saloon of the gran-consiglio, in which I have so long detained you, and which we are not yet to quit, is, as I have already said, all resplendent with gold, and of astonishing size and magnificence. The ceiling is divided into large compartments, which, like the walls, are covered with beautiful paintings. I will not stop to describe them in detail; suffice it to say, they are all works of the most celebrated artists of the Venetian school; emulation, and the noble desire of glory, which alone causes art to attain excellence, could not have a greater stimulus than in the execution of these works, destined to decorate the hall in which were convened the aristocracy of Venice, and which were to remain monuments to posterity of the excellence of their school. Of this school, as it falls here under my hand, and that my mind may have some repose from war and crime, I will give a short account.

The fine arts are flowers of which adverse fortune can never despoil the garden of Europe. The Venetian school had not, like that of Rome, the masterpieces of antiquity before it for imitation. It rarely raises its flight to the ideal, but copies nature truly, and excels in colouring. Domenichi was the first Italian who painted in oil, having acquired the art in Flanders. Betaking himself for his misfortune to Florence, he became intimately connected with and attached to Andrea Castagna, and communicated his secret to him.

Castagna had scarcely learnt it, when he became desirous of getting rid of a rival of whom he was jealous—he attacked him in a lonely place and assassinated him. The dying man was conveyed to the abode of his murderer, whom he had not recognised, close at hand, and calling him by the name of friend, expired in his arms! Giacomo Bellino, the pupil of Domenichi, had two sons, Gentile and Giacomo. When the renown of Gentile was widely spread he was sent for to Constantinople by Mahomet II., to whom he presented a picture of the decollation of St. John the Baptist. The sultan asserted that the skin of the severed head was not sufficiently shrunk and wrinkled, and, in order to convince the painter, ordered a slave to stand before him, and struck off his head with his own hand. Bellino was terrified at this demonstration, *à la despot*—he abandoned the Levant and returned to Italy. His brother Giacomo owes much of his fame to having had Titian for his pupil. This is the prince of the Venetian school, and in giving my criticism on him I shall avail myself of the judgment of masters in the art, and among others of that of the celebrated Mengs. Let me not then be accused of a presumption which is far from me; I am merely the crow of Æsop's fable, who adorned himself with feathers not his own.

He who seeks in Titian an accurate painter of history will assuredly not find him. He neither studied to attain truth in his scenery nor exactness in his costume, nor those other particularities which conduct the mind into the times represented in the picture. He proposed nothing else than the imitation of nature to himself, and his works have most of the quality of the model he applied himself to copy. If, like Raffael, Titian had studied majesty of action and form in the antique, he would have succeeded in attaining the perfection of art; and though he may not have been always happy in the selection of his subjects, we yet behold in his works great elevation and nobleness. His fondness for colouring, and a theory peculiar to himself in compounding his colours, led him to show always the most beautiful parts of the body, and those which offered the grandest and most picturesque masses. He depicted women and children with exquisite taste, he imitated their simplicity, he adorned them with grace, and gave to the hair and vestments, above all, a certain somewhat of the highest elegance.

The painters of the Roman and Florentine schools had their drawings, their studies before them. Titian copied directly from nature, and this habit, united to the happiness of his natural constitution and disposition for the arts, made him acquire a colouring which was truth itself. Aware that objects beautiful in nature have often had effect in painting, he selected carefully his subjects for imitation, and was so constant and attentive a comparer, that he learnt to discern excellence as by a touchstone. Titian does not often put the grand expression into his pictures, and frequently introduces portraits. His tints are so blended, that one could not say with precision of what colours they were composed—a practice to which his perfect imitation of nature conducted him, and constrained him to make use of brilliant reflections of these colours, on which the touches of his pencil are but little apparent. His landscapes are magnificent, and composed of few, but well-chosen subjects; the forms of his trees are graceful and light; and he has often represented some phenomenon of nature, which pleases and surprises by its singularity and true portraiture. Titian enjoyed the highest celebrity in his own country, and nobly did he use the fortune he acquired by his works. The most renowned men of his time, renowned either by the rank they held, or the name they had acquired, considered themselves honoured when seated at his table, where, amid the splendour which covered it, they were, above all, feasted with the amenity and gaiety of his conversation. He had much sweetness of character, and spoke of his rivals in art with great moderation. He died of the plague at the age of ninety-nine, and few men have lived more happily, or more honoured than he. Charles V. and the other princes of his time, loaded him with presents and distinction, and the Republic, whose subject he was, retained him, and valued herself in possessing him, as long as he lived—and the Italians, who have been in all times wounded by the sight of their most sublime minds despised or persecuted, or, at the least not appreciated while they lived, repose with satisfaction on the rare exception which Titian offers of a different fate.

Paul Veronese had an imagination of fire—his pictures are like the

poetical creations of Ossian, and spring from a soul which feels with force and power. The vigorous traces of his pencil stamp themselves on the fancy of him who beholds them, as a fine verse of Dante on the memory of him who listens to it. His heads are in ~~general~~ portraits, but fine, and well chosen—his colouring is bold ~~and~~ true—his drapery is not in the grandiose style of Raffael, but ~~he~~ clothes his figures in the fashion of his time and country, ~~representing~~ the richest stuffs with truth and accuracy. The ~~great~~ value of his pictures is in their magnificence; Raffael alone ~~surpasses~~ him in divine inspiration; Michael Angelo in force and ~~impetuosity~~, and Correggio in grace.

Giorgione is the rival of Titian, ~~and~~ though he died when only thirty-three years of age, his fame is but little below that of his great competitor. It is said, that ~~being~~ both disciples of Bellini, Titian, by imitating his companion, ~~became~~ much more accurate and advanced in knowledge of the art than himself, derived the greatest benefit from him, and ~~caught~~ from him that noble enthusiasm, which, idle and backward as ~~he~~ was, opened to him the road to such surpassing excellence.

Giorgione gave strong relief and admirable forms to every thing he treated—his colouring is harmonious, his execution bold and free—the blood ~~seems~~ to circulate through the fingers, and the outline is often obscured beneath the masses of beautiful colouring. He unites suavity with strength, and loves tints tending to brown in his complexions. He possessed a science most valuable to the painter—he could ~~foresee~~ and guard against the effects of time in his colours.

Giacomo Tintoretto was the pupil of Titian, and the rapidity of his progress inspired his celebrated master with so much jealousy, that he sent him from him. This was, in reality, only another claim to glory for the young artist; he was not disheartened by it—he excused the weakness of the grand painter, and, overlooking his offence to himself, preserved his admiration for him, and that he might become superior to him in drawing, studied indefatigably the works of Michael Angelo with success, though his eagerness may have sometimes made him negligent and deficient in purity of style. Admirable as his colouring always is, he used frequently to say, emphatically, that drawing is the base and the foundation of painting; and he would add, that beautiful colours were to be found in the shops, while drawing could proceed only from the genius of the artist. Few are the artists who have abandoned themselves to more singular freaks. In one painting his negligence is inexcusable, in another, labouring too much after perfection, his finish becomes confused and heavy—here, his imagination appears exhausted—there, rich and poetical. The number of his works is scarcely credible, and, in his masterpieces, he has attained astonishing perfection. There is not a church, there is not a palace in Venice, which is not adorned with his pictures. The ducal palace had an immense number, and the imperial gallery of Paris prided itself on the possession of some of these. We will say nothing of the two Palmi, of the three Bassani, of Pordenone, of Marco Vecellio, and of so many others, who would have attained the highest honours had they lived in other countries, but

who, in Venice, though artists of rare excellence, take rank in the second class.

I will conclude by remarking that the Venetian school enchanted me by the boldness of its compositions, the truth of its colouring, and the grandeur of its execution. Others will prefer the refinement of the Roman school, the softness and delicacy of the Lombard, or the sublimity of the Florentine. I, if I am not bold enough to place the Venetian above these, believe that I do not err when I assert, that it is no less than they worthy of being considered one of the noblest monuments of the fine arts, and of Italy.

TASSO'S PRISON SONG.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

FAREWELL, ye myrtle bowers,
 Elysian haunts of love,—
 Ye garlands of sweet flowers,
 For Leonora wove!
 Farewell dear liberty,
 As love itself supreme!
 Hope has no gifts for me;
 And mem'ry shadowy dream,
 Like moonlight shed on beauty's tomb,
 But coldly lights my prison gloom.

Ye walls, where madness dwells,
 And mindless beings rouse
 The echoes of rude cells,
 Ye witness Tasso's vows.
 Dear cause of all the tears,
 That wash my galling chain,—
 Of all the wrongs of years,
 That cloud my heart and brain!
 Sweet mistress of my thoughts and fate!
 Dost thou not pity Tasso's state?

Oh! bring me cypress drear
 To bind my captive lyre,
 And let my deep despair
 Thrill every trembling wire.
 Come, wilding harp, awake,
 Beneath thy master's touch,
 And tell how hearts will break,
 That love hath troubled much:
 How, by our warm affections, we
 Throw off this cold mortality.

THE METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

History of Europe. From the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S.E., Advocate. Volume the Sixth.

MR. ALISON'S undertaking is vast, and most difficult of execution; but he proceeds in it with great spirit, and (all things considered) with tolerable impartiality. It seems to us that his prejudices, which are seldom made very prominent, are rather of a party than of a national character; or, in other words, that he is fairer between France and England, than between Whigs and Tories. It is not often that he will allow any great merit to the more liberal party, and on some occasions he throws the whole blame of difficulties, which had really arisen from the blunders of the Tories, upon the shoulders of the Whigs. Without belonging to any party, we cannot help feeling that we have studied our politics in a different school from that of Mr. Alison. The present volume is one of the most interesting that he has as yet published: it ranges over the eventful period included between Napoleon's campaign of Eylau, at the end of 1806, and the death of Sir John Moore, at the battle of Corunna, at the end of 1808. More stirring events were crowded upon each other, in these two short years, than had usually occurred in the course of two centuries—the military operations were on a scale which had scarcely been seen in Europe since the days of Charlemagne. Many of the occurrences were unprecedented in history, and gave to the annals of our own times more than the excitement of the wildest romance.

“ La Révolution Française est une de ces crises morales, dont les annales du monde offrent rarement le tableau. Les romanciers ont exercé leur imagination à renfermer dans un livre les événemens les plus disparates et les moins prévus. Souvent pour ménager la surprise des lectures, les bornes de la probabilité n'ont pas été respectées. Cependant ils n'ont rien imaginé d'aussi merveilleux que les choses dont nous fûmes témoins. La vérité toute nue l'emporte par la variété de ses accidens, sur les combinaisons presque inépuisables des fictions romanesques.”

These remarks, no less true than striking, which were written by an actor in, and an historian of, the French Revolution,* may be applied to the whole of the troubled drama that followed that terrific overture. In

* Desodoards. His work was published at Paris in 1802, or what they called “the tenth year of the Republic.”

the pages now before us, though condensed and generalised, startling and appalling events seem to struggle with each other for room, or follow one another with such rapidity, as almost to bewilder the brain. The winter campaign of Napoleon in Poland and on the frontiers of Russia—the battles of Eylau and Friedland—the interview between Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander on the raft upon the Niemen—the peace of Tilsit, where those two potentates agreed to divide the continent of Europe between them—the forcing of the passage of the Dardanelles by Sir John Duckworth—the campaign of the inglorious Whitelock in South America—the establishment of the continental system—the formation of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw and the kingdom of Westphalia—(both meant to be passive provinces of France)—the English expedition to Copenhagen, and seizure of the Danish fleet—the French treacherous advance into Portugal, and the flight of the royal house of Braganza to the Brazils—the entrapping of the disunited and most immoral royal family of Spain, and the setting of Joseph Buonaparte on the Spanish throne—the noble rising of the Spanish people—the butcheries committed by Murat at Madrid—the siege of Saragossa—the surrender of twenty thousand French under Dupont to the Spaniards, commanded by the brave and honourable Castanos—the first landing of the Duke of Wellington in Portugal—the battle of Vimiera—and the memorable convention, miscalled “of Cintra,”*—are only a few of the ever-memorable events related by Mr. Alison in this his sixth volume. We do not perceive that the author has had access to any sources of information, except such as were already open to the reading public, and, in some instances, he has not applied to the best of these sources. In describing the passage of the Dardanelles, and the circumstances which ensued at Constantinople in consequence of that movement, (which was as badly followed up by the English admiral, as it was gallantly executed,) he quotes the “Annual Register,” and makes no reference to the admirable and wonderfully impartial work of Juchereau de St. Denis, who was in the Turkish capital at the time, and whose account of what passed there is the only one to be depended upon. The reader should not conclude, from the circumstance of Juchereau being a Frenchman, that Mr. Alison is so illiberal as not to quote French authorities, or examine their relations of occurrences, differing so widely from our own. Nothing can be further from the truth of the case: he continually uses French authorities, and indeed gives some of them a weight to which they are not entitled. It provokes a smile to see the name and the words of that very imaginative lady, Madame Junot, or “Duchess of Abrantes,” cited as authority in a grave historical work. We think that he might very advantageously have made a greater use of German writers, and particularly of those who have treated scientifically of the art of war, and described the most remarkable campaigns of which they were eye-witnesses. Jomini, to whom he constantly refers, is an excellent authority, but he could not be present everywhere; and for every great battle it would be easy to find a professional writer who had been actually engaged in it. A little work published at Leipzig in 1809, on Napoleon’s campaigns against the Prussians and Russians in 1806 and 1807, might have prevented Mr. Alison from committing two or three trifling mistakes in his descriptions of the battles of Eylau and Friedland, which descriptions, however, are exceedingly spirited and animating. There is an error of a more important kind made with reference to the war of the French in Lower Italy. Our

* It has been well remarked, that there was a blunder in everything connected with this convention, which was not concluded at Cintra, but at a place thirty miles off. Mr. Alison’s defence of the measures seems to us singularly weak. The most he makes out is, that the Duke of Wellington was not to blame—but nobody in his sober senses ever thought *he* was.

author says that Massena, Napoleon's experienced lieutenant, was called to Poland "from the scene of his easy triumph" in Calabria. Massena, properly speaking, reaped no laurels in Calabria; and as for the "*easy triumph*," why, the occupation of that country was one of the most arduous that ever fell to the French troops. A partisan warfare, as terrible as the Guerilla war in Spain, lasted for more than four years, during which the loss of the French was terrific. It was a contest among mountains, forests, and unhealthy swamps, with the whole population brave, fierce, and revengeful—it wore out the best troops of France, and long defied the skill of her best officers. It was decided at last, at the end of 1810, by the monstrous policy of General Manhés; but even then the Calabrians lay watching for some fresh opportunity of rising. It was General Regnier, and not Massena, that first marched into Calabria in 1806. The royal Neapolitan army fled before him; but the armed peasants inflicted dreadful injury on his flank and rear, and frequently cut off all his outposts: he was thoroughly defeated in the month of July by the English, who had landed near Maida, and then men, women, and children, took up arms in every corner of Calabria, and he was obliged to retreat into the province of Basilicata, leaving behind him the far greater part of his whole army. In the month of August, Massena led on reinforcements, and took the command, but he did nothing but burn Lauria and some other towns, and massacre all the prisoners he made; he did not venture into the most difficult parts of the country at all, and when he was recalled from that command, Calabria was still to be conquered. Indeed, a full year after his departure, the French were only *masters* of a few towns and castles, and of the territory they actually covered with their arms. In this *easy triumph* the French lost twenty thousand men.

There are some errors of a statistical kind in the present volume, and we perceive that Mr. Alison quotes the "Edinburgh Gazetteer," which, particularly for foreign counties, is about the worst authority we are acquainted with. A part of the working of the insane continental system is well described, chiefly from Bourrienne's most interesting memoirs; but a great deal is still to be told on that head. At the proper place, no doubt, Mr. Alison will not neglect to show how the spirit of commerce triumphed over that of war, and how trade found out new channels, when nearly the whole coast of Europe, from the gulf of Salonica to the gulf of Bothnia, was guarded or controlled by the French. With his estimate of the character of Napoleon we entirely agree: he is neither dazzled by that heartless man's brilliant qualities, nor yet blind to them—he states the good and the bad with judgment and impartiality, and describes the effect of his character and system on the French people with great accuracy.

The following short extract conveys a good notion of the "ways and means" by which the destructive French army was supported at the expense of its allies, or of the countries it invaded.

"The finances during this year (1807) exhibited the most flattering prospect; but the exposition published was entirely fallacious, so far as the total expenditure was concerned, because a large portion of the supplies were drawn by war contributions from foreign states, and half the army were quartered for all its expenses on the vanquished territories. The revenue of the empire, as exhibited in the budget, amounted to 683,057,933 francs, or 25,507,000*l.*, and its expenditure to 777,850,000 francs, or 32,000,000*l.*; but the emperor did not reveal to the public, what was not less true, that the sums levied on the countries lying between the Rhine and the Vistula, between the 14th of October, 1806, when the war commenced, and the 14th of June, 1807, when it terminated, amounted to the enormous, and, if not proved by authentic documents, incredible sum of 604,227,222 francs, or 24,000,000*l.* That above a million sterling annually was levied on the kingdom of Italy; that the arrears paid up by Austria for the great war contribution of 1805, were double that

sum; that the war subsidies extracted from Spain and Portugal, in virtue of the treaty of St. Ildefonso, were above three millions sterling yearly. Finally, that the grand army, two hundred thousand strong, had, since it broke up from the heights of Boulogne, in September 1805, been exclusively fed, clothed, lodged, and paid, at the expense of the German States. The revenues of France, therefore, did not furnish more than half the total sum required by the expensive and gigantic military establishment of the emperor; while its inhabitants received almost the whole benefit from its expenditure—a state of things which at once explains the necessity under which he lay of continually advancing to fresh conquest; the extraordinary attachment which the French so long felt to his government; the vast internal prosperity with which it was attended, and the grinding misery, as well as inextinguishable hatred with which it soon came to be regarded in foreign states.”

The History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London. By WILLIAM HERBERT, Librarian to the Corporation of London. 2 vols.

This is a very curious work, carefully and accurately compiled from the grants and records preserved by the twelve gilds or corporations—those great civic bodies to which trade, when in its infancy, the cause of civil liberty in *most* times, and that of charity and humanity in *all* times, have been greatly indebted. Mr. Herbert fairly states the importance and the highly interesting nature of his labours, in which he has evidently spared himself no pains.

“To the reader unacquainted with this subject—and it is perhaps the least known of any connected with our localities—it may be observed that the livery companies hold a high rank in the city history. Their wealth—the important trusts reposed in them—the noble charities they support—and their connexion with the civic constitution of the metropolis, make them not only of primary consequence to every liveryman and freeman, but, when it is considered that they had the earliest share in laying the foundation of British commerce—that all trade originally concentrated in their fraternities—that their records are, for the most part, of remote antiquity, and afford pictures of the government, religion, customs, habits, and expenses of former times, it will be seen that few subjects are more important in a national point of view, or admit of more entertaining illustration.”

The ancient documents he produces from the library of the city, from the repositories of the several companies, the records of the town clerk's office, the roll's chapel, and a variety of other places, fully justify this assertion; and though, in his two thick volumes, there is necessarily a good deal of dry matter, (useful however in all instances,) there is also an abundance of amusing facts and delightful details, giving us a correcter notion of the manners and customs of old London, than we could well find in any other work or works. That very extraordinary tailor, annalist, and antiquarian, the venerable John Stow, collected much information, but his accounts were incomplete, and in some respects inexact: old Strype did not shine with a very bright light, and our modern city historians, Maitland and Malcolm, did not much trouble themselves with the mouldering parchments and hard-spelt muniments of the ancient gilds, and therefore did not add anything of consequence to the information we possessed. Such a work as Mr. Herbert's was really wanted: it will be, or ought to be, acceptable to all persons connected with the first metropolis in the world, and it will materially assist the future historian of England in tracing the condition of the people, and of the industrious trading community in remote ages. Many of the companies favoured the author with the inspection of their books, some of them detailing, as far back as the reign of Edward III., the manner in which they first formed themselves into societies, the places they met at before they built halls, the curious

custom they had of admitting *sisters*, or females, as associates in their fraternities, their feasts, their set mode of dress, or wearing a *livery*, from which they derive their name ; their religious ceremonies, pageants, their manner of receiving the kings and queens of England, and other amusing particulars. It is truly delightful to read some of these accounts with a conviction of their perfect, official authenticity. The civic imagination was not a whit inferior to that of the court—at an earlier date their pageants rivalled the marvellous sights presented to Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle.

The livery companies of London derive their origin, in the time of the Saxons, from the associations termed *Gilds*, which were either ecclesiastical or secular. Ecclesiastical gilds were for devotion or alms-deeds ; secular gilds were for trade and alms-deeds. The latter appear to have included the entire aggregate of a town, and were at first named *Gilda Mercatoria*, Merchant-Gilds ; but afterwards, when the respective craftsmen, artisans, and dealers, obtained charters for managing their several callings, they were termed *Gilda Mercatorum*, or Gilds of the Merchants, the term merchants being then applied to every kind of dealers or traders. Many changes were gradually introduced, but for a long time every important trade existed as a separate gild, and occupied particular streets, to which they gave their name, and in which no person who was not of the same mystery, or free of the company, could reside or practice any kind of business. As in the bazaars of the East, the goldsmiths were crowded altogether in one place, the mercers in another, the grocers all in another, and so on with the rest. Each class had its ward, and, in the words of a writer, who wrote not long after the conquest, “All the sellers of wares, all the workmen are distinguished every morning in their several places and streets.” The Germans of the North, the real founders of the famous Hanseatic league, who are styled by Pennant “our masters in the art of commerce,” were allowed to form a gild of their own in London, where it is well known that they were settled, and in the possession of a flourishing trade, as early as the year 967. About that time there is a regulation of King Etheldred’s, declaring that the emperor’s men, coming with their ships to Billingsgate, shall be accounted worthy of good laws. These merchants had a council of twelve, with an alderman, like other Anglo-Saxon gilds, and lived together in a strictly collegiate fashion. Some of their laws were very remarkable ; they were all bound to celibacy as long as they remained in England. Any one of them who married an English woman, or “concubined” with one, was expelled with loss of all his privileges. No woman was admitted within their factory—not even a bed-maker. None of the resident members were allowed to sleep out of the house at night. Their house was petitioned into separate cells, in the monastic fashion, but they had a common table. Their principal factory, called the German Gild-Hall (*Gilhaldæ Teutonicorum*), which was fortified like a castle, was in Dowgate Ward, Thames Street, and there they had handsome spacious quays for the landing and shipping of their merchandise. Here the wheat and rye, the hemp and flax, the cables, masts, and ropes of the Baltic, were landed and warehoused, as well as other goods from the Rhine, the Scheldt, and from the interior of Germany.

The gilds suffered from the violence and tyranny of the Norman Conquest, but the city of London increased rapidly in wealth in spite of oppression, and in the course of half a century, or less, the court and the feudal aristocracy found itself obliged to respect these and other good Saxon institutions—the wholesome, vigorous soil, out of which grew more than half of the liberties we now enjoy. Several of the companies were in possession of great power long before they received any royal charter. Indeed, it appears that the earliest charter, that of the Fishmongers, was not granted till the 17th of Edward I., or in the year 1288.

The Grocers, anciently called "Pepperers," the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant-Tailors, the Sadlers, the Vintners, all have their first charter dated during the reign of Edward III. The first charter of the Mercers was given by Richard II., those of the Ironmongers and Clothworkers by Edward IV., while the Haberdashers only date from Henry VII. The royal confirmations of the charters of these twelve companies are very numerous, the last confirmations being made under William and Mary, with the exception of one, (that of the Fishmongers,) which was given by George II. We cannot discuss so difficult a question as that of precedence. If this were to be decided by the antiquity, not of their royal charters, but of their origin, in the time of the Saxons, the investigator will be thrown completely at sea without black-letter or parchment manuscript to guide him. In old times it appears that this question was agitated with some violence. As early as the year 1226, during the imbecile reign of Henry III., there arose so great a quarrel between the Goldsmiths and Tailors, that each party, with their friends, met on an appointed night, to the number of five hundred men, completely armed, and proceeded to decide their difference by blows. Many were killed and wounded on each side; nor could they be parted till the sheriffs came and apprehended the ring-leaders. This was before any of the companies were chartered or had acquired any legally-acknowledged share in the city government. About the same time there were frequent affrays between the *salt* fishmongers and the *fresh* fishmongers, so that the foul language for which Billingsgate is famed may be safely traced to the thirteenth century; though Billingsgate, by the way, was not then their emporium, fish being sold exclusively near by the chapel on London Bridge, at Baynard's Castle, and Jordan's Key. In 1341, during the reign of Edward III., a dreadful fight took place in the "very midst of Cheapside" between the Fishmongers and the Skinners, which ended in the apprehension and execution by the mayor of several of the ringleaders. At this time the Skinners had a royal charter and the Fishmongers had none. Their quarrel, like so many others, both before and after, arose from disputed claims about precedence. Mr. Herbert says that such claims were uniformly settled by the Court of Aldermen, but this is certainly incorrect; they might be *referred* to the aldermen, but they were very often *settled* in a less pacific manner.

Old Stow bestows an edifying laudation on the ancient amity which subsisted between the worshipful Fishmongers and the worshipful Goldsmiths; but the worthy and peace-loving antiquary cannot help twitting the Fishmongers, at the same time, for giving up the point of precedence out of sheer ignorance of their own antiquity as a body corporate. When the fearful feuds of any two rival companies were pacified, it was usual for them to take precedence alternately, dine together on suitable occasions, exchange livery-hoods and toasts, in which they were linked together like loving brothers. Thus the toast-master on the side of the Goldsmiths would say, "I drink to the Fishmongers and Goldsmiths," and the other would respond, "I drink to the Goldsmiths and Fishmongers." This was better than fighting *pour le pas*, for fighting in those days, when citys wore swords and something more, and when Lord Mayors were wont to do justice in a somewhat summary manner, was no joke—a very different thing from what it is in these degenerate days, when the worst that can happen is a black eye and a night in the police station.

Those who take their notions of city warriors and equestrians from John Gilpin,

"A trainband captain eke was he,
Of famous London town,

or from those *more* "modern instances," the "Aldermen" who rode "yeat" her present gracious Majesty, on the 9th of November last past, will

be amazed to hear of the fierce martial bearing and bewitching horsemanship of the "men of Chepe" in the olden times. These pugnacious artisans and traffickers were not satisfied with fighting on land and water, but would challenge strangers to fight "underground;" the precise meaning of which expression is not clearly understood, unless it signified that they would fight the very devils in Hades. "Every Sunday in Lent," says Fitzstephen, who wrote his account of London in the time of Henry II., "the young citizens ride out in company on horses which are fit for war, and prime runners. Every one of them is well taught to run the rounds and sit his horse like a knight." They had their jousts and their tournaments, their riding at the ring, their tilting at the Saracen with a club in his hand, which bestowed fearful "thwacks" on the shoulders and loins of the inexpert. Even as late as the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. a writer is quite Homeric on this subject. "The citizen's sons," says he, "issue out through the gates by troops, furnished with lances and warlike shields, (the younger sort have their pikes *not* headed with iron,) where they make a representation of battle and exercise a skirmish. There resort to this exercise many courtiers, when the court lies near at hand, and young striplings out of the families of barons and great persons, which have not yet attained to the warlike girdle. *Hope of victory inflames every one. The neighing and fierce horses stir their joints and chew their bridles, and cannot endure to be quiet:* at last they begin their race, and then the young men divide their troops; some labour to outstrip their leaders, and cannot reach them: others fling down their fellows and get beyond them." Matthew Paris, also, tells us that the citizens of London were noted for the excellence of their horsemanship, and their great expertness in riding at the quintain with pikes and lances. And hereby hangs a tale. On a certain day the young Londoners assembled together to try their skill, and a fat peacock (a bird then eaten at table) was set up as a prize for the best performer. King Henry III. was then keeping his court at Westminster, and some of his domestics, willing to see the sport, went into the city, where they behaved with great insolence, calling the Londoners "cowardly knaves" and "rascally clowns;" for which the Londoners beat them very soundly. The silly king, not heeding the provocation they had given, resented the indignity put upon men wearing his livery, and fined the city one thousand marks.

The good citizens of the olden time were just as fond of good eating as their descendants or representatives of the present day; and their warlike exercises might give them a better digestion, if not a larger appetite. Every solemn deliberation began with a dinner. The Grocers' first proceeding, on their first establishment or re-foundation, in the reign of Edward III., was as follows:—

"In the honour of God and of his sweet mother, and of St. Antoninus, and of all the saints, on the 20th day May, in the year of grace 1345, twenty-two Pepperers, living in Soaper's Lane, Cheapside, did meet together to a dinner at the Abbot of Bury's, St. Mary Axe, and committed the particulars of their formation to writing."

After dinner they elected two governors or wardens, and appointed a priest or chaplain, with the especial charge of praying for them, the Pepperers, and saying grace before meat. The details of this meeting were written in the first volume of the minutes of the company, partly in Norman French, and partly in old English. It appears that this very curious document still exists: we regret that Mr. Herbert has not given the whole of it *verbatim*, for it is interesting in many ways. The dinner, we observe, was called a *mangerie*, and a regular succession of feasts was ordained. The brotherhood were to adopt a livery, for which every one was to pay his share "even on the day of the next feast or *mangerie*." There is a little trait which shows the men of business. The priest was not to begin singing and praying until the festival of St. John, or Midsummer

Day, and his pay was to commence only with his duties. This pay or "wage" was fixed at 4*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* per annum, making one penny a week, from each of the members of the worshipful company. The *mangeries* were not confined to the men; the ladies partook of them, and had a share in all the amusements which followed. Our author says he is almost tempted to call this "an indecorous custom," but a librarian of the city of London may be excused for indulging in some modern corporation prejudices, and he gallantly confesses that the presence of the female Pepperers "must have greatly heightened the *hilarity*" of the feasts. From his account it should seem that the Pepperers, or Grocers, were the first to establish these epicene mangeries.

In 1348, only three years after receiving their charter, the Grocers passed ordinances, by which not only widows, wives, and single women, who were members, might join the festive throng, but the brethren were allowed to introduce their fair acquaintance on paying for their admission; and these fair ladies were admitted, says Mr. Herbert, very eloquently, "Not as in modern times, to gaze in galleries, the mere spectators of good living, but as participants." Indeed, the Pepperers seem to have pressed their members to bring their wives to the mangeries, and in default of wives, to bring their sweethearts. Our worthy librarian to the corporation says, that there is an "amusing simplicity" in the ordinances of the Grocers on these points. We hope, however, for the sake of the morality of the Pepperers, that there is merely a grammatical confusion in what follows, and that some of the grounds of exception were not applied to the damsels.

"They enjoined that every one of the fraternity, thenceforward, having a wife or companion, (*compagnon*,) shall come to the feast, and bring with him a damsel, if he pleases, (*ameyne avec luy une demoiselle si luy plect*;) if they cannot come, from the reasons hereafter named, that is to say, sick, or big with child, and near delivery, (*malade, ou grosse d'enfant et pres sa delivrance*,) they are then, and not otherwise, to be excused."

We cannot say much for the city dinners in those days, though they did not differ very materially from the dinners eaten at court. Turtle-soup, the glory of London, was unknown; sea-hogs or porpuses, those clumsy creatures which are not to be mentioned on the same day with your "lively turtles," frequently appeared on the board; conger-eels were deemed a luxury, and seals were not rejected on "fish-days." The "fat swan" seems to have been indispensable on certain high feasts, and the peacock on others. Wild-boar was common, but we should object to their mode of cooking and saucing it. Mr. Herbert introduces the "roast-beef of old England" at much too early a period; or, at least, it is pretty certain that the "mighty baron" was not a standard dish anywhere in England before the time of Henry VIII. The most famous of their made dishes, called *Leche Lombard*, and which was served in the first course, was, according to Randle Holme, "a kind of jelly, made of cream, isinglass, honey, and almonds, with other compounds;" but in reality, it was a compound frequently varied by the genius of the cook. In the kitchen of Richard I., who was the greatest gastronome of the fourteenth century, it was made of "pork pounded in a mortar, with eggs, raisins, dates, sugar, salt, pepper, spices, milk of almonds, and red-wine; the whole boiled in a bladder." Their pastry-cooks appear to have been a highly ingenious class of men, but we have no time to describe their "mottrews" and "doucettes," their "parneux" and "pain-puffs," their "fritures," and "sotilities."

After dinner "the bretherne and sisterne" were cheered with spice-bread, ypocras, and comfits, to the renewed noise of the minstrels, or waits, or the higher merriment of the London clerks, playing some holy play. These plays were at first what were called mysteries, and turned upon

such subjects as Adam and Eve, Joseph and his brethren, Potiphar's wife, the massacre of the Innocents, and the like ; but with the advance of civilisation these "right cunning mysteries" gave way to secular plays, and the London clerks were succeeded by regular stage-players. At one time they seem to have had a play enacted in the hall after every great feast, and in the account of their expenses a certain sum to the company of actors is a frequent item. As early as the year 1425 we find the Brewers on an election feast paying 5*l.* 10*s.* for the "musicals and theatricals." At this time the actors were all clerks—that is to say, priests.

The out-door pageants of the companies began at a very early period. In 1296, on the return of Edward I. from Scotland, each of them made its several show, that of the Fishmongers' being deemed the most splendid of them all. The dealers in fish, however, were more fishy than Trinculo or Caliban: they went in solemn procession through the city, with four immense sturgeons gilt, carried on four horses, with four salmons made of silver, on four horses, and after them six-and-forty armed knights, riding on horses, which were dressed out like dolphins of the sea, and then one horseman, representing St. Magnus, because it was on St. Magnus' day, and then followed a thousand more horsemen.

But these grand civic matters have seduced us to go beyond our proper limits: recommending Mr. Herbert's work to the attention of the curious, we will conclude with an extract from it.

The following grand scene "came off" in 1686, on the occasion of one of the Mercers' company attaining the honours of the mayoralty.

"The third and last pageant, which, for magnificence of the structure, the elegance of the contrivance, and costliness of the work, has hardly ever yet been paralleled, is an imperial triumphal chariot of Roman form, elegantly adorned with variety of paintings, commixed with richest metals, beautiful and embellished with several embellishments of gold and silver, illustrated with divers inestimable and various-coloured jewels of dazzling splendor, adorned and replenished with several lively figures bearing the banners of the kings, the lord mayors, and companies, with the arms of the memorable *King Richard the Second*, the first and principal founder of this most ancient society. On a lofty ascent of which, exalted upon an imperial throne, sits a majestic person in great state, representing a virgin, which is the arms of the right worshipful Company of Mercers, hieroglyphically attired in a robe vestment of white satin, richly adorned with precious stones, fringed and embroidered with gold, signifying the graceful blushes of virginity ; on her head, and long dishevelled hair of flaxen colour, decked with pearls and precious gems, on which is a coronet of gold beset with emeralds, diamonds, sapphires, and other precious jewels of inestimable value. Her buskins gold, laced with scarlet ribbons, adorned with pearls and other costly jewels. In one hand she holdeth a sceptre ; in the other a shield, with the arms of the right honourable the Company of Mercers.

"Fame, perched on a golden canopy above, and blowing her trumpet with Vigilance, Wisdom, Chastity, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, Faith, Hope, Charity, Loyalty, the Nine Muses, all richly and appropriately dressed, and with their proper emblems, completed the attendants of the virgin, in her chariot ; whilst 'eight pages of honour, in cloth of silver, trunk breeches, silk hose, and roses in their shoes, with crimson velvet caps and white feathers,' walked on foot. *Triumph*, as the charioteer, wore a scarlet robe trimmed with silver, a mantle of gold, and a gold laurel crown and helmet, bearing a sword and royal banner, and on whose side were placed trumpets and kettle-drums. The above immense and splendid machine and retinue, it has been stated, were drawn by 'nine white Flanders horses, three abreast, in rich trappings of silver and white feathers ;' each horse being mounted 'by a person of different name and country, properly apparelled, alluding to the support of the virgin, or mystery of the company ;' as Victory, Fame, and Loyalty, on the first three ; Europe between Peace and Plenty, on the second ; and Africa, Asia, and America, (emblematical of the company's merchandize and dealings with all parts of the world,) on the third. The foot attendants on the chariot were 'eight grooms and forty Roman lictors in crimson habits, with masked faces of silver, on each shoulder a lion's head, and equipt with swords, targets,

banners; and before the whole marched twenty servants with the company's trophies, clearing the way; who were preceded by twenty savages, or 'green men,' throwing squibs and fireworks to keep off the crowd; together with an infinite number of workmen, wheelwrights and carpenters, whose business it was to be ready to repair any part of the machinery that might break, or get out of order."

Some of the wood-cuts in these volumes are exceedingly curious.

Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed. A Narrative, accompanied with Poems of Youth, and some other Poems of Melancholy and Fancy, in the Journey of Life from Youth to Age. By W. LISLE BOWLES.

In one of his imperishable letters to Coleridge—letters which quite haunt our imagination—Charles Lamb says, "I had rather hear you sing, 'Did a very little baby,' by your own fireside, than listen to you when you were repeating one of Bowles's sweetest sonnets, in your sweet manner, while we two were indulging sympathy, a solitary luxury, by the fire-side at the Salutation.* We cannot, from our own experience, judge of the grounds of Lamb's preference, having never heard Coleridge sing anything, but, like these two friends, we have always considered Mr. Bowles's sonnets as among the sweetest things in modern English poetry. We learned most of them by heart when we were young—long ago—long before we ever thought of sporting our pen as critics, and we have not yet forgotten them altogether. We are glad to receive them in the elegant form which Mr. Pickering has given them, and with the touching history of their composition and first publication, written by their now venerable author. In early life, when Mr. Bowles, without a living, or a hope of church patronage, was far too poor to marry, he fell in love with a young lady, whom he has not forgotten after a lapse of nearly half a century. As a relief to the pangs he suffered he travelled abroad, and the sonnets were poured warm from his heart during his distant journeyings, while he was seeking forgetfulness of his first disappointment in early affection. The rest must be told in his own words.

"Delicacy even now, though the grave has long closed over the beloved object, would forbid entering on a detail of the peculiar circumstances in early life, and the anguish which occasioned these poetical meditations. In fact, I never thought of writing them down at the time, and many had escaped recollection; but three years after my return to England, on my way to the banks of Cherwell,—where

'I bade the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
Whose music, on my melancholy way,
I wooed:'

passing through Bath, I wrote down all I could recollect of these effusions, most elaborately mending the versification from the natural flow of music in which they occurred to me, and having thus corrected and written them out, took them myself to the late Mr. Cruttwell, with the name of 'Fourteen Sonnets, written chiefly on Picturesque Spots during a Journey.'

"I had three times knocked at this amiable printer's door, whose kind smile I still recollect; and at last, with much hesitation, ventured to unfold my message: it was to inquire whether he would give anything for 'Fourteen Sonnets,' to be pub-

* It appears from another letter that the true, euphonous sign of the public-house, in the little smoky parlour of which these two brightest of spirits used, in their young days, "to sit together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poetry," was the "Salutation and Cat." It also appears that poetry and sympathy were helped out by occasional potations of—egg-hot!

lished with or without the name.* He at once declined the purchase, and informed me he doubted very much whether the publication would repay the expense of printing, which would come to about five pounds. It was at last determined *one hundred* copies, in quarto, should be published as a kind of 'forlorn hope;' and these 'Fourteen Sonnets' I left to their fate, and thought no more of getting rich by poetry! In fact, I owed the most I ever owed at Oxford, at this time, seventy pounds;† and knowing my father's large family and trying circumstances, and those of my poor mother, I shrunk from asking more money when I left home, and went back with a heavy heart to Oxford, under the conscious weight, that my poetic scheme failing, I had no means of paying Parsons, the mercer's bill! This was the origin of the publication.

"As this plain account is so connected with whatever may be my name in criticism and poetry, it is hoped it will be pardoned.

"All thoughts of succeeding as a poet were now abandoned; but, half a year afterwards, I received a letter from the printer, informing me that the *hundred* copies were all sold, adding, that if I had published *FIVE HUNDRED* copies, he had no doubt they would have been sold also.

"This, in my then situation, my father now dead, and my mother a widow with seven children, and with a materially reduced income, (from the loss of the rectories of Uphill and Bream in Somerset,) was gratifying indeed! all my golden dreams of poetical success were renewed,—the number of the sonnets, first published, was increased, and five hundred copies, by the congratulating printer, with whose family I have lived in kindest amity from that hour, were recommended to issue from the press of the editor of the Bath Chronicle.

"But this was not all, the five hundred copies were sold to great advantage, for it was against my will that *five hundred* copies should be printed, till the printer told me he would take the risk on himself, on the usual terms, at that time,—of bookseller and author.

"Soon afterwards, it was agreed that *seven hundred and fifty* copies should be printed, in a smaller and elegant size. I had received Coleridge's warm testimony; but soon after this third edition came out, my friend, Mr. Cruttwell, the printer, wrote a letter, saying that two young gentlemen, strangers, one a particularly handsome and pleasing youth, lately from Westminster School, and both literary and intelligent, spoke in high commendation of my volume, and if I recollect right, expressed a desire to have some poems printed in the same type and form.‡ Who these young men were I knew not at the time, but the communication of the circumstance was to me most gratifying, and how much more gratifying, when, from one of them, after he himself had achieved the fame of one of the most virtuous and eloquent of the writers in his generation, I received at my parsonage in Wiltshire upwards of forty years afterwards!! It was ROBERT SOUTHEY—we parted in my garden last year, when stealing time and sorrow had marked his still manly, but most interesting countenance.§

In addition to the early sonnets, there are several of a later date, together with other short poems, written very recently in the author's amiable and honoured old age. We must quote one of these on his accidentally meeting the lady of his first love, whom he had not seen for nearly forty years.

"When last we parted, thou wert young and fair—
How beautiful let fond remembrance say!
Alas! since then old Time has stol'n away
Nigh forty years, leaving my temples bare:—
So hath it perish'd—like a thing of air,
The dream of love and youth:—we now are grey;
Yet still rememb'ring youth's enchanted way,

* "To account for the present variation, some remained as originally with their natural pauses, others for the press I thought it best to correct into verse less broken, and now, after fifty years, they are recorrected, and restored, I believe, more nearly to the original shape in which they were first meditated."

† "I hope by my sonnets to pay this vast debt."

‡ "I omit what the printer informed me of in his artless ardour."

§ "The other was Mr. Lovel, who died in youth."

Though time has chang'd my look, and blanch'd my hair,
 Though I remember one sad hour with pain,
 And never thought—long as I yet might live—
 And parted long—to hear that voice again—
 I can a sad, but cordial greeting, give,
 And for thy welfare breathe as warm a pray'r,
 LADY, AS WHEN I LOV'D THEE YOUNG AND FAIR !”

This is alike exquisite in sentiment and expression. That heart is not of the “proper form and colour,” which can help being affected by the incident on which the sonnet runs !

There are several of the poems now published for the first time which are rich in pathos and in the best kind of religious feeling ; but from old and dear associations we prefer quoting some lines which were published many years ago. We believe they have often been cited as specimens of Mr. Bowles's exquisite minor poems, but they can hardly be produced too often. It is just twenty-two years since, that we first learned them by heart, in sailing from Southampton Water to the Isle of Wight. *Eheu ! fugaces !*—but there is a consolation in finding that the simple pleasures and simple verses that charmed us then, charm us yet.

“ Smooth went our boat upon the summer seas,
 Leaving (for so it seem'd) the world behind,
 Its noise, and sounds of sorrow : we reclin'd
 Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
 That o'er us whispering pass'd, or idly play'd
 With the lithe flag aloft.—A woodland scene
 On either side drew its slope line of green,
 And hung the water's shining edge with shade.
 Above the woods, NETLEY ! thy ruins pale
 Peer'd, as we pass'd ; and VECTA'S* azure hue
 Beyond the misty castle met the view ;
 Where in mid channel hung the scarce-seen sail.
 So all was calm and sunshine as we went
 Cheerily o'er the briny element.
 Oh ! were this little boat to us the world,
 As thus we wander'd far from sounds of care,
 Circled with friends, and gentle maidens fair,
 Whilst morning airs the waving pennant curl'd ;
 How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace
 We gain'd that haven still, where all things cease !”

Nearly all the prose in this choice little volume is of the same autobiographical literary-gossip kind, which we recently noticed in Southey's introduction to the collective edition of his poetical works ; and it seems to us equally delightful, having little touches of *bonhomie* which are very characteristic, and almost peculiarly Mr. Bowles's own traits. The sample we have given in the history of the early sonnets is heart-warming from its honest simplicity, but there are things still richer in the little book.

We have smiled—but with a good-natured smile—at the *little* glimpse of the controversialist's conceit, which peeps out so oddly in the following touching passage. He has just been relating an affecting story of a very old servant of his family who was “wearing away” amidst scenes of beauty and tranquillity—“to the land o' the leal.”

“ Having drawn a picture of a Christian, in extreme old age, about to depart to a better world, I may add, that on journeying homewards, through the picturesque vales of Somersetshire, impressed with the scene I lately witnessed, I could not help casting a look back, on the long winding way I had passed, from the early dawn of remembrance to this eventide of my life ; and, varied as this road has been, occa-

* Isle of Wight.

sionally, by fragments of passing song, I thought that a few memorials of my departed days, before I 'go hence, and am no more seen,' might not be unacceptable to some of the readers of my prose and verse.

"Many years after my grey head shall have been laid at rest, in Bremhill Churchyard, or in the cloisters of Salisbury Cathedral, the reader of the memorable controversy with Lord Byron, in which, I believe, all dispassionate judges will admit his lordship was foiled,* and the polished lance of his sophistical rhetoric broken at his feet; or, perhaps, some who may have seen those poems of which Coleridge spoke, in the days of his earliest song, so enthusiastically, may perhaps inquire, 'Who was W. L. Bowles, *'et quo patre cretus?'*' *'Paucis enarrabo,'* happy, if some readers might be amused with the anecdotes, others instructed by the example, and a few, peradventure, interested by the interspersions of song on the road."

Modestly to speak our own sentiments on "the memorable controversy," we think that both Mr. Bowles and Lord Byron were in the wrong—or, at least, that both advanced their positions to points where they ceased to be tenable. We would be sorry, however, to have missed Byron's splendid, though partly paradoxical, letter on the subject of Pope and poets in general; and we may even rejoice in the controversy, seeing that the inward conviction of being victor in it, affords such a pleasure to a single-minded, kind-hearted old man, when nobody is alive to feel the pains of defeat, or be hurt by his triumph.

In the course of the extracts which we now proceed to give, will be found the origin of that passion for bells, for which Mr. Bowles has been frequently quizzed by other wicked wits besides Byron. One story against him is, that "once upon a time," not being satisfied with the tinklings of a bell-wether, he put bells, musically graduated, on all the sheep that pastured on his glebe, and was quite angry to find that the stump-tails would not play in tune like the peals of his church-steeple. It was even added, that he tied musical bells round the necks of all his tithe-pigs, but we believe that this part of the story rests on no good foundation. The "sheep," however, remain unquestioned and unquestionable; and we have always loved the author and his books the better for hearing of that experiment.

"In the year of our Lord 1769, May the 8th, a chaise was observed setting out, in the afternoon, from the Angel Inn, Redcliff Street, Bristol, then called Redcliff Pit, containing a middle-aged gentlemanly clergyman, in a new wig, a matronly lady, and two children, a boy and a girl; the boy in a new white hat, the crown encompassed with a stripe of gold lace, in a sky-blue jacket, and neat pair of *Banbury-fair* boots.† This boy was standing up, looking earnestly out of one window at Redcliff Church, while the girl was looking as earnestly out of the other window at the shops, as the carriage laboured up the hill. Behind was another chaise, containing a nurse-maid and five children, two boys and three girls, with a more elderly maid-servant, such as might, in a small household, have been supposed to be the cook. A rustic lad, in yellow and blue livery, something between a footman and jockey, rode before the first chaise, on a black scampering pony, inquiring, in a dialect scarcely understood, the road to Uphill, in Somersetshire.

"* In the edition of my collected Poems, lately published in Paris, the editor says, in words to the following effect:—'In the contest with Lord Byron, the victory was manifestly on the side of Bowles; but when he pronounced that a poem was to be judged by the subject alone!!! he gave his opponent the advantage!!!' As Mr. Bowles was never such an obtuse dolt as to say this, the advantage is, it is presumed, on his side; and must be for ever his; for nothing can shake the position—that nature, not art—passions of nature, not morals, or manners of life, constitute the eternal basis of what is sublime or beautiful in poetry. Whether a poet can make proper use of his materials, is another question.

"In the memorials of his later life, Lord Byron has spoken with the greatest kindness and respect of his opponent."

† "I should not have known this circumstance but for a note in my mother's journal,—*'Paid for Billy's boots.'* In fact, I was *booted* almost as soon as *breeched*, and to this day bear in my face the marks of some disastrous falls in consequence."

"On the departure of this primitive cavalcade, the portly landlord of the Old Angel made three respectful bows, wishing the lady and gentleman a good journey, hoping '*little master* would not be lost again!' The gentleman bowed, the lady nodded, with a placid smile, and the chaise was mingled with the carts and crowd of the dusty city.

"Now, memory, faithfully relate who these travellers were, to what place on the wide world they were bound, and from whence they came.

"The gentleman was the Rev. Thomas Bowles, only son of Dr. Thomas Bowles, vicar of Brackley, in Northamptonshire—of an ancient family in the county of Wiltshire—and of his wife, Elizabeth, of Evenley, or Imley,* near Brackley, descended from the long and illustrious line of the Lisles—*de insuld*—from the 'holy island,' Northumberland. The lady was Bridget, wife of the aforesaid William Thomas Bowles, one of the three† daughters of the learned and Rev. Dr. Richard Grey, rector of Hinton, near Brackley, author of '*Memoria Technica*,' '*Ecclesiastical Law*,' &c., and chaplain to the munificent prelate, Nathaniel, Lord Crew, of Steine, in Northamptonshire, Bishop of Durham, founder of that noble charity for preserving the lives of shipwrecked sailors, at Bamborough Castle, Northumberland; and, moreover, somewhat facetiously commemorated by that quaint and delightful writer, A. Wood, as '*playing out of tune on the fiddle*!' In Wood's Life, it is said, 'Nathaniel Crew, of Lincoln, A.M., a violinist and violist (violin and tenor), always played out of tune as having no good ear!'

"Now, reader, remark, the identical *fiddle* on which the Right Reverend Nathaniel Crew played '*out of tune*,' it will be shown hereafter, was given by Bishop Crew to my grandfather, and by him left to me! Possibly all three were *equal proficient*s; but the most singular fact is, that there were only three possessors of this instrument since Cromwell's time, and one living!! Crew died, aged 88, 1721; Dr. Grey, 1771.

"Among the children of the aforesaid William Thomas, and Bridget Bowles, his wife, all on their first journey in life, were Mrs. L——, now living in Bath. The boy in the blue jacket, new boots, and gold-laced hat, was the future author of Banwell-Hill, Poems, History of Bremhill and Lacock Abbey, Life of Bishop Kenn, &c., now Vicar of Bremhill, in Wiltshire, and Canon Residentiary of Sarum.

"The father, mother, and seven children, came from a small village in Buckinghamshire, on the borders of Northamptonshire, and were bound to a parish on the distant extremity of the land on the Severn Sea, by the name of Uphill, the clergyman to be inducted into this living, to which he had been lately presented by Chief Justice Willes, of Astrop, in Northamptonshire, a friend of his wife's father; the boxes, with which both chaises were laden, contained books, &c. for the new rectory house.

"We now proceed with our journey. The writer inherited from his father a love of landscape scenery, as of music, particularly sacred music from his mother; and, if there were any remarkable scene in the road, more particularly attractive from beauty, my father went out of his way to visit it. This was the case on our leaving the noise and smoke of Bristol. We therefore took the road by that most romantic part of the country, Brockley-Coombe. Not a word was said on the road till we arrived there, when my father took me by the hand, and led me, in silence, up the picturesque and romantic road which leads to the top of the hill, from whence a long and magnificent extent of scenery, with the vast Severn sweeping onward, in morning light, was seen—of woods, mountains, and villages, extending on either side, bounded on the north by the distant and far-fading hills of Wales. The impression of this beautiful scene remains with me still, and I believe, from this circumstance, I owe my earliest associations of poetry with picturesque scenery."

"Before we arrive at our journey's end, it will be proper to relate an incident on the road. We have faithfully described this cavalcade as it left Bristol, having been somewhat delayed by one of the children being lost in the street. That was the unfortunate writer of this narrative.

"The reader who has read so far this history, may have remembered *how* the

* "See pedigree, Lisle and Bowles, article 'Imley,' Baker's 'History of Northampton.'"

† "Joice, the second daughter, well known for painting and needle-work, married Philip Lloyd, Dean of Norwich, tutor of Lord Grenville, and the Honourable Thomas Grenville."

landlord of the Old Angel, in Redcliff Street, Bristol, on the departure of the post-chaise, said, 'he hoped little master would not be lost again!' We think it, therefore, incumbent on us, as faithful historians, here to relate the circumstance which occasioned this observation.

"When the horses were put to the chaise, the trunks corded, the booted postillion looking back to see if all was right, and when the assembled travellers were at the door, a cry was heard—'Where is Billy?'

"'Merciful Heaven!' my mother exclaimed, as she herself afterward told me,—'where is that boy?'

"The servants were sent in every direction, cook, nursemaid, and out-rider! Every passenger was earnestly implored—'Have you seen a little boy in blue jacket and boots?'

"'He has strolled away! he is lost!' said my mother, half distracted.

"Now, the truth must be told. As soon as the first chaise arrived at the angel, Billy, attracted by the sound of the bells of Redcliff Church, without a word said to any one, very quietly wandered away, and was not missed in the hurry, till the party were just about to proceed on their journey. He was found at last, very peacefully seated, careless of the crowd around, in delight and wonder, listening to the peal* from the old tower, on the ancient steps of this church-yard. He was reluctantly brought back, reprimanded by his father, and kissed, with tears of joy, by his mother.

"This was his first adventure, on his first journey of life, and this was the commencement of his enthusiastic love for

'Well-tuned bells' enchanting harmony,'

which he has felt through life, and which occasioned Lord Byron facetiously to comment on *Bowles' Sonnet* on

———'sad sound of Oxford's merry bells.

This particular circumstance of Redcliff bells was alluded to in one of his first sonnets;—

'How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!

* * * * *
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide,
Bidding me many a tender thought recal
Of summer-days departed, and the years
When, from an ancient tow'r, ere life's gay prime,
The mournful magic of their mingled chime
First woke my wond'ring childhood into tears.'

This sonnet, like many others, was subsequently altered; as first written, it alluded to the impressions the writer received at seven years old, on the steps of Redcliff Church-yard, Bristol, 1769.

"We had taken the wrong road, to the right, through Locking, so that before the chaise had passed Hutton it was nearly dark, and a wild and unknown road was to be traversed before the journey was at an end. In the mean time, entire darkness came down, and a feeling of some peril caused a sensation of uneasiness in the mind of at least the lady, if not of the gentleman. What followed will be best narrated in the following extract from the poem of Banwell Hill:—

'I was a child when first I heard the sound
Of the GREAT SEA!—'Twas night, and journeying far,
We were belated on our road, 'mid scenes
New and unknown,—a mother and her child,
Now first in this wide world a wanderer:—
My father came, the Pastor of the Church
That crowns the high hill crest, above the sea;
When, as the wheels went slow, and the still night
Came down, a low, uncertain sound was heard,

* "This, the first peal I remember to have heard in life, (though the parish in which I drew breath, King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, was distinguished for its musical peal,) consisted of eight bells; it is an excellent peal of ten bells now, two having since been added."

Not like the wind:—"Listen!" my mother said,
 'IT IS THE SEA! LISTEN! IT IS THE SEA!'
 My head was resting on her lap—I woke—
 I heard the sound, and closer press'd her side.

"Much of the sea, in tearful wonderment
 I oft had heard, and of the shipwreck'd man,
 Who sees, on some lone isle, day after day,
 The sun sink, o'er the solitude of waves,
 Like CRUSOE;* and the tears would start afresh,
 Whene'er my mother kiss'd my hair, and told
 The story of that desolate wild man,
 And how the talking bird,† when he return'd,
 After long absence, to his forlorn cave,
 Spoke, as in tones of human sympathy,
 "POOR ROBIN CRUSOE!"

"Thoughts like these arose,
 When first I heard, at night, the distant sound,
 OLD OCEAN, 'OF THY EVERLASTING VOICE!'

"I only remember one other circumstance in the road from Bristol. The sun was setting, and the last rays fell on the tower and pinnacles of the beautiful church at Banwell. My mother said, 'Look, Billy, what a pretty church!' I little thought that, in my old age, more than *half a century* afterwards, I should conclude the lays of 'Days Departed,' with the reflections excited by a view of the same church, and with these reflections I submit what is written to the reader."

We shall lose all confidence in our taste and right feeling, if this quaint *habillage affectueux* do not delight our readers. For more of the same sort, and for much admirable verse, we refer them to this cheap, small volume, which we most cordially recommend.

We wish Mr. Bowles would give us a few more of his personal anecdotes. Does he remember how he used to ride by night from Lord L——'s?

Passages from the Diary of a late Physician. By SAMUEL WARREN, F.R.S.

The contents of this volume, like the two which preceded it under the same title, first appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," where, from the first paper to the last, they never failed to excite a deep interest. The author informs us that four very large editions of the two first volumes have been already exhausted, and that this has been effected "without having, in any way, had recourse to the modern system of *puffing*," which he properly calls "that miserable source of the degradation of literature." This is as it should be. Good wine requires no bush; and all the bushes in the world will not make people drink blackstrap for Burgundy. It is scarcely necessary for us to deliver an opinion on the merits of stories already so generally known as those of our late physician. We must say, however, that to our own quiet taste, they are occasionally a great deal too harrowing and horrible; and we would venture to recommend that no person take them up unless he be in a happy mood. It requires sunshine within to go through the author's dark picture gallery. His portraits are *true*—too true!!

* "I ought to beg pardon of the reader for saying this, but some lines of the kind have been sagely pointed out in reviews to prove that the writer, like the good Bishop of Durham, had no '*good eare*!'"

† "His parrot. What child, what man, cannot repeat the affecting passage relating to this incident, and the bird repeating, 'Poor Robinson Crusoe! Where are you, Robinson Crusoe? where have you been?'"

A Treatise on the Microscope, forming the Article under that head in the Seventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. By SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.G.H., LL.D., F.R.S., Vice-President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and Corresponding Member of the Institute of France.

This luminous treatise, which is written in the clearest and most popular form, brings down the subject to the present day, including and describing, both by words and by engravings, all the wonderful improvements which have been made in the microscope, together with the most interesting experiments which have been recently made with it. It appears to be complete in itself, with the exception of some curious discoveries which have been made with the polarising microscope by Mr. Henry Fox Talbot, the learned author's friend, who intends publishing the results, illustrated with finely-coloured drawings, which are indispensable. We need scarcely mention that some of the most valuable improvements in the microscope have been made by Sir David Brewster himself, whose account of the difficulties he had to overcome, is highly amusing. This treatise will give value to the "Encyclopædia," for which it was written, and will be most acceptable to many in its separate form of a cheap compact little volume.

Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote. By the late H. D. INGLIS, author of "Spain," "New Gil Blas, or Pedro of Penafior," "The Tyrol," "Channel Islands," &c. &c. With Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

We are told that of all Mr. Inglis's works, this was the one upon which he laboured with most love. It was begun some ten years ago, but only finished in 1835, a few weeks before his death. His widow now publishes it without change or alteration, the whole, as she assures us in the preface, being faithfully printed from the manuscripts as the author left them. It is a pleasant book, on a most pleasant subject, and one that ought to be read by every admirer of the immortal Cervantes. In many respects, those who have not had the advantage of travelling in Spain stand in need of a running commentary upon the peculiarities of Spanish manners, customs, scenery, and the like, or otherwise they must lose a great deal of the zest of Don Quixote. The volume now in our hand will be valuable in this light, while it is so lightly and agreeably written—so full of cheerful chat and anecdote that will amuse and delight even without reference to such uses. Some of the more exciting of the stories are about the famous robber Polinario, the very beau ideal of Spanish bandits. Some of the best talk is about the women of La Mancha, who still go to mass with the tail of their gowns thrown over their heads instead of a veil, even as Theresa, the wife of Sancho, was wont to do. The description too of a Spanish posada, or road-side inn is admirable, and correct to the letter. While treating of this inn, the author remarked that out of the eight or ten muleteers, whom he met there, not one was ignorant of Don Quixote, and his doings, nor of the claims of Cervantes to the veneration of his countrymen; and he adds, what is perfectly true, that notwithstanding the paucity of book-learning in Spain, we scarcely can meet a man, even of the lowest condition, but is well acquainted with the leading adventures of the Knight of La Mancha and his Squire. The fact is, the stories are kept alive, and constantly circulated rather by the tongue than the press, as is the case all over the

East. The proverbs of Sancho, which beat all the proverbs in the world, are in every Spaniard's mouth, but most of these probably were old and common property, when Cervantes took them up, and applied them with such dramatic effect. Some years ago there was a punchy old major-domo at St. Roque, at the principal inn there, who seldom spoke for five minutes without bringing in as many or more of Sancho's proverbs, all of which he used constantly, and a great many more beside.

For many reasons we wish all possible success to this volume: it is beautifully got up, and George Cruikshank, with subjects so entirely to his taste, has done his very best in the illustrations.

Curiosities of Literature. By J. D'ISRAELI, Esq., D.C.L., F.S.A.

Nine editions of this popular work have been published already; but, in beauty of type and convenience of form, this (the tenth) surpasses them all. The seven volumes, with no omissions, are condensed into one, with a proper index at the end. The book is printed in double columns, in a clear type, and upon excellent paper. It is embellished with a portrait of the author (a very correct likeness) and a view of the interior of the King's Library in the British Museum, one of the most beautiful buildings, of its kind, in the world. The whole getting up of the book is in the very best style—the price very moderate.

Curiosities of Literature. Illustrated by BOLTON CORNEY, Esq.
Honorary Professor of Criticism, &c.

These illustrations are by far the best specimens of historical and bibliographical criticism that we have seen anywhere this many a day. The writer, who conceals himself under a *soubriquet*, has a keen eye and a sharp pen,—apparently a deep knowledge of the old writers from whom Mr. D'Israeli has mainly collected his "*Curiosities*," and a most happy art of bringing this knowledge to bear in the proper places. With his powers we think it is pretty certain that he will take up on his own account, and in his own admirable manner, some of the curious and obscure parts of our literary history, and that we shall soon meet again. He knows, better than we do, the rich gleanings that remain—nay, the fields where whole harvests stand up untouched as yet by the sickle of the reaper. We greatly require labourers in such fields; and judging from the little specimen before us we should deem his handicraft invaluable. This said specimen, we must mention, illustrates the defects, not the beauties—the errors rather than the corrections and discoveries of Mr. D'Israeli, who, "not to speak it profanely," has certainly found out a great number of mare's nests in his time. With all its defects, however, his *popular* work (the "*Calamities*" and the "*Quarrels*" of authors, and the "*Charles I.*" have been much less attractive,) will long continue to be popular, and a general favourite with lovers of odd, out-of-the-way, and yet light reading; nor, seeing the neatness and smartness of its execution in general, and the excellence of some parts of the work, are we at all disposed to quarrel with its success. It has, to be sure, happened unluckily hitherto that the accurate writers on these matters have been, for the most part, sadly dull, and the lively ones sadly incorrect. We should be sorry if Bolton Corney's "*Illustrations*" prevented the sale of a single copy of the beautiful edition of the "*Curiosities*" which we have just noticed; but we should like to see the thin octavo flank the portly "royal" in all

libraries, and this the more, because Corney's remarks clear up the fame of one or two of our special favourites, whom Mr. D'Israeli, in haste and confusion, and not in malice, has treated somewhat scurvily. We will endeavour to give one short example, which no real lover of literature, no cultivated soldier, or sailor, or traveller, will consider unimportant. That stupendous volume, "*The History of the World*," first published in 1614, was attributed by his contemporaries to the great Sir Walter Raleigh, and no one had a doubt upon the subject of its authorship when Mr. D'Israeli hit upon one of his notable *discoveries*, and announced to the world that the said history was the joint composition of Raleigh, Thomas Hariot, Serjeant Hoskins, Ben Jonson, and Dr. Robert Burrell; Raleigh doing the least part, or merely putting in the eloquence and the pathos.

Now Corney proves to a demonstration that Hariot, Hoskins, and Burrell, had scarcely more to do with the composition of the "*History of the World*" than the man in the moon, that the amount of Ben Jonson's contributions thereto was a copy of commendatory verses, printed at the beginning of the volume, in the fashion of those times, and finally that the great, the wonderful Raleigh really wrote the whole of the book that has always borne his name—*æternumque habet nomen!*—during the ten years that he had been shut up in the Tower of London.

Heath's Book of Beauty. Edited by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

In its rich, chaste binding, and all externals, this Annual exceeds all its competitors. As it lies on our table, shining in its gold, and its lapis-lazuli tints, it reminds us of the delicate coverings of some of those antique, illuminated missals, made only for princesses and dames of the loftiest degree. Within there are twelve highly-finished portraits of ladies, and a vignette bust of the Queen; and stories and sketches in prose and verse, by the spirited and diverting author of "*Rattlin the Reefer*," by Mr. Bulwer, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, Lord Gardener, Lady Charlotte Bury, the Hon. Colonel Caradoc, Captain Marryat, Mr. James Smith, Barry Cornwall, Lady Blessington, and others. The portraits of the Countess of Chesterfield, Mrs. Fairlie, and Mrs. Lane Fox, are exquisite and exquisitely like. Nearly all the literary contributions are graceful and agreeable; but we think we like Lady Blessington's chapter on "*Bores*," and Colonel Caradoc's story of "*Aysa*," better than any.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Pictorial Edition of the Book of Common Prayer.—This edition is intended to form a companion volume to the "*Pictorial Bible*," that remarkably cheap and beautiful work which we have so frequently recommended. The excellence of paper, print, and illustration, are about equal in the two works; but if anything, there is more finish and elegance in the engravings of the "*Prayer Book*," which are exceedingly numerous, and all after the best masters. The volume is to contain copious annotations, and the history of the Liturgy, written by a clergyman of the Church of England. The work is publishing like the "*Bible*," in monthly parts, and will be completed in a few months.

A Manual of Conduct, or Christian Principle exemplified in Daily Practice. By the Author of "*The Morning and Evening Sacrifice*," "*The Last Supper*," "*Farewell to Time*," &c.—This is intended by the

author as a companion to the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice," and to his other devotional publications. It is an excellent work, abounding in the best lessons, all conveyed in the gentlest spirit. It is more immediately practical than any work of the kind we have seen for a long time. Many of the passages are wonderfully sweet and eloquent, and the author's earnestness never leads him into any extravagance of language.

The Life and Times of the Reverend George Whitefield, M.A. By ROBERT PHILIP, Author of the "Experimental Guides," &c. &c. &c.—This is a biography of one of the most remarkable of men, written with sincere warmth by one of his own followers. To a large section of the reformed Protestant church it will be most welcome, and it may be read with advantage by those who do not hold precisely the same doctrines. Seldom has there been a preacher of any religion possessed of an eloquence looking so much like inspiration! The effects of Whitefield's preaching were indeed astonishing.

The Juvenile Budget; or Stories for Little Readers. Chiefly collected from the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not." By MRS. S. C. HALL. *With Illustrations*, by H. K. BROWN.—A very good collection of little stories for little people. Mrs. Hall does these things exceedingly well, and she would do them still better if she would but avoid long words and over-fine sentiments.

Conversations on Chronology. By a LADY. *With a Preface*, by EDWARD JESSE, Esq., Author of "Gleanings of Natural History," "Angler's Rambles," &c.—Of all the works on this subject for the use of the young that we have seen, the present is decidedly the best. Nothing can be more simple and clear than this plan of fixing the great dates of history in the minds of children. We warmly recommend it to the attention of mothers, and of all who occupy themselves with juvenile tuition.

Bijou Littéraire, Anecdotes Historiques et Extraits Moraux des Milleus Prosateurs et Poètes Françaises. Par C. VICTOR MARTIN, Professeur de la langue Française, auteur d'un "Traité sur les Verbes," &c.—A very fair selection, useful to the young student of French. We perceive that the volume proceeds from a provincial press—from Bennett's Hill, once the residence of that extraordinary and excellent man, William Hutton, and still the residence of his excellent daughter, who retains her father's talent and vivacity in extreme old age. The book is very correctly printed.

Midsummer Days in Italy, and other Poems.—*Pas si bête*, a very decent medium between nonsense and inspiration. We hope the author is *very young*.

Morals from the Church yard; in a Series of Cheerful Fables. With illustrations by H. K. BROWNE.—This book is intended for the young, but we question whether the allegory will be understood, or whether children will like to hear one grave talking to another like the "Monument" and "St. Paul's" in that fine song, beginning, "Said the Monument to St. Paul's." The general fault of persons writing for children is the want of proper simplicity. After all, the now despised Nursery Tales of our childhood are great models of this kind of composition. It appears that Goldsmith, who succeeded in every thing, tried his hand in these fictions when he was "living among the beggars of Shire Lane." Mr. Prior hints that poor dear Goldy was the real author of the immortal "Goody Two Shoes."

The Excitement, or a Book to Induce Young People to Read. 1838. *Being the Ninth of the Series.* Edited by the Rev. ROBERT JAMIESON, minister of Westruther.—A pretty little book containing several very exciting narratives, chiefly selected from that rich source, the adventures of voyagers and travellers.

The Cynosure, being Select Passages from the Most Distinguished Writers.—This tomette, which may be carried in the waistcoat pocket, or in the least corner of the reticule, is likely to become as popular as its companion the "Carcanet," by the same editor, which has met with an extensive sale, both in England and America. The choice of the Morceaux is exceedingly judicious—they are all little gems. The following is a most elegantly turned French expression for a common thought—"L'expérience du monde brise le cœur ou le bronze."—*Champfort*.

The Natural History of Cage Birds; their Management, Habits, Food, Diseases, Treatment, Breeding, and the Methods of Catching them. By T. M. Bechstein, M.D. of Waltenshausen, in Saxony.—The best edition of the best (indeed the only good) work on cage-birds, enriched with many valuable notes and additions by the English translator. The numerous wood-cuts of birds, nests, cages, &c. are beautiful.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

On the Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature. By C. Bucke. New edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Evils of the Quarantine Laws. By Capt. White. 8vo. 8s.

Lyons' Hebrew and English Spelling Book. 12mo. 3s.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Vol. I. of the new issue, containing the Dissertations. 4to. 18s.

Molluscous Animals, including Shell Fish. By J. Fleming, D.D. From the Encyclopædia Britannica. Post 8vo. 6s.

Passages from the Diary of a Physician. By S. Warren. Vol. III. 12mo. 6s.

Line upon Line. Part II. 18mo. 3s.

Greek Testament: Griesbach's Text, with the various readings of Mill and Schultz. 12mo. 6s.

Rev. F. Kilvert's Sermons at Bathwick. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Introduction to the First Elements of Chemistry. Translated from the German of Liebig. By T. Richardson. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

The Life and Times of the Rev. George Whitefield. By R. Philip. 8vo. 12s.

Winter. By R. Mudie. Royal 18mo. 5s.

Scotland. By Dr. W. Beattie. Illustrated by Allom, Bartlett, &c. 2 vols. 4to. 3l. 3s.

On Diseases of the Rectum. By Mr. Syme, F.R.S.E. 8vo. 5s.

Plain Directions for Making Wills, in Conformity with the New Act. By J. C. Hudson, of the Legacy Duty Office, London. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

A Manual of Family and Private Devotions. By J. Cochrane. Third edition. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Conversations on the Truth of Holy Scriptures. By a Clergyman's Widow. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

An Introductory Lecture on Political Economy. By H. Merrival, A.M. 8vo. 2s.

The Rose Amateur's Guide, a Companion to the Sawbridgeworth Collection of Roses. By T. Rivers. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Heath's Shakspeare Gallery, super-royal. 8vo. 2l. 2s.; royal, 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d.; India proofs, 4l. 18s.

Winkle's English Cathedrals, vol. II. Imperial 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Gamonia; or, the Art of Preserving Game. By L. Rawstone, Esq., 1l. 1s.

The New Eton Latin Grammar. By C. Moody. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Erskine's Institutes of the Laws of Scotland. By A. Maccallum. Royal 8vo. 1l. 12s. 6d.; 2 vols. royal 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Jane Lomax; or, a Mother's Crime. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Dendy on Diseases of the Skin. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

The Spiritual Sacrifice, arranged as a Manual of Devotion. Post 8vo. 7s.

Sermons on Various Topics of Doctrine, Practice, and Experience. By Rev. F. Goode. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

- Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. XX. British Birds. 12mo. 6s.
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 The Derbyshire Tourist's Guide. By E. Rhodes. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
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 Illustrations of the Pickwick Papers. By Sam Weller. 8vo. 9s.
 The Anatomist. By H. Savage. 48mo. 2s.
 The Christian's Daily Treasury. By E. Temple. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Miss Martineau's new work, entitled "*RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL*," is to appear about the middle of January. We anticipate much pleasure from the perusal of this interesting work, which is to contain a more full account than has yet been given of Miss Martineau's Travels during her late visit to America.

MR. LODGE'S *PEERAGE*, FOR 1838, is now published. The admirable plan and extreme accuracy of this work have justly rendered it the acknowledged authority in all questions connected with the dignities and relationships of the higher classes: now that the arms are added, it is certainly the most elegant work of the kind ever published.

The new Novel, entitled "*WARNER ARUNDEL, or the Memoir of a Creole*," is now published.

The Authoress of "*Conrad Blessington*" has in the press a new Novel, of which report speaks highly, entitled "*MORTIMER DELMAR*."

Mr. Morison, of Liverpool, formerly of Perth, has in the press a work, tracing the Origin and History of all Religion, of all Idolatry, Astrology, and Superstition, in every form.

Mr. Clark of Edinburgh, the publisher of the Biblical Cabinet, will speedily bring out a new and improved edition of Professor Robinson's Greek Lexicon to the New Testament. It has undergone a most careful revision by two of the most distinguished scholars of the day. Several thousand errors in the American edition have been corrected, and various improvements introduced.

The Book of Family Crests, comprising the Blazonry of every Family Bearing, Mottoes, &c.

A new volume of Sermons by the Rev. Henry Woodward of Ireland, author of a volume, entitled, "*Essays, Thoughts, and Reflections; and Sermons on Various Subjects*," is expected to appear shortly.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Dec. 21.—A French journal, well informed on official matters, states that a treaty of commerce is about to be concluded between Turkey and all the grand powers of Europe. This treaty is to be based, it is said, on the most liberal foundation, and will be no less advantageous to foreign traders than to the native population. The chief points in the treaty are that the customs duty of three per cent. on imported goods will remain as

heretofore, but a tariff will be established for the other duties on a more equitable scale. All European goods once imported may be sent on payment of a duty of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to any part of the Ottoman empire. The fixed duty of 3 per cent. on exported Turkish manufactures will also be maintained, but the remaining dues are to be considerably reduced. No alteration can be made in these regulations without an intimation to all the foreign powers interested, four months in advance. All monopolies created for the benefit of particular functionaries, whether for Turks or Franks, will be abolished. European merchants will enjoy the privilege of purchasing goods in any part of the Sultan's dominions.

By the mail received yesterday from the West Indies we have been put in possession of various returns for the quarter ending the 30th of September, in reference to the colony of British Guiana, which are of considerable interest, in showing the extent of trade carried on, the state of crime, and the general position of the colony, but they are easily abridged as follows:—As regards the finance, it appears that the balance in the colonial chests on the 30th September was 45,145*l.*, namely, 31,008*l.* at Georgetown, and 14,138*l.* at New Amsterdam. The quantity of produce shipped from the ports of British Guiana during the quarter was, from Demerara, 11,844 hogsheads, 400 tierces, and 581 barrels of sugar; 3,219 puncheons, 810 hogsheads, and 300 barrels of rum; 7,332 hogsheads, 6 tierces, and 51 barrels of molasses; 214,050 pounds of coffee, and 365 bales of cotton. From Berbice there were exported 2,456 hogsheads, 175 tierces, and 9 barrels of sugar; 640 puncheons, 70 hogsheads, and 8 barrels of rum; 507 hogsheads of molasses; 635,600 pounds of coffee, and 225 bales of cotton, making a total between the two places of 14,300 hogsheads, 674 tierces, and 500 barrels of sugar; 3,850 puncheons, 880 hogsheads, and 308 barrels of rum; 7,839 hogsheads, 6 tierces, and 54 barrels of molasses; 849,150 pounds of coffee, and 590 bales of cotton. The total value of imports, during the same period, was 214,437*l.*, of which 179,315*l.* was paid at Demerara, and 35,092*l.* at Berbice.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 22nd of December.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 206 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols, shut.—Three per Cent. reduced, 92 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 99 seven-eighths.—Consols for Account, 93 three-fourths.—Exchequer Bills, 45*s.* to 47*s.* p.—India Bonds, 26*s.* to 28*s.* p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent. 30 three-eighths. Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 one-quarter.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 seven-eighths.—Spanish Active Bonds, 20 one-eighth.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—Dec. 22nd. The boisterous state of the weather having prevented the arrival of the French mail, and nothing having come to hand from other places, there has consequently been very little going on at the Stock Exchange. Consols 93 $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$; Exchequer Bills, 45 to 47 premium; India Bonds, 26 to 28 premium; and Bank Stock, 206 to $\frac{1}{2}$.

The same remarks apply almost entirely to the Foreign market, the only alteration there being a slight improvement in Portuguese and Dutch. Spanish Active closed at 19 $\frac{7}{8}$ to 20 $\frac{1}{8}$, or 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ ex coupons; Portuguese Five per Cents., 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$; ditto Three per Cents., 20 to $\frac{1}{4}$; Dutch Five per Cents., 101 $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{7}{8}$; ditto Two-and-a-Half per Cents., 54 to $\frac{1}{4}$; Belgian, 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 102; Brazilian, 81 to $\frac{1}{4}$; Colombian, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 25; Chilean, 27 to 29; Mexican, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 28; and Peruvian, 20 to 21.

The general appearance of the Share Market is heavy, but there is no material variation to notice in the quotations. Birmingham and Great Western have each received 1*l.* per share, and Greenwich have advanced a trifle. Birmingham, old.

were last marked at 64 to 66 prem.; ditto, new, 18½ to 2 prem.; Southampton, 15 to 14 dis.; ditto, new, 11 to 12 prem.; Great Western, 10 to 11 prem.; Brighton, 3½ to ¼ per share; Croydon, 1 dis. to par; ditto, new, 6½ to 7 prem.; Greenwich, 5½ to 4½ dis.; North Midland, 1 dis. to ½ prem.; South Eastern, 3½ to 2½ dis.; Birmingham and Derby, 7½ to 6½ dis.; and Manchester and Birmingham, 1½ to ¾ dis.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM NOV. 27, 1837, TO DEC. 15, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 28.—R. S. Sharman, Mincing Lane, wholesale grocer.—N. Hailes, Piccadilly, bookseller.—J. Darby, Wilton Mews, Grosvenor Place, builder.—T. Flower, Conduit Street, Bond Street, jeweller.—R. Palfrey, Wardour Street, Soho, fringe manufacturer.—T. J. Howard, Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Square, licensed victualler.—W. Coates, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, bill broker.—R. M. Shouls, Callum Street, plumber.—J. Beardmore and J. W. Waterhouse, Chesterfield, lace manufacturers.—J. Dawson, Wortley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—B. Worswick, Clayton, Lancashire, victualler.—W. Shepherd, Salford, manufacturer of bichromate of potash, and Manchester, leather-seller.—T. Townsend, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, innkeeper.—J. Wootton, Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, coach-maker.—W. Pitt, Kidderminster, grocer.—J. Howarth, Wardleworth Lancashire, druggist.—J. Simpson, Bawdeswell, Norfolk, grocer.—C. Sayers, Great Yarmouth, money-scrivener.—S. Fryzer, Tewkesbury, brick-maker.

Dec. 1.—T. Thorne, Tothill Street, cheesemonger.—W. Scott, Lime Street, City, wine-merchant.—J. Pett, Hampstead, carpenter.—W. Bryceson, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn fields, brass manufacturer.—T. Bennett, J. Thornton, and J. Ridgway, Hayfield, Derbyshire, cotton spinners.—H. Froom, West Teignmouth, Devonshire, grocer.—T. Elliott, Gateshead, Durham, grocer.—J. Maunders and J. Drew, jun. Weymouth, grocers.—E. Norris, Manchester, cotton-spinner.—T. Pegg, Leicester, grocer.—W. Welch, Birmingham, victualler.—M. Woodliff, Crown Inn, Pontypool, Monmouthshire, victualler.—A. Hodges, stationer, and Barnstaple, paper-maker.—H. Woolley, Moulton, Lincolnshire, grocer.—W. Brooke, Doncaster, innkeeper.—J. Attwood, Newtown, Rowley Regis, Staffordshire, chair-maker.

Dec. 5.—G. Boughey, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, tea dealer.—H. Mopsey, Oxford Street, ironmonger.—T. Woods and J. Dowden, Portsmouth, cabinet makers.—J. Scantlebury, David Street, York Place, New Road, carpenter.—T. Simcock and J. Slater, Little Ryder Street, St. James's Street, tailors.—S. B. Woodhouse, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—J. Charlwood, Birmingham, hop merchant.—W. Griffiths, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, draper.—H. Jones, Hanley, Staffordshire, china manufacturer.—J. Mitchell, Portsmouth,

mercier.—M. Exley, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, mercier.—G. Lander, Leamington Priors, upholsterer.—R. Freeman, Ely, builder.—J. Mitchell, Yeovil, Somersetshire, baker.—C. Turner, Leamington Priors, lodging house keeper.—T. Wyatt, Oxford, baker.—J. B. Cooper, Harleston, Suffolk, coal merchant.

Dec. 8.—J. B. Law, Bow Lane, Cheapside, warehouseman.—S. Anderson, Wigmore Street, merchant. J. W. Borwick, Munster Street, Regent's Park, corn dealer.—W. Starke, Cutler Street, Houndsditch, builder.—W. B. Walker, Marquis of Granby Public House, Drury Lane, victualler.—J. Clarke, Long Annuity Office, Bank of England, stock broker.—P. J. Harrison, jun., King's Place, Commercial Road, stationer.—J. Rawlin, Sheffield Park, Yorkshire, slater.—J. Tovey, Church Lench, Worcestershire, corn dealer.—T. Parry, Manchester, drysalter.—J. Wilson, sen., W. Newton, J. Wilson, jun., H. Newton, and G. Wilson, Derby, colour manufacturers.—T. Underwood, Birmingham, stationer.—J. Westwood, Wolverhampton, steelyard maker.—G. K. Longdon, Cheltenham, stone mason.—J. Price, G. Morgan, and H. W. Rollason, Birmingham, glass manufacturer.

Dec. 12.—D. Moginie, St. Mary-at-Hill, spice merchant.—J. Stephenson, Mortimer Street, Marylebone, plumber.—C. Fricker, Brighton, grocer.—C. Johnson, Glamford Briggs, Lincolnshire, innkeeper.—T. H. Bennett, Cheltenham, timber merchant.—G. Hardesty, Sheffield, table knife manufacturer.—C. Gapper, Somersetshire, carrier.—J. and J. Wilson, Nottingham, hosiers.—A. Birks, Manchester, linen draper.—W. E. Burgess, Manally, Carmarthenshire, draper.—J. G. White, Liverpool, merchant.

Dec. 15.—G. Williams, Union Court, Broad Street, City, Irish provision broker.—J. Turner, Grantham, Lincolnshire, wool-bayer.—J. B. North, Taunton, wine-merchant.—H. Conway, Liverpool, general merchant.—C. Richardson, Limehouse, timber merchant.—E. R. Kett, Oxford, chemist.—M. and J. Barton, Stockport, cotton spinners.—G. Cook, Faversham, Kent, grocer.—T. Wythes, Northfield, Worcestershire, coal merchant.—J. Scott, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, fruiterer.—D. Davis, Sydney, Gloucestershire, coal master.—P. Hughes, Edge Hill, near Liverpool, brewer.—W. Wakeman, Shenstone, Staffordshire, wharfinger.—W. Lupton, Ewell, Surrey, innkeeper.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1837.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Nov.					
23	55-60	29.74-29.64	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times in the afternoon.
24	49-39	29.88-29.83	S.W.	.1	Cloudy.
25	42-29	30.12-29.97	N.		Generally clear.
26	48-22	30.01-29.43	S.W.		Cloudy, rain, during the afternoon and evening.
27	43-30	29.44-29.40	W.	.3125	Generally clear.
28	45-36	29.39-29.17	W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy with rain.
29	39-26	29.65-29.37	W.		Generally clear.
30	50-22	29.65-29.58	S.		Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
Dec.					
1	46-36	30.01-29.73	S.W.	.1375	Generally clear. [evening.]
2	34-24	30.22-30.13	S.W.		Generally cloudy, a thin fog in the morning and
3	40-25	30.34-30.27	E.		Generally overcast. [the evening.]
4	38-19	30.38-30.34	E.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast, a little rain in
5	38-32	30.29-30.20	N.E.	.0125	Generally overcast, a little rain in the evening.
6	37-23	30.06-29.90	N.E.		Cloudy, snowing at times in the aftern. and even.
7	37-27	29.75-29.72	N.E.		Cloudy, snow in the morn. and rain in the even.
8	40-27	29.63-29.61	S.E.	.225	Cloudy, rain during the night and afternoon.
9	39-29	29.74-29.58	N.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
10	39-27	29.97-29.92	N.E.	.0125	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
11	39-32	30.02-29.98	N.		Cloudy.
12	39-26	29.92-29.85	W.		Noon clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain. [7 A.M.]
13	43-30	30.08-29.88	N.	.0125	Generally cloudy; a few drops of rain about ½ past
14	41-27	30.15-30.13	S.E.		Generally clear.
15	39-28	30.08-29.95	S.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
16	45-25	29.84-29.73	S.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
17	51-41	29.73-29.60	S.	.175	Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
18	55-43	29.45-29.33	S.W.	.35	Cloudy, raining frequently, wind very boisterous.
19	51-40	29.88-29.72	S.W.	.075	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain aftern. & even.
20	56-38	29.57-29.30	S.W.	.375	Cloudy, raining frequently, wind very boisterous.
21	44-38	30.21-29.75	N.E.	.075	Noon clear, otherw. cloudy; wind very boisterous
22	51-35	30.02-29.87	S.W.		Cloudy, rain in the afternoon. [during the night.]

Remarkably mild on the 17th and three following days.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Whitworth, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive and other steam-engines. November 2nd, 6 months.

R. Burch, of Heywood, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in manufacturing gas from coal. November 2nd, 6 months.

J. Lockett, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engraver, for certain improvements in the art of printing of calicoes, and other fabrics of cotton, silk, wool, paper, or linen, separately intermixed. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 2nd, 6 months.

J. Gowland, of Leathersellers' Buildings, in the parish of Allhallows, in the wall within the city of London, Watch and Chronometer Maker, for a certain improvement in the mechanism of time keepers. November 2nd, 6 months.

R. J. Tremonger, of Wherwell, Hampshire, for an improved spring or arrangement of springs for wheel carriages. November 4th, 6 months.

J. Upton, of New Street, Southwark Bridge, Surrey, Engineer, for an improved method or methods of generating steam power, and applying the same to ploughing, harrowing, and other agricultural purposes, which method or methods is or are also

applicable to other purposes to which the power of steam is or may be applied. November 4th, 6 months.

E. A. Ortman, of Stockholm, in the kingdom of Sweden, now of Ebenezer Place, Limehouse, Middlesex, for a method or methods of freeing, or wholly, or partially, wooden or other porous vessels from certain foreign matters or substances which they are liable to absorb, and of turning to a useful account the foreign matters or substances so liberated or extracted. November 4th, 6 months.

G. D. Midgley, of the Strand, Middlesex, Chemist, and J. H. Kyan, of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, Esquire, for an improved mode of extracting or obtaining ammoniacal salts from liquor produced in the manufacture of coal gas. November 4th, 6 months.

W. Arthur, of Glasgow, North Britain, Machine Maker, for improvements in spinning hemp, flax, and other fibrous substances. November 4th, 6 months.

T. Michell, of Kingland Green, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in washing or purifying smoke vapours evolved from furnaces of various descriptions. November 7th, 6 months.

T. Hughes, of High Holborn, Middlesex, Truss Maker, for an improvement in stocks, cravats, or stiffeners. November 7th, 6 months.

C. F. E. Aulas, of 38, Grande Rue Verte, Paris, in the kingdom of France, but now of Cockspur Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a new and improved method of cutting and working wood by machinery. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 7th, 6 months.

C. F. E. Aulas, of 38, Grande Rue Verte, Paris, in the kingdom of France, but now of Cockspur Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improvement, or improvements, in preparing writing paper so as to prevent the discharge of the ink therefrom without detection, and to prevent the falsification of writing thereon. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 7th, 6 months.

J. Potter, of Ancoats, in Manchester, Lancashire, Cotton Spinner, for an improvement or improvements in the process of preparing certain descriptions of warps for the loom. November 9th, 6 months.

J. Slater, of Salford, Lancashire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in steam-engines, and also in boilers and in furnaces used for the generation of steam, or other useful purposes. November 9th, 6 months.

C. W. Williams, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the means of preparing the vegetable material of peat-moss, or bog-sods, to render it applicable to several useful purposes, and particularly for fuel. November 11th, 6 months.

H. Crosley, of Hooper Square, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for improved means to be employed in manufacturing beet-root, and other vegetable substances, for the purpose of obtaining saccharine matter therefrom. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 11th, 6 months.

H. Stansfield, of Leeds, York, Merchant, for certain machinery of a tappet and lever action to produce a vertical or horizontal movement through the medium of ropes or bands working over, under, or round pullies. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 14th, 4 months.

W. Coles, of Charing Cross, Middlesex, Esquire, for improvements in gunnery, and in gun and other carriages, and in the means of connecting the same. November 14th, 4 months.

R. White, of Nottingham, Lace Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of ornamental lace. November 14th, 6 months.

R. Whitfield, of Hercules Buildings, Westminster Road, Surrey, Gentleman, for a composition which he denominates as indelible safety and durable black fluid writing ink. November 14th, 6 months.

J. J. Rubery, of Birmingham, Warwick, Umbrella Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of part of the furniture of an umbrella. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 14th, 6 months.

J. B. Mather, of Nottingham, Mechanic and Setter-up of Hosiery Frames, for certain improvements in machinery employed in manufacturing hosiery goods, or what is commonly called frame-work knitting. November 14th, 6 months.

W. N. Clay, of West Bromwich, Stafford, Manufacturing Chemist, and J. D. Smith, of St. Thomas's Hospital, Southwark, Student in Chemistry, for certain improvements in the manufacture of glass. November 16th, 6 months.

W. Herapath, of the city of Bristol, Somersetshire, Philosophical Chemist, and J. F. Cox, of the same place, Tanner, for a certain improvement or improvements in the process of tanning. November 16th, 6 months.

W. Fourness, of Leeds, Yorkshire, Painter, for a certain improvement or improvements in ventilating pits, shafts, mines, wells, ships' holds, or other confined places. November 16th, 6 months.

J. Buckingham, of Miner's Hall, Strand, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the means of ventilating mines, ships, and other places, and an apparatus for effecting the same. November 16th, 6 months.

T. Birch, of Manchester, Lancashire, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in carding-engines, to be used for carding cotton and other fibrous substances. November 16th, 6 months.

E. H. Collier, of Globe Dock Factory, Rotherhithe, formerly of Boston, North America, for certain improvements in machinery applicable to the raising of fluids and other bodies. November 21st, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of Guildford Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Gentleman, for improvements in embossing or impressing the surfaces of leather and other substances, applicable to various purposes. November 21st, 6 months.

E. Wyld, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive and other engines. November 21st, 6 months.

J. Matley, of the city of Paris, in the kingdom of France, and of Manchester, Lancashire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery for the operation of tiering, used in printing cotton, linen, and woollen cloths, silks, papers, and other articles and substances, to which block printing is or can be applied. November 23d, 6 months.

J. J. Cordes, of Idol Lane, in the city of London, Merchant, for an improved mortar for dressing rough or paddy, or redressing rice. November 25th, 6 months.

H. P. Vaile, of Oxford Street, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for improvements in rails for rail-roads. November 25th, 6 months.

R. T. Claridge, of Salisbury Street, Strand, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a mastic cement or composition, applicable to paving and road-making, covering buildings, and the various purposes for which cement, mastic, lead, zinc, or composition, are employed. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 25th, 6 months.

S. Cocker, of Porter Works, Sheffield, Yorkshire, Manufacturer, for improvements in making needles. November 25th, 6 months.

T. Moore, of Ison Green, Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery for frame-work knitting. November 27th, 6 months.

S. Draper, of Bradford, Nottingham, Lace Maker, for certain improvements for producing ornamental lace or weavings. November 27th, 6 months.

J. Dover, of Thames Street, Merchant, and W. Jones, of Bartholomew Close, Chemist, both in the city of London, for improvements in filtering fluids. November 28th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—DECEMBER, 1837.

HOUSE OF LORDS, NOV. 27.—Several petitions were presented, the most important of which was the one from Cheltenham, on the subject of national education. The Bishop of London introduced it, and it led to a short conversation, in which Lord Brougham took part.—The Earl of Roden then having requested that part of the Queen's speech to be read which described the general tranquillity of the country, brought forward the question of the state of Ireland. The discussion which followed occupied the whole sitting. Lord Roden declared his purpose to be to show that her Majesty's ministers were not justified in stating to their Lordships that tranquillity existed in Ireland to such an extent as to entitle the House to enter upon any measures with regard to that portion of the empire. His Lordship's statements, however, dealt altogether with isolated disturbances and atrocities, and did not in any way tend to make out an organized system of outrage. The mighty Ribbon conspiracy dwindled, in Lord Roden's hands, into the statement, denied by nobody, that there still exists in Ireland some yet uneradicated traces of those agrarian combinations and disturbances which have at all times disfigured that country, and which arise from causes over which Lord Mulgrave's government can have no control. His Lordship said not a syllable of "the Ribbonman majority returned by

Ribbonmen;" and not a word of the awful oath "to walk in the blood of the heretical clan;" he uttered not the slightest hint at the daring intrusion of sworn members of this treasonable and bloody association within the very walls of Parliament, and not so much as the faintest insinuation of Lord Mulgrave's "connivance" at the proceedings and participation in the councils and designs of this detestable band of Papists, rebels, and assassins! His Lordship, indeed, said that the system of Ribbonism, he feared, was "growing to a great and alarming extent in Ireland;" but what is this compared with the bold allegations which the Tory papers have of late been filled with—that it has already attained so gigantic a stature as to wield the whole representation of the country, return to parliament members of its own body, and overawe and exercise sovereign control over the very representative of Majesty! Lord Roden's chief proof of the existence of Ribbonism, as he stated it to their Lordships, was the well known declaration of Mr. O'Connell, that he had, by an address to the people, effectually *put down*, some years ago, several Ribbon societies in the county Meath. His Lordship asked the House to interfere and expose a dreadful system—that very system having some years since been extinguished—not by an armed force, not by a coercion bill, but by a single speech of Mr. O'Connell.—Lord Mulgrave then rose, and began by observing—"Throughout the whole of the noble Lord's speech I have been able to discover but one direct charge. He says that I have appointed to office several parties whom he is pleased to say have been selected for their political connection with these societies. I will with confidence refer him to a list of persons appointed by me, Protestants as well as Catholics, and I will tell him that political agitation was not the foundation for any one appointment." His Lordship then proceeded to lay before the House a series of returns, which establish, beyond all controversy, the fact of a decided improvement in the moral condition of Ireland under the present administration. "The comparison to which I now call the attention of your Lordships, is made between the six corresponding months of the year 1832-3, and the year 1836-7. The offences enumerated in this return are homicides, firing at the person, cutting and maiming, assaults with intent to murder, burning, burglary, attacks on houses, demands or robbery of arms, oaths unlawfully administered, illegal notices or meetings, riots, faction fights, rescues, and resistance to legal arrests. The most frequent offences are attacks on houses, firing dwellings, demand and robbery of arms, assaults, cutting and maiming. The sum total of those offences during the six months preceding the passing of the Coercion Bill was 6,354, and during the six months of last winter 2,306. That any person in the situation of the Noble Lord should state that Ireland is now in a worse condition than it ever was before, when there existed such a return as this, which must to a certain extent have been obvious to anybody who knew the actual state of Ireland, is most extraordinary." The Noble Lord, however, did not rest his case upon this single comparison, striking as it is. He went on with the demonstration as follows:—"But, my Lords, I will put the case in another point of view. I have a return of the number of crimes reported to have been committed in the first nine months of the years 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, and 1837. The number of offences in nine months of 1832 was 7,460; in 1833 they were diminished to 6,547; in 1834 to 6,016; in 1835 they rose to 6,645; in 1836 they were reduced to 5,384; and in the first nine months of the present year the offences, which have called for all this inquiry and lament on the part of the Noble Lord, have been reduced to 3,784. I shall only, in conclusion, observe that, as long as I possess the confidence of her Majesty, I shall continue in the steady pursuit of that course which I consider the best for the welfare of the country entrusted to my charge. I have no other object in view than the impartial distribution of justice to all. In the words of Mr. Peel, in 1816, I shall look to the influence of a kind and paternal government, and to the extension of education, to secure the tranquillity of Ireland; and whilst, on the one hand, I will submit to the dictation or control of no man, so, on the other, shall I be careful, in the language of Lord Chesterfield, to 'proscribe' no man. The only object that I shall have in view will be to attempt, in the humble sphere of my utility, to cherish the confidence of my sovereign, and to unite in her service the hearts of the Irish people."—The Duke of Wellington rose and urged that Ireland could not be called tranquil, and that the connexion between political and agrarian outrage was close and undeniable. His grace, however, was too candid to deny that at no former period had the laws been more vigorously or vigilantly applied than under the government of Lord Mulgrave; that the committals, as compared with the offences, had signally increased; and this he attributed to that constabulary force which the new police bill

had given to Ireland.—At the conclusion of the debate the return of the papers moved for by the Earl of Roden was ordered, and the house adjourned at five minutes before eleven o'clock.

Nov. 28.—Various miscellaneous returns were moved for, and the remainder of the evening was occupied with a discussion upon a petition presented by the Duke of Newcastle, praying that Roman Catholics may be excluded from the legislature.

Dec. 1.—The Marquis of Lansdowne presented the Manchester petition for the adoption of a system that would extend education to all classes. He availed himself of the opportunity to state that the government, however desirous it might be to promote general education, could not sanction any compulsory plan.—Lord Brougham then rose and presented his two bills on the subject of general education, and the better management of charities, observing that the object of his measure would be, not to force, but to help—not to supplant, but to aid—not control, but co-operate. He addressed the house at considerable length, and with great force of language. The plans are in the main the same as those of last session. There is no compulsion, no uniformity of operation, and, with the single exception that the reading of the whole of the scriptures is to be imperative, (the children of Jews and Roman Catholics having liberty to absent themselves while the scriptures are read, if their parents desire it,) the nature of the instruction itself is to be optional. His Lordship proposes the appointment of a board of three commissioners for life, (removable only on address of the two Houses,) and two ministers of the crown; and to give to this board very large discretionary powers with respect to the aid to be granted to particular places. His Lordship concluded by moving that the bills be read a first time.—The Earl of Winchelsea expressed great satisfaction at finding that religion was positively included in the plan of the noble Lord, but he feared that it was too complicated to be capable of adoption.—The bills were then read each a first time.

Dec. 4.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Commissions of Peace Bill.

Dec. 5.—After the presentation of some petitions the House proceeded to discuss the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, the second reading of which was the order of the day.—The Lord Chancellor explained the objects of the bill at considerable length.—Lord Lyndhurst, in a very long address, stated various objections to this bill, and concluded by consenting to the second reading, on condition of the immediate appointment of a select committee to which the details of the bill might be at once referred.—Lord Brougham rose afterwards and replied very ably to Lord Lyndhurst's various objections of detail. On the principle of the bill he spoke with much eloquence, and in conclusion, having stated his general approval of the present measure, excepted from his approval that clause which proposed to continue the privilege of Parliament.—Lord Wynford next spoke in opposition to the bill, and was followed by Lord Denman, who expressed a strong approval of the bill.—Lord Lansdown then, having strongly approved of the general character of the measure, and Lord Brougham having said he understood that the committee were not intended to be visited with the question of the privileges of this and the other House of Parliament, on the motion of Lord Lyndhurst, a select committee, including all the law lords, and amongst others the Earl of Devon, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Lord President, was appointed, and the House, at half-past nine o'clock adjourned.

Dec. 7.—The Municipal Officers' Declaration Bill was brought up from the Commons by Mr. Baines. There was no other business before their Lordships.

Dec. 8.—After the presentation of a petition by Lord Glenelg laid on the table some of the returns relative to the West India Compensation Fund that had been ordered on the motion of Lord Brougham. The rest could not, even by adding to the strength of the office, be prepared till after the vacation.—Lord Brougham, who appeared in a great hurry on the subject, manifested considerable impatience.—Lord Glenelg said he would inquire, and their Lordships then adjourned.

Dec. 11.—Lord Melbourne presented the following message from her Majesty:—
“ V. R.—Her Majesty, taking into consideration the provision made by law for the support of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, her Majesty's beloved mother, recommends this subject to the care and attention of their lordships, and relies with full confidence on the zeal and loyalty of the House of Lords to adopt such measures for the future provision of her Royal Highness as her rank and station, and her increased proximity to the throne, may seem to require.” The message was ordered to be taken into consideration the following day.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Nov. 27.—After the presentation of petitions several notices of motion were given. The order for the second reading of Mr. Charles Buller's bill on controverted elections was then moved and debated at some length.—Lord Stanley began the debate, and, without concert with his friends, as he acknowledged, resisted the second reading, on the ground that the House had not yet before it the project of Mr. O'Connell for the same purpose, and that both measures ought to be considered at once. He therefore moved as an amendment that the second reading should be postponed until the 12th of February. At this time the honourable and learned member for Dublin was not in his place.—Mr. Buller rose, and replied to Lord Stanley, that he could not consent to such a delay. He doubted whether a single line of Mr. O'Connell's competing bill was yet written. He questioned the general integrity of the existing tribunal, and treated the declaratory law as a chimera.—Mr. O'Connell had by this time entered the house, and now got up and said that he was so far from wishing his plan to form an obstacle to that of Mr. C. Buller, that, if necessary, he would withdraw his proposed bill.—Lord John Russell followed, and considered Mr. O'Connell's withdrawal of the competing bill as a complete answer to Lord Stanley's objection, and thought the only question now remaining was, whether the House would adopt a bill having for its principle to amend the tribunal for the trial of election petitions. He preferred the retention of the jurisdiction by the House to the transfer of it to a court of law. Sir Robert Peel endeavoured to persuade Mr. O'Connell that he was bound to persevere in his separate scheme. A division took place, and, in a house consisting of 378 members the numbers, exclusive of tellers, were the following:—for the second reading, 214; against it, 160—giving ministers a majority of 54. The bill, as it stands at present, when passed, will not come into operation until after the expiration of the present session; and while strangers were excluded we understand that Mr. O'Connell gave notice that, when the measure reaches the next stage, that of the committee, he will move the omission of that clause, in order that the law, if passed, may take immediate effect—a circumstance which occasioned a burst of cheers from the opposition side of the house, answered by a similar manifestation from the ministerial benches. After the division on Mr. C. Buller's bill Lord John Russell proposed the renewal of the committee on the operation of the poor law. After a discussion, in which many members partook, and in which nearly all concurred as to the general excellence of the measure, the motion was agreed to.

Nov. 28.—Lord G. Somerset moved that a select committee be appointed to inquire how far the intentions of the Reform Act are defeated by creating and registering fictitious votes in Ireland. The motion was agreed to.—Sir H. Verney moved for leave to bring in a bill to relieve the ecclesiastical commissioners of England and Wales from the duty of laying before her Majesty in council a scheme for uniting the sees of Carlisle and Sodor and Man. The motion was negatived, on the motion of Lord John Russell, by a majority of 106, the numbers being 159 and 53.—Mr. Pryme moved for leave to bring in a bill to abolish grand juries in England and Wales, and was supported by Mr. Warburton, Mr. Aglionby, and Mr. Wakley, and opposed by Sir R. Peel, Lord John Russell, and Lord Sandon. The motion was negatived by a majority of 171, the numbers being 196 and 25.

Nov. 29.—After some unimportant business, a conversation, originating with Captain Pechell, took place between that hon. gentleman and Lord Palmerston, on the subject of encroachments by the French on British fisheries. The noble lord said that arrangements had been effected by the governments of France and England, with reference to the disputes subsisting between the oyster fishers of Guernsey and those on the opposite French coast. The remaining questions in litigation the noble lord thought had better not be discussed at present, as they could best be settled by the two governments.

Nov. 30.—After the presentation of petitions from Cheltenham, &c., and some notices of motions, Mr. Slaney brought forward his motion on the moral and physical condition of the poorer classes in large and densely-peopled towns, with a view to their education and improvement. The hon. gentleman entered into a variety of details to show the immense increase of the population, especially in manufacturing towns, and the absolute necessity of adopting a better system of education among the poorer classes. He contended that this subject could no longer be neglected with safety. His motion was for a select committee to inquire into the facts, for the purpose of applying a remedy to the evil.—The second reading of Mr. Baines's Municipal Officers' Declaration Bill was the last business of the evening. Mr. Warburton and Mr. G. F. Young argued that its provisions were not sufficiently en-

larged; and that it ought to include Jews as well as Quakers and Moravians.—On the other hand, Sir Robert Inglis was shocked at the boldness of the proposition, and thought that the measure went too far already.—Mr. Hume, however, reminded the House that the Church of England exposed itself to the only peril by which it was threatened by its want of liberality.—Mr. Baines owned that he only confined the bill to Quakers and Moravians, because he wished it to be carried. To include Jews would be to risk its rejection. The second reading was carried without a division.—Mr. Pattison gave notice that in the committee he should move to extend the provisions of the bill to persons who were of the Jewish persuasion.

Dec. 1.—Mr. Leader rose and said he wished to put a question to the noble Lord near him (Lord John Russell.) He wished to know if within the last six months any increase of troops had taken place in Lower Canada. He wished also to know if Lord Gosford had made any application for additional troops, and, if so, what the cause of that application was. He wished to know if there had been any increase in the amount of desertions amongst the British troops in Lower Canada within that period, and lastly, when the noble Lord intended to bring forward his conciliatory measures for Lower Canada.—Lord J. Russell was afraid his answers would hardly prove satisfactory to the hon. Member. With respect to the first question, namely, whether troops had, within the last six months, been sent into Lower Canada, he could answer that a regiment had been sent from New Brunswick to Lower Canada, which Lord Gosford had been authorised to borrow. With respect to the question of whether there was any application for an increased force to be sent to Lower Canada, he must at present decline answering that question. With respect to the desertion of soldiers belonging to her Majesty's troops in that country, he was not aware of any having taken place, although he believed the utmost pains had been taken by seditious persons in that colony to induce them to do so. With respect to the last question, as to the time when any measures would be brought forward by the government, his only answer was, that upon that subject he could not state any positive determination. He could state what the present opinion of government was, but it was liable to be varied by the information which was to be received from Canada. Whatever they might feel bound in justice to do, her Majesty's Government were deeply persuaded that it was their duty to support in Canada the cause of those who were well affected to the crown of this country.—Lord John Russell then again brought forward the question of Poor Laws for Ireland, supporting his motion in a speech at considerable length, and concluded with moving for leave to bring in the Bill.

Dec. 4.—In answer to a question from Mr. Hume, Lord John Russell said he had communicated with the Dean of Westminster, the Chapter of St. Paul's, and the Master-General of the Ordnance, on the subject of the admission of the public, at certain hours, to the abbey church of Westminster, St. Paul's, and the Tower. He could not now well state the result, but if the hon. Member would move for copies of the correspondence they should be laid on the table of the House.—Mr. Hume hoped, as there was no objection to the production of the correspondence, the noble Lord would not give him the trouble of moving.—Lord J. Russell assented.—On the question that the House resolve itself into committee on the Municipal Officer's Declaration Bill, Mr. Grote moved that it be an instruction to the committee to extend the relief afforded by the bill to persons of all religious denominations. The professed object of this motion was to include the Jews, and upon that point a short discussion ensued.—The House decided: for the amendment, 156; against it, 172. The bill then went through the committee.

Dec. 5.—Several petitions on various subjects were received; one of which, presented by Mr. Hume, led to the announcement of Colonel Arthur having been appointed to succeed Sir Francis Head as lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada.—Mr. Rice brought up the report of the select committee on the Civil List.—Lord John Russell brought in his Bill for the Regulation of Municipal Corporations in Ireland. His Lordship did not enter into the details of the measure, but it was understood to be the same in all essential respects as the bill of last session.—After various motions for leave to bring in bills, Sir F. Pollock moved that the House do resolve itself into a committee of the whole House, to take into consideration the claims of Viscount Canterbury and other officers of the House, for compensation for the losses occasioned by the fire of the Houses of Parliament. The motion, or rather the principle, of granting compensation under such circumstances, was decidedly opposed by Mr. Rice, Mr. Hume, and Mr. Warburton, and strenuously supported by Sir E. Sugden,

Sir R. Peel, and others. Ultimately, on a division, the motion was defeated by a majority of 173 to a minority of 163.

Dec. 6.—The Speaker intimated that the petitioners who had complained of an undue return for the boroughs of Sligo and Belfast had not entered into the requisite recognizances, and that consequently the order in each case must be discharged. He then informed the House that he had received other petitions complaining of undue returns for the boroughs of Belfast and Sligo, and also petitions complaining of undue returns for the borough of Waterford and the county of Westmeath.—Lord J. Russell then made his motion respecting election petitions. His Lordship moved that the first in order of the petitions be taken into consideration on Tuesday, the 6th of February, the intention being to adjourn for the recess in the week after next, and to reassemble on the 1st of February, which will be a Thursday.—After some observations from Sir Robert Peel, the motion was agreed to.—The Municipal Officers' Declaration Bill was read a third time.

Dec. 7.—Petitions were announced by the Speaker, complaining of undue returns for Kerry, Sligo, Dublin, Belfast, and Carlow borough and county.—Colonel Evans then, with expressions of respect for the Ministry, presented the Westminster petition in favour of vote by ballot, extension of the suffrage, and shortening of parliaments.—Mr. Estcourt having asked, with reference to the act for the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, whether the Noble Lord intended to introduce, during the present session, any measure for the amendment or alteration of the law, Lord J. Russell replied, that he was aware the act had in many cases been productive of inconvenience, but he had no reason to doubt that it would be overcome by further experience. It was not, therefore, his intention to propose any measure for the purpose named by the hon. member.

Dec. 8.—After some unimportant business, the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought on his motion, redeeming a pledge given on proposing the Select Committee on the Civil List, to appoint a Select Committee to inquire how far the sinecures and pensions granted by virtue of the 1st Will. IV. c. 24, and chargeable on the civil list, and by virtue of the 2nd and 3rd Will. IV. c. 116, and charged on the consolidated fund, ought to be continued, having due regard to the just rights of the parties, and to economy in the public expenditure. In his speech, the right hon. gent. traced the history of the civil list act from the period when it was first legislated upon in the House to the year 1831, when, under the Whigs, the subject of outstanding pensions was very fully gone into before a committee.—After Mr. Rice's speech, Sir R. Peel urged the injustice and breach of faith involved in the proposed proceeding. Sir Robert then, at the close of a speech in opposition to the motion, proclaimed his determination to divide the House, and concluded with moving resolutions in the way of protest against a course that was seeking popularity at the expense of justice. A long debate ensued, in which no fewer than sixteen members took part.—After some few words from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the House divided.—The numbers were, for the original motion, 295; against it, 233: majority in its favour, 62.—On the motion of Mr. C. Buller, the Controverted Elections Bill was now committed, and the honourable Member stated that he would move its recommitment on the 7th of February.—Sir R. Peel then stated that as it appeared that the Bill was not intended to have reference to the present elections, he should give it his best attention.

Dec. 11.—In answer to a question from Mr. Leader, Lord J. Russell stated that Lord Gosford had expressed a wish to resign the government of Canada, and permission had been given to him to return. The government of the colony would in the meantime devolve upon Sir J. Colborne, but no successor had yet been appointed.—Mr. O'Connell gave notice that immediately after the recess he would proceed with his bill regarding controverted elections, and would also introduce a bill for abolishing the religious tests administered as a qualification to office. A message from her Majesty to the same effect as that communicated to the Lords was communicated by Lord John Russell, and ordered to be taken into consideration the next day.

Dec. 12.—After some unimportant business the House resolved itself into a committee of supply, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved as a resolution, "That her Majesty be enabled to grant an additional yearly sum, not exceeding 8,000*l.* out of the Consolidated Fund, for a more adequate provision for her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent." He then went into a very interesting detail of the circumstances of the Duchess of Kent since her connexion with this country. No motion in a formal way was offered to the motion.

THE METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1838.

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NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Warner Arundell; the Adventures of a Creole. By E. L. JOSEPH, of
Trinidad. 3 vols.

This is a very original work, and its originality is of a varied and good kind. We seldom see such copious evidence of a direct copying from nature, both animate and inanimate. We scarcely know whether we most admire the author's descriptions of gorgeous and romantic scenery, his delineations of human character, his pathos, or his drollery—for throughout there is a fine under-current of quiet and rich humour. The general style and language of the work are admirable, being sober where the nature of the matter might tempt ordinary writers to inflation and extravagance, and being mainly impressive from its simplicity, and very idiomatic. In the way of humour, many of his sober hits are wonderfully effective. The scene of the narrative is chiefly fixed on the Spanish Main, and among the West Indian islands, which offer an infinite variety of the most glorious landscapes. We are rather surprised that the writers of novels and romances should not oftener have collocated their personages and adventures in these regions, where external nature is dressed in the most romantic colours, and where many romantic episodes of history have been performed. To the novelist, moreover, they offer a great variety of peculiar and strongly marked characters; for all classes of men in the West Indies have very distinctive marks of their own, and seem to indulge in their habits and their oddities with a degree of freedom unknown in our colder latitudes. In our own reading we scarcely remember any West Indian stories except the *Anaconda*, and another striking tale by Monk Lewis, who, happily enough introduced some of the peculiarities of scenery, but who was not so felicitous in catching the peculiarities of character. Of late, to be sure, we have had "*Tom Cringle's Log*," and the "*Grand Cruise*," in "*Blackwood*"—but we are not prepared to consider these sparkling productions as works of imagination: on the contrary, we opine that they are as true as a log-book, and everybody knows that this is one of the most veracious and least ornamented of human compositions. But here we may say, that "*Warner Arundell*" has the same matter-of-fact character, resembling the real history of a man's life, rather than the usual inventions of the novelist. This air of truth and reality is visible in nearly every page of the vo-

lumes before us, and we feel assured that where the author is not describing accidents which have actually happened to himself, he is relating those which befel others, and of which he has obtained good accounts from real actors, sufferers, or eye-witnesses. The impression of this truthfulness is rendered the deeper by his nice attention to localities. He seems to be perfectly at home in every part of the West Indies, and in some respects a better notion of that country is given in his three amusing volumes than is to be obtained from the perusal of many heavy books of voyages and travels. The construction of the story is remarkably inartificial; the author relies on his heart-moving and spirit-stirring incidents to produce his effect. These incidents follow each other in a natural manner, and are such as many hundreds of the more adventurous portion of our fellow-creatures have been acquainted with, though but few may have such great powers of narrative, or be able to relate them in so natural and graceful a manner. The story is in the form of an autobiography—"Warner Arundell," the hero, writing down the adventures of his youth and early manhood, and connecting them, as they were in reality connected, with the revolutions and changes which took place in the West Indies between the years 1794 and 1824, among which the rise of a black power in St. Domingo and the establishment of independence in South America, were not the least remarkable. Warner was the son of a Creole planter, who had once been very rich, but who had, through indulgence and neglect, lost nearly all his fortune, and who died when the hero was only eight years old. The children of imprudent parents have generally plenty of adventures, particularly if they are brought up as gentlemen, and feel the laudable wish of maintaining their position in society. When left orphans at an early age, the chances of an adventurous life are of course much increased. And besides, there were in the West Indies sundry little peculiarities tending wonderfully to the production of incident and adventure, for poverty is the great promoter of enterprises, vicissitudes, and catastrophes, sometimes ending one way, sometimes another—now in a coronet, now at the gallows. According to our hero, it was a common saying in the island, "Only make me your executor, and I care not whom you make your heir." By this principle every young heir grew up a beggar, and had to struggle for it. Warner Arundell was no exception to this general rule. But, properly speaking, his adventures began before he was born, for his mother was carried up into the mountains by the insurgents of Grenada, and died in giving birth to him in the midst of negroes, mulattoes, and poor French Creoles, who had adopted all the doctrines of the Jacobins and sans-culottes at Paris. The white men and the mulattos agreed tolerably well in beating the poor negroes with white sticks inscribed with the magical words "Liberty and equality." His mother's misadventure, and other family circumstances, lead to some excellent accounts of the Maroon and Carib wars. Master Warner is suckled and educated, after a fashion, by Mrs. M'Shain, the wife of a drunken Irish soldier. When his uncle visits him, that worthy West Indian thinks that an essential part of his education has been shamefully neglected.

"My father's Grenada estates being, as my worthy uncle aptly said, 'settled, (as a man is said to be settled after having his brains knocked out,) he commenced examining into the state of my education, which, thanks to Mrs. M'Shain, was respectable for a boy of my age. I could read fluently, write a fine hand, and knew the four first rules of arithmetic; besides which acquirements, I could swim, ride a donkey, and talk creole French, which was as much my mother-tongue as English.

"Can you stand fire, Warner?" asked my uncle George.

"I replied, that I had never tried.

"What!" said my uncle, with astonishment, 'never taught to stand fire! My poor, dear child, how your education has been neglected! who ever before heard of a boy of eight years of age, brought up in a christian country, without being able

to stand fire? Why, my dear Warner, your cousin Amelia, when she was a year younger than you are, would, without winking, suffer me to shoot a sappotilla from off her flaxen head; and she could handle her pistol dexterously before she finished her first sampler.'

"Having expressed my willingness to learn, my uncle placed a wine-glass in my hand, which he bid me hold by the foot, with the tips of my finger, with my arm extended in an horizontal direction: he then retired about twelve paces from me, and cocked a loaded duelling-pistol.

" 'Now, my dear Warner,' said he, 'steady! look at me, not at the glass; don't allow your hand to shake—the pistol is only loaded with powder; look straight at me, not at the glass: so—' bang went the pistol, which, as he said, was only loaded with powder. 'Bravo!' he exclaimed; 'you are steady under fire; and now, hold it once more, for the other pistol. Steady, again; open your eyes and shut your mouth, and see what the pistol will send you.'

"Again the pistol went off; but this time there was a ball in it; for I, at one and the same moment, saw the flash, heard the report, and felt the glass break in my hand, my uncle having struck it on the rim.

" 'Bravo! my dearest child; you are a true Arundel,' said my relative, embracing me with as much ardour as though I had learned the most difficult and useful lesson.

"In order further 'to teach the young idea how to shoot,' he brought from his trunk a pair of pistols of about seven inches in length of barrel, and showed me how to charge and discharge them; at first with corks, and then with bullets. In the course of that day and the next, I became so dexterous in the use of the 'marking irons,' that my uncle and myself contrived to break every glass in the house, and were, consequently, reduced to drink out of calabashes and cocoa-nut shells, until a fresh supply could be procured from town.

"My uncle next taught me fencing, together with a little negro, whom he instructed purposely, in order that I might contend with one of my own size. Owing to those lessons, and to subsequent practice, I have seldom met with one who could compete with me in fencing, and certainly never with any one who surpassed me in the dexterous use of fire-arms."

Soon after this he is sent to the island of Antigua. His voyage was enlivened by the following incidents:—

"I again embarked on board the Hawk, which was ordered to cruise amongst the singular crescent formed by the Caribbean Islands, for a week or two previous to her going to Antigua. On the eighth day of our cruise, while we lay off the insalubrious island of St. Lucia, we received information that a fine French brig of war, called Le Premier Consul, was amongst the islands, upon which we ran down to 'the Saints,' where we discovered a brig to leeward of us, which, as it afterwards appeared, mistook us for a merchantman, and immediately beat up to windward as if in chase of us. Rotherham manœuvred so as to keep the weather-gage of the enemy, and yet seem endeavouring to escape, which was done to deceive the Frenchman, our commander judging that the brig of war could out sail us. Suddenly, when the vessels were near enough, the Hawk altered her course and ran down to Le Premier Consul to engage her; upon which the latter, discovering her error, showed a disposition to escape; but, finding flight impracticable, she began the engagement by pouring a broadside into the Hawk, as the latter came within range of her guns.

"Prior to this, my nurse and myself were ordered into the cockpit: the order Mrs. M'Shain obeyed, but I evaded. There was a lad on board of the name of Jack Thompson, a midshipman, and son of the purser, who, although several years older than myself, was scarcely my height. Between us there naturally arose such a friendship as boys are capable of feeling. Just before I was ordered below we had the following conversation:—

" 'Now,' said he, 'Warner, we shall see glorious fun; we shall take the mounseers, see if we don't. I am stationed here to see that the boys are smart with the ammunition: it will be such a lark!'

" 'But,' said I, 'are you not afraid?'

" 'Afraid!' he ejaculated; 'no; the mounseers are afraid of us!'

"When I heard a lad not my size declare that the enemy was afraid of us, by

which pronoun he included himself, I felt an inclination to see what he called the *glorious fun*. I asked my friend if I could remain on deck.

"To be sure you can; the skipper won't notice you; and if the *Johnny Crapeau* should board, I'll protect you!"

"Saying which, he touched his little square dirk, and looked an inch taller. On deck I remained with Jack Thompson, to see what he called the *larks*: but the enemy's broadside convinced me there was no *fun* in the matter; it drove three of our ports into one, and killed and wounded several men and one officer.

"Don't mind it, Warner," whispered the undaunted little Jack, on his observing me turn pale; you'll see such a *go* just now."

"Don't return their fire," said the commander; "let them go on, we'll pay them off just now. Ready about; raise tacks and sheets; and mainsail haul; let go, and haul."

"All these orders were given with coolness, and obeyed with alacrity, while the enemy was blazing at us. Round went the *Hawk*; and, while she lay with her waist-guns almost touching the stern of the enemy, she backed her main-topsail, and poured into *Le Premier Consul* a destructive broadside, the effect of which was murderous. The enemy replied with two stern-chasers, but their effect was insignificant compared with that of the guns of the *Hawk*, whose position was such that the artillery of her whole broadside swept the length of her opponent's deck; upon which the Frenchman strove hard to get from his disadvantageous situation, but this he did not effect until he was most severely cut up.

"Although a mere child at the time, yet I well recollect the sensation I felt on this occasion, when I first saw the men strip themselves of every article of their clothes save their trousers, and gird their loins as tight as they could with their handkerchiefs, and heard them cheer, and the valiant Jack Thompson say, 'Now we shall see a *lark*.' I shared in the general excitement during the silence that immediately preceded the enemy's broadside; I felt a sensation of awe and restlessness not easily described. I had no inclination to go below deck, but a kind of nervous wish to move about; not merely to get out of danger, for of that I scarcely had a clear idea. When the sudden flash, smoke, and burst of thunder, poured from the side of the French brig, my respiration was checked; and, as I noted several of our men fall, and the moment after the lee scuppers running with blood, I felt a dizziness of head and sickness of stomach; but no sooner did the *Hawk* return her fire with a murderous raking broadside over the enemy's stern, then I partook of the undaunted Jack's enthusiasm, and thought it '*glorious fun*.' If courage consisted in mere insensibility to danger, boys would be more valiant than men.

"Thrice the enemy attempted, in vain, to board: twice, when the yard-arms of the hostile ships crossed each other's decks; and once, when they had injudiciously run their bowsprit into our midships. On this last occasion, they were not only repulsed with great loss, but raked again, with such murderous effect, that, after an ineffectual attempt to sheer off, and a brave but useless resistance, *Le Premier Consul* hauled down her tricolor, having three-fourths of her crew either killed or wounded.

"During the engagement, I stood by my little friend, the purser's son. On one occasion I caught the eye of the commander, who called out to me, 'What do you do here, you little creole imp of darkness? get below!' when something occurred which called off his attention from me, and I remained near the midshipman, resolved, as Jack said, to see the *fun* out.

"But poor Mrs. M'Shain suddenly missed me, and, amid the din of arms, inquired in a distracted manner for me, of all who were below deck. These consisted of the surgeon, his mate, the wounded who required to be dressed, and such as were employed conveying them into the cockpit. She received no answer to her anxious inquiries, until the steward, having to support a wounded officer down to the surgeon, told her that I was with Jack Thompson, on deck.

"The love for the child she had suckled now overcame all her womanly fears: she sprang on deck, caught me in her arms, and rushed towards the companion; but ere she reached this, a random musket-shot from the enemy's vessel prostrated her on the deck, a warm and bleeding corpse. Stunned by the fall, I lay some moments in her arms, covered with her blood; and, when I was enabled to disengage myself, I stood up, and called upon my affectionate nurse not to mind the loss of a little blood, as the doctor would make her better—promising, if she would go below with me, that I never would leave her again: but she stirred not. I knelt down to kiss her; to do which, I raised her head, when her fixed and glazed eyes told me too well that

she was dead. I had seen the corpse of my poor father, and, child as I was, could recognise the ghastly visage of death. I knew she had died in the attempt to save my life, and felt that I was the cause of the mortal wound which deprived my orphan childhood of an affectionate nurse, whose friendship I needed, whose love for me equalled the love of a mother for an only infant, and whom I loved as much as child could love mother. I clasped her warm, yet inanimate hand to my lips, held it there, and cried as though my little heart were breaking: the tears I at that time shed were the bitterest that ever moistened my cheeks, for they were the tears of grief, despair, and remorse.

"As this transaction took place at an important part of the engagement, it escaped general observation. A few minutes, however, after the enemy struck, Lieutenant Rotherham discovered me weeping beside the body of the poor Irish-woman; which scene moved him to more sorrow than he expressed for the slaughter of a considerable part of the crew of the vessel he commanded. All the Hawk's hardy men sympathised in this melancholy event; and even many of the brave prisoners who were brought on board, when informed of the circumstances attending the death of my poor nurse, shed tears.

"After the engagement we were becalmed, and the body of my best friend, together with those of such as had fallen in the engagement, were committed to the deep; to be torn to pieces by those ghouls of the ocean, the sharks; who, allured by the taste of the blood which had poured from the scuppers of the hostile vessels, absolutely swarmed about them. War's parade is magnificent; while in action he is exciting; but when, from exhaustion, he reposes from his murderous efforts, his countenance becomes more hideous than that of any other demon that quits hell to afflict the earth.

"A breeze sprang up in the night; and the next evening the Hawk, with her prize, accomplished the dangerous navigation into English Harbour; and the commander, after paying his respects to, and receiving the thanks of the admiral of the station, took me to St. John's, and presented me to my aunt, a very old lady, who had a large family of children and grand-children. I was kindly received by my relative."

The character of the pedagogue at Antigua, who was always asking his pupils for news, is admirably given; but a finer full-length portrait, drawn at the same place, is that of Morris, the dare-devil captain of a West Indian privateer. Morris's account of his escape from a French prison is rich in the extreme.

When his school days are over, Warner Arundell, after visiting many other of the islands, goes to Trinidad, in the faint hope of recovering the inheritance of a recently-deceased uncle. But he finds that the Spanish lawyers and priests, and a certain housekeeper, had been beforehand with him, and he got not a doubloon of the property. A friend then advised him to turn Spanish lawyer himself, and to this end Warner went over to the Main, and studied two or three years in the university of Caraccas. While resident in this part of the world, he witnessed from a neighbouring mountain that tremendous earthquake which destroyed the proud city of Caraccas with a considerable portion of its population of 100,000 souls. A few weeks after this, as he was returning from the Spanish Main to Grenada, he saw the terrific volcanic eruption, which broke out so suddenly at St. Vincent, in the year 1812. Both these phenomena, the earthquake and the eruption, are described with unusual power. They are enough, in themselves, to make the fortune of the volume. At St. Christopher's the hero met a host of full-grown brown brothers and sisters, the children of his father before his marriage, by a black housekeeper. Although Master Warner had been kept in ignorance of their existence, he receives them on the footing of relations; and this unusual condescension awakens the liveliest affection and gratitude in the breasts of the poor brownies, who lay all that they possess in the world (and they are well to do in it) at the feet of their half-brother. The whole of this passage may be particularly noticed as a happy blending of humour and pathos. It produces those smiles which are the sweeter from being mixed with a few natural tears. Warner, though very poor at the time, refuses to profit

by these generous offers, and he sails for England. It is not our intention to detail the circumstances of the story, but only to show some of the things in it which give scope for fine and exciting descriptions. After a residence of some years in London, the hero finds himself deprived of the petty allowance which had been granted him by Messrs. Keen and Leech, the managers of his father's immense, but embarrassed, estates. It was at the time when many adventurous spirits in England were arming for the patriots of South America—Warner Arundell was as poor and desperate as most of these men, and he determined to accompany an expedition which set out from Portsmouth for Columbia.

The voyage across the Atlantic, in the *Saucy Jack*, is a master-piece of description. The characters of the reckless, dissipated adventurers—half sailors, half soldiers—are grouped and contrasted with wonderful effect. Never were the frolics and mad pranks of a wild drinking set of fellows hit off with more vivacity. All this fun, however, and all this drinking, leads to a tragical scene on a little island in the Gulf of Paria, where a duel and the yellow fever cut off some of the roystering youths before they can join the patriots of Columbia. We can only find room for a part of this awful scene.

"While he was at his wild devotion, the seconds proposed that the duel between Beadle and Jenkins should be decided. Ten paces were the distance agreed on. While this was being measured, Jenkins commenced to draw the outlines of a ship on the sand, with a cane he held in his hand. The pistols were loaded and placed in the hands of the parties. Just before the word "fire" was to be given, Beadle, as if suddenly recollecting himself, cried out,—

"Hold, for one minute!"

"He then took out of his pocket a letter.

"Send this," said the young man; "it is addressed to my poor mother. Inclose it in a letter of your own; and I beg of you to say that I am no more. But don't, for God's sake, tell her the disgraceful death I am to die. Poor old soul; she will not long survive the news of my death! But don't break her heart suddenly, letting her know that I died in a drunken broil. I am her only, her darling son? she sold all her trinkets to provide me with a passage; and I came on this accursed expedition because I hoped to make a fortune, in order to render her old age and widowhood comfortable. But God's will be done—or rather the devil's! for we are here on an unblest business. But no matter."

"Tears were stealing down the poor little fellow's cheeks, when I interfered, and said,—

"For the sake of Heaven, gentlemen, proceed no further in this business! Lieutenant Jenkins, I am sure, will make an apology for his bad joke, which Mr. Beadle, for the sake of his widowed mother, will accept; and——"

"Here Jenkins interrupted me. He was still employed drawing his ship on the sand. He looked up, and said,—

"None of your slack-jaw, doctor; I did not come here to make apologies."

"Nor I to receive them," firmly replied Beadle.

"It was agreed that Britton should give the word to fire. I stood aside, to observe the appearance of the parties. The ludicrous features of Jenkins had a trait of doggedness, otherwise they were of the same comic cast. I saw that those of Beadle seemed pale, and I could even observe a slight blue tinge on his lips; but he seemed firm and collected. He appeared conscious that he stood on the brink of eternity; but he still stood firmly. He exhibited a strong instance of constitutional timidity conquered by moral courage. Britton gave the word 'fire!' Both pistols were discharged the same instant: both pistols fell to the ground together; and, at one and the same moment, Beadle fell forward on his face, and Jenkins sprang up high, and came down on the sand: his ball had passed through the temple of the apothecary, while the ball of Beadle had passed through the aorta of the lieutenant. A brief pang of agony, and Beadle was no more: after a violent but short tremor, the heart of Jenkins ceased to beat. Scarcely an ounce of blood stained the sand of Lospatos, on which lay the corpses of the late enemies, who were both sent, at the same moment, to answer to their Creator for their enmity.

"Thus fatally ended a dispute originating in a cruel joke. We all stood astounded

at the awful, unprecedented, and unexpected result of this affair. It was known to us all that Jenkins was one of the worst shots on board the *Saucy Jack*; and, for the little apothecary, I believe the shot which sent his adversary into eternity was the only one he ever fired.

"Lieutenant Jack, the major, Trevallion, and Britton, stood paralysed at the dreadful result of the duel. I staggered, and should have fallen, if I had not caught hold of a mangrove-branch. All visible objects—the sun, the Gulf, the clouds, the sands on which I stood, and the trees, seemed to whirl rapidly round with me; until I shut my eyes, and felt a cold perspiration oozing out of every pore of my frame, a deadly sickness of stomach, a difficulty of breathing, and a dimness of vision.

"Gradually my senses returned, but I was confused: a vain hope arose in my mind, viz. that all I had witnessed for the last five minutes was a horrible dream. I let go the branches of the mangrove-tree, and passed my hand across my eyes to wipe the big sweat-drops that had fallen on them from my brow. This done, the accursed objects,—the bodies of the slain men, who, but a few moments before, were in life and health,—came on my vision. Oh, how I wished that I had been drowned ere I reached the hated shores of *Lospatos*!

"Long minutes fled, and we scarcely changed our position. Now and then we gazed on the two corpses, and then looked at each other and shuddered. Suddenly we were aroused from our lethargy by Purcell, who, with the looks of a demoniac, rushed amongst us.

"'Ha, ha!' said he, 'both fallen! both at the same time have finished their voyage, and know in what latitude hell lies! The old man told me this would happen, the last time he appeared in the boat. And look aloft, therè! Do you not see that?'

"He pointed above, and we cast our eyes upwards to the clouds to which his finger was directed.

"'Do you not see,' said the delirious man,—'do you not see my old father's frowning features, and his hand pointing upwards—don't you see it?'

"We all remarked that one of the noon-tide clouds of the tropics, which hung over *Lospatos*, had assumed the form of a gigantic profile of a human face; and, just above it, another fantastic roll of vapour had curled itself into the delineation of a hand, with a finger pointing upwards. Of course, imagination aided this vaporous formation; yet so remarkable was this cloudy portraiture, that it struck us all, at the same moment, as bearing a striking resemblance to a human visage and hand.

"'See! see how the old boy frowns on us all! and see, where his finger points aloft, to where, in fiery letters, is written his curse! I never knew that a vindictive old father's curse would be logged in the sky. Oh, that my poor mother had not died before him! Would she not, think you, have dissuaded the old man from having his malediction against her favourite child written in heaven? An enraged father knows not pity; but a poor mother will plead at the throne of heaven, like an angel, for an erring child. Oh, my poor mother! would that I could lay my head on your bosom: a tear from your eye would quench the hell-flames burning on my brow!'

"He pressed his hands to his burning temples, as a flash of lightning rent the clouds which had acted upon his imagination, and glared on the dismal, ill-omened island. At the same instant a long peal of thunder roared over *Lospatos*, and was echoed from the Gulf.

"'Hark!' said the delirious man, 'how the old fellow howls at me! I'll hide myself in the sea!'

"He made two or three hurried steps towards the water; but, his strength failing him, he fell on the sand.

"We carried him into the boat, and covered him with a sail, by way of awning. I moistened his lips with a little water, and he became less turbulent. He yet muttered about his father's curse; so terribly had it taken possession of his imagination. I felt his pulse, and found he had so violent a fever that its beating could not be counted.

"The appearance of several vultures, winging their gloomy way from *Trinidad*, and approaching to where the bodies were lying, called our attention to them. Silently we drew near, drove off the carrion birds, and turned the face of the dead upwards. Both the countenances of the slain men bore the marks of extreme agony: their cadaverous looks were sickening to behold. We cut a few mangrove

sticks, with which we made a deep hole in the sand, above high-water mark, in which we placed the bodies of Jenkins and Beadle, and covered them with the sand we dug from out the grave. Now and then, a short ejaculation, or brief supplication for mercy, broke as it were involuntarily from us. Our prayers were not for the dead: our devotion was selfish.

"None of us had that day tasted food. Our little store of provisions, laid in for this inauspicious voyage, was now produced. Some of us ate a little, but complained that the viands had no taste; they, however, drank less sparingly. I could swallow nothing but water. Few words were spoken, none wasted. We seemed, to use the expression of Wordsworth,

'All silent, and all damned.'

"We rose to depart. Lieutenant Jack addressed me thus:—

"From the unhappy state of my principal, Mr. Arundell, custom might require that I should stand in his place as his second; but I hope the awful termination of one duel—"

He paused.

"I replied, 'Enough, sir; there is sufficient blood on our hands already.'

"'I hope,' said the lieutenant, 'that our courage will not suffer in the opinion of the world.'

"'Curses on the opinion of the world!' I replied; 'behold the result of the influence of that opinion!' pointing to the mound of sand that lay over the grave of the duellists.

"We launched the boat with some difficulty, in consequence of Purcell being in it. The afternoon breeze wafted us soon from the hated shores of Lospatos; and, from that time to the present, I have never been able to look on its gloomy, unpeopled shores, without shuddering. We arrived in Port, of Spain that night at nine o'clock; we landed secretly. No one saw us depart for, and none saw us return from, our unblest voyage: we quitted the island with the caution of fugitives from justice; we came to it as stealthily as murderers.

"Medical assistance was that night procured for Purcell. We informed the physician of what was the fact, that he was attacked with fever while sailing on the Gulf. The doctor's look at once bespoke despair: the disease had already got beyond the management of science; for that mysterious forerunner of death, black vomit, had made its appearance. Through the night, and the next day, he raved about his father's curse; and the third morning after the attack commenced, he was borne to a hasty grave."

Warner Arundell, at last, joins the insurgents in Columbia, and takes an active part in the terrible warfare which they were waging with the Spanish royalists among the mountains, the mighty off-shoots of the Andes, and the measureless savannahs through which the Orinoco pours his world of waters. Here our author's descriptions of scenery are of a high order, and the same may be said of the sketches of the chiefs of the belligerent parties. Bolivar, Paez, Gregor Mac Gregor, Morillo, and others, fill the historic stage. There is also subjoined a brief and spirited summary of the history of the whole revolution in South America. After many perilous adventures the hero falls into the hands of the royalists, who had long been in the habit of massacring all their prisoners. He is chained and left for execution on the morrow; but during the night he is liberated by a beautiful young Spanish lady, who from that moment becomes the lady of his love. The story increases in interest and action towards the end; but here we must leave, lest we spoil the effect of the *denouement*. We can honestly recommend these "Adventures of a Creole," as being alike instructive and amusing. The multitude of well-drawn characters it contains is really surprising. Negroes, planters, pirates, privateers, West Indian doctors, magistrates, merchants, Spanish dons, South American Indians, monks, and missionaries, are all painted to the life.

The Life of Richard Earl Howe, K.G., Admiral of the Fleet, and General of Marines. By SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., F.R.S.

Lord Howe was indisputably one of the greatest, and best, of a great and glorious class of men. He gained one of the most splendid victories upon record in the annals of the world—he advanced the scientific parts of his profession, improved the system of tactics, and that of signals—he led the way to the valuable improvements made by later officers—and, what perhaps ought to be his proudest boast, he bettered the condition of the common sailor, and secured to the brave fellows serving in the fleets, a treatment more humane, and infinitely more rational, than had been customary before his time. In this respect he fell short of the advanced point of comfort and good discipline, without flogging, (for the amount of flogging in the navy is now next to nothing,) which has been attained in our days; but these changes are not effected at once—they must go along with the slow march of general civilisation—the men in command must have time to forget their prejudices, the men before the mast have time to raise their own moral condition: but Howe had the merit of making an excellent beginning, and he was justly rewarded at an early part of his career by the gratitude of his men, who called him “the sailor’s friend.” Previous to his time, and indeed in many ships contemporary with him—for his example was not universally followed—the memorable scenes of tyranny, brutality, and wretchedness, depicted by Smollett in the best of his novels, may be taken as pretty faithful representations of life on board the fleets of Great Britain. Miserably fed, badly treated in almost every respect, it is surprising that the spirit of the men was not destroyed—but this was of such a sturdy nature, as to bid defiance to corrupt government, plundering treasurers, and commissioners, and dock-yard men on shore, and to the pettier robberies of the pursers, the cat, and short commons afloat, to say nothing of a hundred other hardships and oppressions. A good bellyfull of victuals was an exceeding great rarity. It was not the country that gained by thus pinching their gallant defenders: a country voted and paid for wholesome food for all, and these supplies were turned aside from their proper course by mal-administration, and a frightful *gaspillage* in every department of government. Fellows, who never saw a shot fired, got fat at home on the spoils of the sailors who “braved the battle and the breeze.” We have heard many, and we have seen some, proofs of the mighty brigandism exercised in our arsenals and navy store-houses, even at a comparatively recent period, which might startle a mind familiar with the contemplation of domestic robbery.

One of the customs of the good old times was to keep the poor sailors constantly afloat, without allowing them any leave of absence to recruit their health, and amuse themselves after their trying voyages. The inevitable effect of this close confinement, and of unwholesome provisions, was disease, in one of its most dreadful and disgusting forms. The scurvy, now almost unknown in her Majesty’s ships, was then never out of them: the crews of the best were often decimated—nay, a fourth of the whole was no unusual sacrifice on anything like a long cruise. The sticklers for old routine and practices said, they could not let the men go ashore, because if they did, they would desert—and the men deserted in shoals whenever they found an opportunity, because they were not allowed a rational and indispensable degree of liberty. Lord Howe, on the contrary, gave liberal leaves to his men, and his men, no longer considering his ship as a prison, constantly returned in good spirits to their duty, and there was rarely a case of desertion among the crews he commanded. They became attached both to the ship and to the captain, and this attachment was carried to enthusiasm, when they had fol-

lowed him through many dangers, and seen the unflinching courage he displayed in every battle. This feeling spread through the whole navy, and the sailors were accustomed to say, "Only give us black Dick, and we won't fear the devil himself."

The effeminate, tart, and epigrammatic Horace Walpole, seems to have been forcibly struck by some of the salient points of the character of Howe, to whom he frequently alludes—not exactly in praise, for Horace never praised anybody, or any thing, except his own father and Strawberry Hill—but in a sort of involuntary awe and admiration. "Howe," he says, "is as firm as a rock and as silent." "Howe has no friends but such as he makes at the cannon's mouth." And on other occasions he speaks of the brave sailor's stern silence and his impatience of frivolous questions; "which latter quality," he says "was distinctive of his race,"—alluding here to the House of Hanover, who, for one or two generations, at least, were remarkable rather for the rapidity and abruptness with which they put questions to others, than for their readiness at answering questions. This, however, we believe to be a quality common to all kings, whether legitimate or otherwise, and it ought to be considered as part and parcel of the royal prerogative. Napoleon beat his cotemporary, George III., out and out in this respect.

It does indeed seem extraordinary—as Sir John Barrow remarks—that in this writing age, when so many naval officers wield the pen, that Lord Howe, who has so many claims to their attention and reverence, should never have found a biographer. Sketches of him there are, of course, in annual registers, magazines, and in all biographical dictionaries, but these are loose, incorrect, as such things generally are, and very scanty.

We consider it a fortunate circumstance, that, after being so long neglected, the subject should have fallen into such proper hands. Though a landsman, Sir John Barrow is unusually qualified to treat of the lives and doings of sailors: in his early life he made several very long and remarkable voyages—as everybody knows, from his admirable accounts of China and South Africa. Since then he has been employed upwards of thirty years in our Admiralty, where his duties and his talk have constantly been of ships and sailors, of the sea and sea matters in general. During this long interval he has occupied his pen on the subjects of naval history, maritime discovery, tactics and discipline, and perhaps no living writer has done so much, and so well, in these important departments. The series of papers he has written in the "Quarterly Review" upon these topics, upon the north-western passage, voyages of survey or of circumnavigation made by different flags, and upon the prosecution of discovery in the interior of Africa, is highly valuable and interesting. These papers indeed, with others of equal merit on different subjects, make, and will long continue to make, the by-gone volumes of the "Quarterly" most valuable books of reference. We must just hint, however, that Sir John Barrow has a few prejudices—we do not mean exclusively those of a political character—and that all his prejudices are full-grown—of a robust make and constitution, and of a most ruddy complexion. Like Howe's courage, they are as firm as rocks: they are not to be touched by stern-chasers nor silenced by broadsides of double-shotted arguments. But there is the same sturdiness and bottom in everything he does; his style is vigorous and John-Bullish, and in his earnestness and whole manner he frequently reminds us of the solid classical prose writers of the olden time. No man feels more keenly for the naval reputation of his country, and therefore we can generally take him to our heart of hearts, prejudices and all. Far be the day when the nation shall feel indifferent on these heads, or be

The heart of every Englishman ought to glow within him at the recollection of past exploits, and every English eye ought to be directed to the encouragement of those truly-national forces, which, according to the saying of Blackstone, may, on occasion, be increased to any indefinite amount without endangering the liberty of the subject, which great standing armies on shore are so apt to do.

For a Life of Howe, many sources of information have been closed by time and death, but to such as exist, Sir John Barrow has found ready access. Among those who gave him encouragement and assistance was William IV. We quote the following passage from Sir John's Preface with singular satisfaction; both because it seems to us written in a fine manly feeling, and because it is honourable to the memory of the deceased sovereign.

"If I entertained doubts of engaging in the task, which I certainly did, from the want of all private correspondence with or from the noble earl, that could throw any light on his moral character, his opinions, or sentiments, previous to his arriving at his flag, those doubts at once gave way to the flattering approbation, and the expression of a desire, on the part of his late Majesty, that I should undertake it. His commands, on this occasion, were personally conveyed to me only a few days before the commencement, or rather indication, of the fatal illness which deprived the nation of a sovereign eagerly devoted to its honour and its interests—of a prince punctual in the discharge of his public duties, easy of access, and always ready to oblige, and to do a good-natured act—of a man kind-hearted, amiable, and affectionate, in all the relations of private and domestic life.

"His Majesty was pleased to say that, having understood I was about to employ myself in writing the Life of the late Lord Howe, he was glad to hear it was likely to fall into such safe hands, for the admiral was a great favourite with his father, and indeed a sort of connexion of the family; that he knew the present earl had for some time past been desirous of finding some one qualified to write the life of his grandfather, and ought to consider himself fortunate. The king then entered into the history of Lord Howe's life, went over the leading features and events that distinguished it, which an extraordinary memory enabled him to do with a degree of correctness quite surprising; he pointed out some passages in the earl's life, not generally known, and which, he said, would require caution in touching upon, and that he was desirous of mentioning them to me. Though this interview, with which I was honoured, happened on the Sunday immediately preceding the last levee he ever held, I could not discover, on that day, any difference from his usual cheerfulness, manner, or appearance."

After the King, Sir John Barrow acknowledges his obligations to Captain Lord Radstock, to Captain Sir Lucius Curtis, (who gave him a valuable collection of letters, addressed by Earl Howe to his father, Sir Roger Curtis,) to Admiral Sir Robert Barlow: the two latter commanded frigates under Howe on the glorious 1st of June.

Lord Howe's letters to Curtis give a great interest to the volume before us. The genealogy of the Howe family is rather curious.

"In the reign of Charles II., the eldest son of *this* house (John Howe and of his wife Jane Grubham) was created a baronet, and his brother, George Howe, a knight, as due recompenses for their respective services, both being gentlemen eminent in the county of Notts. Sir John Howe, the second son of the first Sir Richard Grubham Howe, having married Annabella, the youngest of the three natural daughters of Emanuel Scrope, Earl of Sunderland, became possessed of that portion of the Scrope estate situated in Notts; this lady was legitimized by Act of Parliament, and became the Lady Annabella Howe. They left four sons, the eldest of whom, John Howe, was Member of Parliament for Cirencester, inherited the family estates in Gloucestershire, held high offices under King William and Queen Anne, and was the immediate ancestor of the Lords Chedworth, a title now extinct.

"Charles, the third son, left only one daughter; and Emanuel, the fourth son, did the same, having married Ruperta, the natural daughter of Prince Rupert, third son of Frederick, called King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James I. He was a General in the army, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Elector of

Hanover, afterwards George I.; and from this circumstance probably originated that intimacy with the Royal House of Hanover, which subsists to the present day.

"Reverting now to Scrope, the *second* of the four sons of Sir John Grubham Howe and Lady Annabella: he was born in 1648, and inherited from his mother the Nottingham portion of the Scrope estates, was Member of Parliament for Nottingham in the reigns of Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne, and joined the Earl of Nottingham in 1668, in his adhesion to King William on his landing, was created Baron Clenawley and Viscount Howe in 1701, and was also made a Groom of the Bedchamber. In the chapel, in the south aisle of the church of Langar, is a monumental bust of this Lord Howe, on a marble pedestal, bearing this inscription: 'Erected to the memory of the Right Honourable Scrope, Lord Viscount Howe, who departed this life the 16th day of January, 1712, aged 64 years. At the revolution in the year 1688, he remarkably distinguished himself in the preservation of the religion and liberties of his country, when popery and arbitrary power threatened the subversion of both. He married Anne, the daughter of John, Earl of Rutland, by whom he had issue one son, who died young, and two daughters. Also Juliana, the daughter of William, Lord Allington, by whom he left issue two sons and three daughters.'

"Emanuel Scrope Howe, the eldest son, succeeded his father in 1712, and was Member of Parliament for Nottingham. In 1732 he was appointed Governor of Barbadoes, where he is said to have died by drinking the milk of cocoa nuts, when heated, in March 1734. He married Mary Sophia Charlotte, daughter of Baron Kielmansegge, Master of the Horse to George I. when Elector of Hanover, by Sophia Charlotte, daughter of Count Platen, of the Empire; she was afterwards created by George I. Countess of Darlington. They left four sons and four daughters, the eldest of whom, George Augustus, of great promise, fell universally lamented in America, and the title and estate devolved on the second son, Richard, the subject of the present memoir."

We can scarcely conceive how so frank a writer as Sir John Barrow should omit mentioning the notorious and significant fact that the Madame Kilmansegge, afterwards Countess of Darlington here mentioned, was one of the German mistresses of George I., who was father by her to Charlotte, married to Viscount Howe. Our late King was more open, for it was to this fact he alluded, and not to the more remote relationship through an illegitimate branch of the Stuart family, when he said that Admiral Lord Howe was a sort of family connexion of his. Sir John is well read in Horace Walpole, and must have remembered the following passage in that writer:—"The Duchess of Kendal, under whatever denomination, had obtained and preserved to the last, her ascendant over the king: but, notwithstanding that influence, he was not more constant to her than he had been to his avowed wife; for another acknowledged mistress, whom he also brought over was Madame Kilmansegge, Countess of Platen, who was created Countess of Darlington, and by whom he was indisputably father of Charlotte, married to Lord Viscount Howe, and mother of the present Earl. Lady Howe was never publicly acknowledged as the king's daughter; but Princess Amelia treated her daughter, Mrs. Howe, upon that footing, "and one evening, when I was present, gave her a ring with a small portrait of George I., with a crown of diamonds." The Londoners had no great affection for George's imported favourites, and the less so, perhaps, because they were all remarkably deficient in personal charms. We are not told whether Madame Kilmansegge, or another of them, was the heroine of the well-known anecdote: One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods." "Yes," d—n ye," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too." But let us take up a much better subject.

Richard Howe, after passing a short time at Eaton, entered the navy as a midshipman, in the fourteenth year of his age. Having seen a good

deal of active service in the interval, he was posted before he was twenty. The first time that he brought a ship into action was in the memorable year 1745, during the Highland rising in favour of the Pretender Charles Stuart. Young Howe gallantly attacked a French frigate of superior force, which was co-operating with the insurgents, but after a smart brush the action was indecisive. It is not our object to trace the hero through his long career: for that the reader must resort to Sir John Barrow's volume, which we cordially recommend. We will, however, select a few particulars. In the course of the seven years' war, Howe was employed in several of those combined expeditions upon the coast of France, which were so much to the taste of the first Pitt, Earl of Chatham, though they never produced any great results, but only distressed the poor French people, without conferring any honour on the English. They were a family complaint, for the second Pitt, in our own days, carried on the same absurd system, and by his little piddling expeditions to the continent, wasted many millions of money, and reduced the military reputation of his country to a very low ebb. Chatham and his son were great men—both very great men—but of a certainty they were not up to the fighting of the good ship to the best advantage. When we sent what really merited the name of an army to the Peninsula—when the men were kept at their work, and not re-embarked to be scattered in other expeditions, it was soon found that the English had the best of military qualities, and then went Wellington and made them the best soldiers in Europe. If this system had been adopted some ten years earlier, how much lighter would be the burden of our national debt! how many infamous jobs would have been avoided! Under George II. these combined expeditions consisted of a certain number of land troops, seldom more than five thousand, who were to act in conjunction with the fleet. The generals and the admirals could hardly ever understand one another, and their bickerings, during the ill-concerted service, were generally followed by accusations and recriminations, each accusing the other of being the cause of the failure of the expedition; and besides this, it was customary to divide and subdivide the command of the troops in a most absurd manner, and to appoint to these several commands a set of proud lords, or upstart lordlings, who scorned the wholesome laws of discipline and subordination, and who quarrelled with one another even more violently than they did with the sailors. The sailors generally succeeded in burning some of the enemy's ships, and destroying a dock-yard—the soldiers invariably got driven back to the fleet; nor could it happen otherwise, seeing how small was their number, and how unskilful their commanders. The King had the good sense to foresee in what these petty descents on the coast would end. "We," said he, "shall boast that we have burnt some of their ships, and the French will boast that they have defeated an English army."

In one of these expeditions, in which Howe took part, (and be it observed, *his* part was always executed with admirable spirit and ability,) the nominal command-in-chief of the land forces was given to the Duke of Marlborough, and a great talk was made about this appointment, as if the military genius and experience of the great duke had been transmitted, like heir-looms, to his grandchildren.

"Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre,
Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre."

But the French, as Walpole slyly remarks, soon found out that it was not every man that bore the name of Marlborough that was to beat them. Though the duke had the unusual number of thirteen thousand men, he did nothing but burn a few villages—he did not even take the little town of St. Malo, and he returned to England with a drooping crest after a

month's absence. In the hurry of his retreat he left his silver tea-spoons behind him, and these, to mark contempt, were sent after him in a cartel ship by the Duke d'Aiguillon. In another of these expeditions Howe served conjointly with Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, who was then a young colonel of a regiment, but remarkable for his ability and bravery. Howe and Wolfe were congenial spirits—they agreed, says Walpole, like cannon and gunpowder.

At the unhappy quarrel with our American colonies, Admiral Lord Howe was sent out with a fleet, the command of our land forces being at the time in the hands of his younger brother, General Howe. The admiral was instructed to negotiate and conciliate, which he was well disposed to do; but he was sent out too late, and not liking the prospect of waging war on the descendants of Englishmen, he prepared to resign his command. He would have sailed at once, but the arrival of the French fleet, secretly and dishonourably dispatched, materially altered the case, and Howe remained on the American coast manœuvring with admirable skill in presence of a far superior force, until he gave a very satisfactory account of Monsieur d'Estaing, and prevented his ships from doing any mischief. Howe's brother resigned his command about the same time. The general was much beloved and admired by the army, but the officers expressed their admiration in a very ridiculous manner, as the following extract will show.

"The general, Sir William Howe, had, some time previous to this, given up the command of the army to Sir Henry Clinton, disgusted with the conduct of the Secretary for the American Department, Lord George Germain. Previous to his departure, and just when he was resigning his command, the officers at Philadelphia gave him a grand fête, to which they gave the name of *Mischianza*. This entertainment is described as not only to have far exceeded anything that had ever been seen in America, but as rivalling the magnificent exhibitions of that vain-glorious monarch, Louis XIV. of France. All the colours of the army were placed in a grand avenue, three hundred feet in length, lined with the king's troops, between two triumphal arches, for the two brothers, the admiral and the general, to march along in pompous procession, followed by a numerous train of attendants, with seven silken knights of the *Blended Rose*, and seven more of the *Burning Mountain*, and fourteen damsels dressed in the Turkish fashion, each knight bearing an appropriate motto to the damsel of his choice. From this avenue they marched into an open area, one hundred and fifty yards square, lined also with the king's troops, for the exhibition of a tilt and tournament, or mock fight of old chivalry, in honour of those two heroes. On the top of each triumphal arch was a figure of Fame, bespangled with stars, blowing from her trumpet, in letters of light, '*Tes lauriers sont immortels*.' Lord Cathcart acted the character of chief of the knights.

"This silly exhibition, got up by the army, did not escape the most bitter satire, both in America and at home. It was abused and happily ridiculed by that vagabond Paine. 'He bounces off with his bombs and burning hearts, set upon the pillars of his triumphal arch which, at the proper time of the show, burst out in a shower of squibs and crackers, and other fire-works, to the delectable amazement of Miss Craig, Miss Chew, Miss Redman, and all the other misses, dressed out as the fair damsels of the *Blended Rose*, and of the *Burning Mountain*, for this farce of knight errantry.'"

In 1782, during the famous siege of Gibraltar by the Spaniards and French, Howe was dispatched with a fleet to the relief of that place, and he fully succeeded in his object in spite of the superior fleets of the enemy, and their batteries along the straits and round the bay. Seldom have more science, seamanship, and temper, been displayed. Sir John Barrow's account of this operation is full, and most interesting, and so is his description of Howe's crowning-glory, the victory of the 1st of June.

Random Recollections of the House of Commons, from the year 1830 to the close of 1835, including Personal Sketches of the leading Members of all parties. By ONE OF NO PARTY. Fifth Edition.

At the first appearance of this amusing work, the Metropolitan ventured to prophecy that it would have an amazing run. The fifth edition, which is now before us fresh from the press, is a tolerable good proof of the fulfilment of that prediction. But so completely has the author caught the taste of the public, by giving them light and spirited reading on subjects which interest every body, and upon which most people required information, that we should not be surprised if another and another still succeed, until we reach a tenth edition, though be it said in these days of abundant production, a fifth edition is a great rarity, and one that proves that the book is calculated to find favour in many eyes.

Anglo-India, Social, Moral, and Political. 3 vols. 8vo.

This is a very good selection of pathos from the Asiatic Journal. It contains a great variety of agreeable and instructive matter relating to the society, manners, customs, language, and literature, of our vast possessions in the Indian Peninsula. Sometimes the information is conveyed in a picturesque and moving story, sometimes in a smart essay, and at others in the plain form of a diary. All the papers bear evidence of being written by persons long resident in the east, and well acquainted with the country and its manners. The three volumes form no inconsiderable addition to our stock of knowledge on those parts, and merely as works of amusement they are not often surpassed. The idea of making the selection was a good one, and we wish every success to its realization.

Plain Advice on the Making of Wills, containing Forms of Wills, Simple and Elaborate, with useful Hints to Persons about to make their Wills, and comprising the whole of the New Law as enacted by Stat. 1 Victoria, c. 26. With Explanatory Notes and Remarks; and a Copy of the Act itself. By JOHN H. BRADY, Late of the Legacy Duty Office, Somerset House, Author of "Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators," "The Executor's Account-Book," &c. &c.

A plain practical book of this kind was always much needed, and the latter part of it is rendered altogether indispensable by the changes recently introduced into the law of wills. It behoves every man who has property, to acquaint himself with these forms, without a knowledge of which he cannot be certain that his testamentary bequest will be executed according to his wishes; to husbands and fathers the subject is of the most solemn importance. Thousands of heart-rending law cases prove, that it is not enough to have property to leave, but that one must also know how to leave it. It appears that the new statute will, on the whole, give strength to wills and facilitate the making of them, but in some cases it renders the latter operation more critical or difficult. There are writing and printing quacks in law as in medicine, and in every other art and profession. We have as little faith in the books that pretend

to make every man his own lawyer, as we have in those which pretend to make every man his own physician; but in law, as in medicine, there are certain essential principles which may be safely laid down in books, and with these people ought to make themselves well acquainted. Mr. Brady, in the small volume before us, is exceedingly concise and clear, never stating anything but in the plainest language. Any person with common capacity or ordinary education, without any tincture of law learning, may understand his valuable hints and instructions. We consider that we are doing an important duty in making his volume known to our readers.

Outlines of Naval Routine. By LIEUT. ALEX. DINGWALL
FORDYCE, R.N.

The author of this treatise observes, that unlike other professions, the navy, in place of abounding with works of reference, is almost destitute of any; a circumstance in his opinion much to be regretted, depriving, as it does, the young and inexperienced of an easy and excellent means of acquiring professional information, and those of maturer years—often unavoidably on the shelf—of the most obvious mode of strengthening and refreshing the memory, and keeping on a level with the changes and improvements of the times. This is as true as it is strange, but our author is not quite correct when he says that publishing has never yet found favour in the eyes of sailors. Of late years we have had publishing sailors in abundance, the misfortune being that they have seldom or ever treated of professional points in a professional manner, but have betaken themselves to the lighter and more popular task of writing sea novels; some of which are excellent, some mediocre, and some few abominably bad. Men write where there is encouragement; and we cannot help thinking that a little Admiralty patronage might be bestowed for the encouraging of scientific and professional treatises, which can scarcely find a remunerative sale in the general market of literature. Mr. Fordyce notices with proper praise the essays of Captain Glascock and Captain Griffith; but these, though they answer to the purposes proposed by their authors, are far from filling up the great vacuum which exists on this important subject. The author also acknowledges the assistance he has received in the composition of his volume from several distinguished officers in her majesty's service. We fancy that the majority of our readers would be little interested by our discoursing upon fitting, trimming top-sails, top-gallant sails, and the like. The book is for seamen, and we recommend it to all classes of seamen. The author is evidently a sensible, experienced, and kind-hearted officer—one who would eagerly contribute to render the service more light, sure, and agreeable, to the poor sailors. We trust that his exertions will not escape notice in the proper quarter, where, at least, all thinking minds must be convinced of the necessity of adopting something like a uniformity of system in the service. At present there is none. We have, to be sure, done pretty well without it, but who can tell how much better we shall do with it? Of course a good deal must always be left to the personal experience and ingenuity of the officers, nor would it be proper, in some cases, to lay down unalterable laws.

Notes of a Journey through Canada, the United States of America, and the West Indies. By JAMES LOGAN, Esq., Advocate. Vol. i.

This is a slow account of a fast journey. As a traveller, Mr. Logan flies over his ground, but as a writer he never gets upon the wing at all.

As he made his expedition so recently as 1836 and 1837, we expected to find some information regarding the state of parties in Canada, where, after a long and angry contest, the French faction has had recourse to the dangerous arbitrement of rifles and muskets. But Mr. Logan scarcely devotes three pages to the subject, and what he says is common-place or nonsense. As we really stand in need of enlightenment on this important subject, we should be thankful even for the donation of a farthing rushlight.

Our advocate ventures to say, on the authority of the after-dinner gossip of some English merchants at Montreal, that our government has gone too far in the way of concession. We are not quite sure that this may not be the case, but the question is surrounded with difficulties which our advocate does not understand; and after all, that man seldom makes the worst fight who makes beforehand the most generous efforts for accommodating a quarrel. From all the information that we have procured, the French Canadians are an antisocial, jealous, and bigoted people, who, so far from keeping in the onward march of liberty and civilization, would actually revolutionize the country to produce a state of things such as existed in Old France before the revolution of revolutions. Although there is plenty of room for all, and every man's labour adds to the general prosperity, they begrudge the English, Scotch, and Irish settlers every acre of ground they clear; and with unprecedented impudence they pretend to the sovereignty of the soil, which, by the treaty of Quebec, purchased with the life's blood of the gallant Wolfe, rests clearly in the English crown, which liberally guaranteed and guarantees to every French family the lands which they possessed at the time of the conquest, or which they should afterwards obtain by purchase, inheritance, or otherwise. We do know that these conditions, granted to a conquered province, have been honourably fulfilled, and that the French Canadians have increased and multiplied, and enjoyed extraordinary prosperity under the British rule. Far different was the case in Cayenne, Guadaloupe, and the other West Indian islands which we liberally restored to the French at the peace. Scarcely had the French garrisons taken possession of the forts, when the English were ordered out of the islands in which some of them had been settled for many years. Their plantations, their houses, were not absolutely seized; but they were allowed so short a time to dispose of them, that it came to nearly the same thing—the French planters keeping aloof until the last moment, when they got the estates at their own price. We should like to pursue this subject, but will wait until some better book than Mr. Logan's gives us an opportunity of so doing.

Phantasmion. 1 vol. 8vo.

Fairy tales, allegories, and other similar works, should never exceed a certain limited length. Whenever they do, the reader is apt to get out of the "concatenation accordingly," and to lose his patience and the thread of the discourse together. There are a few exceptions, the most remarkable of them being John Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*," that book which is all over a miracle.

Prince Phantasmion is a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow, and Potentilla a very charming fairy; their story is gracefully told, and contains many beautiful passages; but the story is too long by one half, at the least. The poetry with which it is interspersed is pretty and melodious.

Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of the Emperor Napoleon. BY A MIDSHIPMAN OF THE BELLEROPHON. 1 vol. 8vo.

This book looks as if it been conceived in drunkenness, and executed under the immediate influences of the cholera morbus. The publishing of it we consider as an insult offered by the author to the taste, good feeling, and good sense of the public. There is scarcely a page but what is absolutely repulsive from its coarseness and vulgarity of conception. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the family history and peerage of Scotland to decide what part of the narrative is true, and what part invented. We could only say that we were never before introduced to such a disgusting family. The author, or at least the hero of the tale, which is written as a true and serious autobiography, aspires to a Scottish peerage. We hope that he may mend his manners before he becomes a lord. The least offensive part of the book is the account of the surrender of Buonaparte on board the Bellerophon—and that is twaddle, which nobody will care to read, after the narrative of the same event given by Captain Maitland of the Bellerophon.

Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages. The Merchant and the Friar. By SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K.H.

This is a little book of rare merit. It is full of illustrations of the state of society and manners in England, during the dark ages, which look much more romantic and agreeable at the distance from which we view them, than they were in reality. Sir Francis Palgrave's long research and great learning in these matters, together with the extreme caution and delicacy of his literary conscience, furnish a sufficient guarantee for the correctness and authenticity of his matter. His matter is indeed excellent, and ought to be inwardly digested by all young students, who would have a correct notion of the middle ages. As mere tales, however, we must say, that they might have been better constructed, and made more amusing and animated. As a discoverer and collector of curious and valuable historical and constitutional data, Sir Francis Palgrave has few, if any, superiors. But there are several who surpass him in the arts of agreeable writing, and the popularising of knowledge. His materials are in general excellent—his historical views, save a paradox or two, are exceedingly judicious. All future historians of England must be grateful for the stores he has collected from mouldering parchments and inaccessible places.

More Hints on Etiquette, for the Use of Society at large, and Young Gentlemen in Particular. With Cuts, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Of all the absurd books which have lately appeared, the most absurd and most vulgar are the books upon etiquette. They appear, one and all, to have been written by the cast-off footman of some *not* respectable family. The little work now before us is a tolerable burlesque of the whole set—it has some happy hits, but it might have been made much richer. The introduction is written by the ghost of the great Simpson, the immortal master of the ceremonies at Vauxhall. It is not much amiss, but the ghost scarcely equals the brilliant productions of the living man. The illustrations by Cruikshank are excellent as usual.

The Young Housekeeper's Pocket Guide. A Manual containing much Information calculated to increase Domestic Comfort and Happiness at the smallest Expense.

This is a serious, sensible, and very useful little book, abounding with good lessons on order and economy, and with information indispensable to all housekeepers. It is decidedly one of the very best treatises of the kind we have seen, and we cordially wish that it may be widely diffused. To young people beginning housekeeping we strongly recommend it.

The Shakspeare Gallery; being Engravings illustrative of the Plays of Shakspeare, from Pictures by Reynolds, Fuseli, West, Northcote, Romney, Opie, Hamilton, Kirk, Rigaud, Smirke, Barry, Stothard, Porter, Westall, &c. &c. And the Text explanatory of each Subject.

From the specimen before us, we should judge that this will be a very beautiful work. Its extreme cheapness will no doubt introduce it to nearly every class of the community, and if it finishes as it begins, it can hardly fail of having the noble effect of raising the taste of the English people for works of art. We shall speak of it more in detail when we see how it is carried on, these few words being merely to introduce the subject to notice.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Southey's Poetical Works.—We have received the second and third volumes of this cheap and elegant edition. We are glad to see that the excellent author publishes in them, without any useless comment or retraction, "Wat Tyler," "Botany Bay Eclogues," &c. These are now become literary curiosities, and were never calculated to do much mischief among the "fierce democracy."

Illustrated edition of Don Quixote. The Designs by Tony Jahannot.—This work is issuing in monthly parts, like the "Gil Blas," which it resembles in all its best qualities. The translation, properly preferred, is that of Jarvis. Jahannot's designs are exquisite. Print, paper, and engraving are all of the best. This is a book for the whole English world.

The Bijou Almanac.—This is a curious, pretty little toy, scarcely exceeding in size

"An agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman."

To help the eye there is a tiny glass enclosed in the case, or nut-shell of this minute kernel. To all persons fond of curious pretty *nic nacs*,—of portraits of kings, queens, poets, and musicians, done in the size of peas,—this bagatelle will be very acceptable.

M'Culloch's Course of Reading.—This is a plain useful series of educational books, leading the young student gradually from his first training in the alphabet to the perusal of our classical authors. The books are well printed, neat, and cheap. At present we know of none better suited for families and infant schools.

The Counting-House Manual, or the Principles and Practice of Double Entry Book-Keeping, familiarly explained, for the use of Learners. With Examples, &c. By DANIEL TAYLOR, Merchant.—An excellent little book of its kind. We will let the author explain his object in his own words. "The following observations on Mercantile Book-Keeping, and the examples which accompany them, have been drawn up without reference of any kind to treatises on the same subject given to the public, even by professional instructors, or men of study and learning; and, in consequence, they go forth, not with any pretension to the establishment of a new system, nor yet to derogate from what may be already established, but fill up what the writer, from his own experience as a clerk and merchant, feels to be still a desideratum in this branch of knowledge, namely, such a plain and simple exposition of the principles of book-keeping applied in actual practice, as shall convey to mercantile students, at a small expense, and without elaborate study, a clear and ready apprehension of the whole mysteries of this subject."

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.—The sixth volume far exceeds in interest all the preceding ones. The interest is of a melancholy description—it relates to the Constable failure, and the pecuniary embarrassments and heavy responsibilities of the author of "Waverley." All, indeed, is as sad as a funeral march, except the noble spirit with which Scott stood his calamities, and laboured to retrieve his errors of judgment. Another volume will conclude this most valuable work.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Southey's Poetical Works. Collected by Himself. Vol. III. Fcap. 5s.
 Illustrations of the Elementary Forms of Disease. By R. Carswell, M.D. Fasc.
 XII. Folio, with coloured Plates. 15s.
 Tales for Youth. By Phœbe Blyth. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 Plain Advice on the Making of Wills. By N. Brady. Fourth Edition. 8vo. 5s.
 A Treatise on Differential Calculus. By W. O. Ottley. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
 British Farmer's Annual Account-Book. Royal 4to. 12s. 6d.
 Connected Essays and Tracts. By H. O'Connor. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of the Emperor Napoleon. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Conversations on Nature and Art, for Young Persons. Second Series. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
 Wellsted's Travels in Arabia. Maps and Plates. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.
 Visits of Familiar Instruction. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Cousin on the State of Education in Holland. Translated by L. Horner. Royal 12mo. 9s. 6d.
 The Millwright's and Engineer's Pocket Director. By J. Bennett. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
 Dew of Hermon; or Zion's Daily Sacrifice. Royal 32mo. 3. 6d.
 Little Alfred of Anglesey. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon. By Negris and Duncan. 8vo. 25s.
 Illustrations of the Fossil Conchology of Great Britain and Ireland. By Capt. T. Brown. Part I. 20s.
 Scenes in the Hop Gardens. 1 vol. fcap. 4s.
 Colloquies, Imaginary Conversations between a Phrenologist and D. Stewart. By Dr. J. Slade. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 Sermons to Young Persons. By Rev. M. M. Preston. 12mo. 6s.
 Finden's Ports and Harbours. 4to. morocco. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 Bianca, and other Poems. By L. B. Smith. Fcap. 5s.
 Don Quixote. Vol. I. Illustrated. Royal 8vo. 16s.
 On the Nature and Property of Soils. By J. Morton. 12mo. 5s.
 Anderson's Discourses on the Communion Office. Second Edition. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 Annual Scrap Book, 1838. Fcap. 5s.
 Bacon's (Lord,) Works. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 42s.

Barnard's Theory of the Constitution. Part I. Vol. II. 8vo. 6s.
 Bible Stories for Little Children. By a Father. Second Series. 2s. 6d.
 Churchill on the Diseases of Females. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Curtis on Health. Second Edition, fcap. 3s. 6d.
 Family Library, Vol. LXIV., (Davenport's History of the Bastille.) 18mo. 5s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The thousands of admirers of Mr. Bulwer's "**ERNEST MALTRAVERS**," who have felt disappointed at its abrupt termination, will be gratified to learn that he has just committed to the press the conclusion of that beautiful Tale; and that it may be expected in the course of the present month.

Miss Martineau's new work, entitled "**RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL**," is now ready. We have availed ourselves of an early copy to give some extracts from its lively and graphic pages in our present number.

A new historical Romance from the pen of a gentleman in the North, is in course of printing, entitled "**RUFUS, OR THE RED KING**."

The new Novel, entitled "**MISREPRESENTATION, OR SCENES FROM REAL LIFE**," by a Lady, is nearly ready.

"**MRS. WILBERFORCE, OR THE WIDOW AND HER ORPHAN**," is the title of a new Novel just committed to the press, to which considerable interest is understood to attach.

"**MORTIMER DELMAR**," by the Authoress of "**Conrad Blessington**," is expected to appear about the 15th instant.

A new Tragedy, entitled "**FREEMEN AND SLAVES**," is nearly ready, from the pen of a gentleman whose poetical productions have excited considerable interest.

Mr. Montague Gore has just published "**OBSERVATIONS ON THE DISTURBANCES IN CANADA**."

A Pamphlet, entitled "**DEFECTS IN ELECTION COMMITTEES AND IN THE COURTS OF REVISING BARRISTERS, WITH A PLAN FOR IMPROVING THEM**," has just appeared, which is understood to be from the pen of a gentleman of high legal authority.

The *Illustrator Illustrated*. By the Author of the "*Curiosities of Literature*."

Mr. Lister's "*Life of Edward, First Earl of Clarendon*," with Original Correspondence and Authentic Papers, never before published, is very nearly ready.

Dr. Ure has for a considerable period been engaged on "*A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mining*," which is now in the press, and will form one very thick volume, 8vo. illustrated by a large number of engravings on wood, and is intended as a companion to Mr. M'Culloch's "*Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation*."

Mr. M'Culloch, the author of a "*Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation*," is engaged upon "*A Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical, and Historical, of the various Countries, Places, and Principal Natural Objects in the World*." Gentlemen disposed to send articles of Information for this Work, are requested to communicate with Mr. M'Culloch, through his Publishers, at their earliest convenience. One thick volume, 8vo.

Mr. Bulwer, assisted by a number of eminent men, is about to bring out a Magazine, which it is expected will be of more permanent interest than any similar periodical which has ever been published in this country. It will be entitled "*The Monthly Chronicle; a National Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art*." The principal Contributors will be—In the Literary Department, E. L. Bulwer, Esq., M.P.; in Physical and Experimental Science, Sir David Brewster, Dr. Lardner, &c.; in Natural History, Professors Henslow, and Phillips, N. A. Vigors, Esq. &c.; in the familiar Illustration of the Useful Arts and Manufactures, Dr. Lardner.

Mr. James, the popular novelist, is about to bring out a new tale, entitled "*The Robber*." We should judge from the title that it is likely to be as generally interesting as his tale entitled "*The Gipsy*."

Mr. Wood's valuable work on Railroads, which has so long been out of print, will shortly re-appear. The new edition is now in the press. It has been thoroughly revised and corrected, and much enlarged; with an entirely new set of plates and woodcuts.

Mr. John Howard Kyan, Patentee of the Anti-Dryrot Composition, is about to publish a work "*On the Elements of Light, and their Identity with those of Matter, Radiant and Fixed*."

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—Talma, in his *Reflections on the Theatrical Art*, and on his great predecessor Lekain,* remarks, that it requires at least twenty years to enable a great actor to present to the public, characters very near perfection, on the playing of every part. There is doubtless much truth in the observation, to which we may add, as a corollary, that it requires equally long experience as an actor, to enable any one to become an efficient manager of a theatre. This requisite must be not merely the long experience of any, but of a great actor, devoted to his profession, as an art applicable to the noblest uses, and the highest purposes, which is not merely the medium of conveying amusement and pleasure, but one of the first of moralities, because it teaches us in the most impressive way the knowledge of ourselves, and one of the most delightful modes of strengthening and supporting the love of virtue, and abhorrence of vice. To prove this assertion by arguments would be absurd, when we have the light of experience to guide us. The managements of Garrick and Kemble are worth a thousand reasons drawn from speculative positions. To the former we owe the emancipation of our stage,

“Then crush’d by rules, and weaken’d as refin’d,”

from the formal imitations of French tragedy, the tiresome uniformity of genteel comedy, and the grave seduction of heroic, and the broad infamy of comic plays, in which

“Intrigue was plot, obscurity was wit ;”

to the latter, its confirmation in the purer taste of the dramas of Shakespeare. The truth of the gradual deterioration of dramatic art, when theatres are in the hands of speculators, requires only a reference to the managements of Price, Polhill, Laporte, Osbaldistone, and Bunn, to be proved. It therefore cannot be otherwise than a subject of congratulation, that one of our large houses is now conducted by one worthy to be the successor of Garrick and Kemble. The management of Covent Garden by Mr. Macready, so far as it has gone, has done much to realise the expectations which we, in common with the rest of the public, formed at the commencement of his undertaking. He has eschewed puffing, abandoned the pernicious practice of issuing orders, held out none of the allurements which youth or lurking vice too eagerly snatches at, and yet, strange and incredible as it may seem to *quondam* managers, Covent Garden Theatre has been well filled. How has this almost miraculous event been brought about? Simply by presenting to the public good plays, well acted, and carefully got up. The money which they expended in the line of bulls, cows, camels, elephants, and horses, and in gorgeous processions and “twenty splendid suits of armour,” Mr. Macready lays out in engaging first-rate performers, and in preserving the scenic illusion of the legitimate drama. *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Henry V.*, *Macbeth*, *Werner*, *Venice Preserved*, *Riches*, and the *Provoked Husband*, are all legitimate plays, and yet, wonderful to be narrated, well performed, they have drawn good houses. Macready, Ward, Phelps, Serle, Bartley, Meadows, Anderson, Hammond, Miss Huddart, Miss Taylor, and Miss Faucitt, have, marvellous to tell, in these plays, attracted “all sorts of people” to Covent Garden, and won their “golden opinions,” when *Caractacus*, the dresses of the *Ancient Britons*, the temple of the *Druids*, and Mr. West’s stud of horses, have “spent their sweetness on the desert air” of Drury Lane.

While thus applauding the general course of Mr. Macready’s management, and bearing testimony to the beneficial results produced by it, we cannot forbear from inquiring what has become of Comedy? We do not blame the manager for not having as yet made it a feature in his arrangements; causes, of which we know nothing, and which are amply sufficient, may have hitherto prevented him; only we should like, to hear some rumours, to see some indications, that Ben Jonson, Wycherly, Coleman, Garrick, Mrs. Inchbald, Cumberland, and Sheridan, are not forgotten.

* Lekain was the contemporary and friend of Garrick, and, like him, the greatest actor in his country of his day. One day Garrick and Lekain amused themselves in the *Champs Elysées* by counterfeiting drunkenness, to the great amusement of a crowd of by-standers. Lekain at length said, “Do I perform it well, my friend?” “Yes,” replied Garrick, hiccuping, “very well; you are drunk all over, except your left leg!”

True it is that comedy is not now very popular, and does not draw first-rate houses ; a good company would, however, soon render it so, and slightly reduced in length, it would prove most attractive at half-price. Short comedies, as afterpieces, would, we are convinced, become fashionable, and fall in with the late dinner-hours of high life. With a small addition to his present company of a few light and vivacious actors, Mr. Macready could perform comedy with triumphant success. The money he would by this means save from the expenses of the glitter and tinsel of Spectacle, would easily afford the additional outlay in salaries. This done, and, at least on his part, his own fondest wishes, as to the higher purposes of the drama, will be realised.

The staple amusements of Covent Garden in the legitimate drama, during the last month, have consisted principally in the performance of those plays, which no time can render stale, no bad acting dull. In the present instance, however, they have been got up with admirable taste, and carefully and efficiently performed. *Riches*, an alteration from Massinger, the chief character of which was one of Kean's best performances, has been revived. Massinger is by some called a dry and hard writer : we do not feel this ; he appears to us a genuine poet, and the strong relief into which he delights to throw his characters, gives them a Rembrandt-like effect. It is true that he is prone to carry his light and shade to an extreme, so that his hero will frequently start out from the canvass ; while, from the overlaying of colour upon his principal figure, his other characters in the picture appear to be designedly thrown into a low tone. His plays have the appearance of dramatic essays upon "the ruling passion," the remaining characters being only subservient and accompaniments. Mr. Macready went through the character of Luke with his usual discrimination, calmness, and admirable self-possession. The former part of the character, where he is dependent and menial, was finely contrasted with the triumphant insolence of his bearing upon the sudden turn of fortune in his favour by the assumed death of his brother.

If Mr. Macready were to do nothing more during his management, than what he has done, he would deserve the approbation of every admirer of Shakspeare, by the manner in which, we had almost said, he has revived *Macbeth*. In the performance of this noble tragedy at Covent Garden, an approximation has been made, probably as near as dramatic representation will admit, to a portraiture of the lofty imagination it displays, and the tumultuous vehemence of the action which distinguishes it. The Weird Sisters have ceased to be ridiculous, and have at length some appearance of being hags of mischief, and obscene panders to iniquity. We can now fancy we really behold these unreal and abortive half-existences, as they come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. The strong and systematic principle of contrasts, on which Shakspeare has composed this play, the desperate action, and the dreadful reaction, the transitions from triumph to despair, are now far more than faintly sketched on the stage, they are almost fully developed. The play has indeed become "an unruly chaos of strange sudden things, where the ground rocks under our feet." The wildness of the scenery, the sudden shifting of the situations and characters, the bustle, the expectations excited, as the tragedy is now given at Covent Garden, form a strong contrast to the tame views, the confusion of scenes, the hurry of those concerned in the performance, and the ridiculous mistakes we have been accustomed to. To us Mr. Macready's *Macbeth* is his greatest performance ; it is not faultless, but he has a noble conception of the character, and executes it wonderfully. Other actors may have excelled him in isolated passages, none, we venture to affirm, in the entire part. Doubtless there was a fine melancholy retrospective tone in John Kemble's delivery of the lines,

"My way of life," &c.

which smote upon the heart, and in which Mr. Macready is deficient. The manner in which Kean's voice clung to his throat, in the scene after Duncan's murder, and choked his utterance, his agony, and his tears, were perhaps superior to that of Mr. Macready in the same passage. But even these great actors did not equal Mr. Macready's personification of *Macbeth's* agitation of mind, his staggering under the weight of his own purposes and the suggestions of others, his superstitious awe and breathless suspense, into which the communications of the Weird Sisters throw him, his remorse, his envy of those whom he has sent to peace—

"Duncan is in his grave ;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—

his endeavour to banish remorse for the past by the meditation of future mischief, his faith in preternatural agencies, his amazement when he finds himself doomed,

even by the prediction of "the skyey influences," and the giddy whirl of the imagination produced by the grandeur and turbulence of the fifth act. We may be mistaken, but we believe Mr. Macready's Macbeth to have been unrivalled in modern times. It is a fearfully animated and real performance, full of the true poetry of Shakespeare. Miss Huddart played Lady Macbeth, and excepting only her organic defect, which we fear is past cure, left little to desire, in the present state of the stage. She has studied the part well, and was received throughout with the most deserved applause: her last scene, though not the most appreciated, had perhaps the most merit—she drew a just distinction between the degree of energy necessary to give effect to poetry, and the subdued tone essential to the fiction of soliloquising somnambulism. Her mode of dismissing the company at the banquet scene was particularly fine; in it she was both regal and natural; in her anxiety, she did not forget her state. Mr. Phelps's Macduff, and Mr. Anderson's Banquo were careful and judicious performances, without pretension, and yet fully sustaining the dignity of their character. The witches were admirably and picturesquely executed by Messrs. Bennett, Bartley, and Meadows. We have frequently heard the grand music of Locke and Purcell in the choruses well sung at our theatres, but never so well as by the present chorus at Covent Garden, led by Messrs. Philips, Wilson, Manvers, Bedford, Stretton, Miss Sheriff and Miss Horton. The manager has wisely appropriated Monday nights for this admirable performance, and every succeeding week his exertions are more liberally rewarded by public patronage.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.—The only description of persons who do not derive pleasure from Pantomimes, is the dull, denss matter-of-fact class. The season of the year in which they are represented in England adds to the other causes of their popularity. They are equally favourite sights to the humourist and the philosopher, as to the young and enthusiastic. Cervantes thus dismisses a troop of merry strollers. "Go, good people, God be with you, and keep your merry making! for from my childhood I was in love with the *Carátula*, and in my youth, my eyes would lose themselves amidst the *Farandula*;" and the studious Bayle, wrapping himself in his cloak, and hurrying to the Market Place to Punchinello, would laugh when the fellow had humour in him.

People there are who never smile;
 Their foreheads still unsmooth'd, the while
 Some lambent flame of mirth will play,
 That wins the easy heart away;
 Such only choose in prose or rhyme
 A bristling pomp,—they call sublime!
 I blush not to like Harlequin
 Would he but talk—and all his kin!
 Yes, there are times, and there are places,
 When fairs and old wives' tales are worth the Graces'.

Pantomimes will always be popular so long as they are founded on some fairy tale, nursery legend, or popular tradition. And it is to be observed, that they have generally been successful in proportion to the skill with which the introductory story has been dramatised. Local superstitions and old customs are a good back ground on which to exhibit the innocent marvels of the fairy tale, or the mysterious doings of a popular legend. The mixture of real scenes with the "gorgeous hydras and chimeras" of fairy land, is not incongruous in its effect. The impossibility is manifest; the veil of fiction is transparent; but the deception is an honest one, and the moral invariably wholesome. The very excess and extravagance of the incidents and personages are recommendatory qualities. These anomalies should be made as glaring as possible, yet consistent with themselves. We should view the characters and incidents through a magnifying glass of superlative power. The introductory part should be treated in the same manner as Rabelais does human nature, and rendered dreadfully, or, if we may coin a word, Broddingnagianly true. This part of the pantomime, is not only welcome to the urchin throng whose merry holiday faces are seen studding the house. Grave papas and uncles, and dignified elder brothers and sisters, find a pleasure in abandoning the prudery of common sense, and giving in to the glorious triumph of unreason over the dingy and dull realities of matter-of-fact existence.

Nothing can be better than the introductory part of the Covent Garden Theatre pantomime, which tells the story of *Godiva and Peeping Tom of Coventry* faithfully and humorously. The story of *Godiva* is one of those doubtful ones, which Milton in his *History of England* says he shall relate as well as authentic stories, for the benefit of those, if no others, who will know how to make use of them, the poets. It is a story worthy of being attached to the history of a city, famous in saintly legends for the visit of the eleven thousand virgins—an “incredible number,” says that true-hearted Englishman, Selden. Drayton narrates the facts in his usual correct manner.

“Coventry at length

From her small mean regard, recovered state and strength ;
By Leofric her lord, yet in base bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage were expelled ;
Whose duchess, which desired this tribute to release,
Their freedom often begged. The Duke, to make her cease,
Told her, that if she would his loss so far enforce,
His will was, she should ride stark naked upon a horse
By daylight through the streets: which certainly he thought
In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought ;
That in her former suit she would have left to deal.
But that most princely dame, as one devoured with zeal,
Went on, and by that means the city clearly freed.

With what pantomimic truth does Leofric, at this house, appear, as a feudal despot, proud of the hereditary greatness of his dominion, reckless of the limbs and lives of his luckless but well-fed retainers. He strides as though possessed of the celebrated seven-league boots, flourishes a battle-axe of antediluvian size, and strews his path with the bodies of his attendants. His chivalrous attachment for the fair sex, his enthusiastic and overpowering love for his enormous consort, are finely contrasted with his superciliousness for his vassals and his aristocratic contempt for the ribbon-makers of Coventry. He sneeringly, and with the most frigid indifference, runs over, through the medium of a tremendous eye-glass, the signatures of a petition presented to him by the latter for the remission of a tax, votes it a farce, and cleanses his glittering boots on the unfortunate document. With what power is portrayed the wildness of Earl Leofric's passion, when he discovers Tom, the chief of the petitioners, in the ante-chamber of his lady ; his preparations to immolate the object of his political wrath, and the supposed invader of his domestic felicity, are calmly and deliberately made ; what a terrific combat then ensues !—“the hero of a hundred battles” is seen in every movement ; vengeance seems sure ; his axe is about to send his victim to “the shades below,” when the genius of mischief prevails, and the application of a lighted taper, as large as a constable's staff, to his nether extremity, pitches the doughty baron out of the apartment. How wild is his rage and how deep his mortification, when, on his return to resume the mortal conflict, he discovers the amorous Tom has escaped ; he tears up by the roots his raven locks, worthy of the curling-irons of Truefit, and fit to adorn the brows of the statesman Ellenborough, and precipitates himself himself head first down the staircase.

Godiva is indeed what Drayton calls her, a “most princely dame.” She receives her lord on his return from the wars with a proud but tender affection, and, to give full vent to her passion, dances with him a *pas deux*. A playful railery hovers round her beneficent countenance, “she looks a goddess and she moves a queen.” She entreats her Lord to give up his fancied right with so sweet an earnestness that none but a feudal baron could have refused. On hearing of the condition, on which he will comply with the request of the citizens, her delicacy is overcome and she swoons. On recovering, she appears to soar above the prejudices of her age ; she determines to exhibit in her own person “that daring virtue which sets a principle above a custom.” The virtuous matron triumphs over the petty tyrant.

The other characters fully bear out and support the portraits we have drawn of these two interesting persons. Peeping Tom is a most public spirit and tax-hating cooper ; Dryden describes the genus to which he belongs—“whom no king can govern and no God can please.”

There is a lamentable falling off in the harlequinade, from the excellence of the introductory part ; the tricks are without purpose or connexion, the allusions without wit, the Clown without humour or thievery, and the Harlequin without agility.

The grand scenic attraction at this theatre, strictly worthy of the appellation,
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grand it is, is Mr. Stanfield's Diorama, unfortunately for the improvement of the public taste, stated to be his last work in this branch of his art. It outshines even his former productions of a similar kind, in brilliancy of execution, and in the superior beauty of the scenes, as well as their romantic character. The views, which Mr. Stanfield has portrayed, are from the north of Italy, Savoy, French Flanders, and the British Channel. That part of the Diorama which depicts Alpine scenery, is grand and various, nature is displayed in all the gorgeousness of truth, and when the spectator is carried by it into the interior of towns or villages, the true perspective of the buildings cannot be improved. In the sea and water scenes, there is a transparency and a motion faithful to nature. Mr. Stanfield's retreat from a field, which his genius has rendered glorious, and in which he won his spurs, is a subject of general regret. He has by his works taught even those, whom Mr. Sidney Smith sneeringly calls "the common people," to be critical. He has equally improved the taste of the galleries and the taste of his profession. What a pity it is that the grand dioramic productions of this great artist cannot be preserved in some national collection. We trust that the present, his last, may have a better fate than its predecessors. An anecdote has conveyed to posterity the fame and genius of Appelles; it is not unlikely that an anecdote may have to do the same service to Mr. Stanfield in this branch of his profession. The critic of a morning paper, in remarking on the view of the falls of Niagara, which was one of the subjects of his Diorama at Drury Lane in 1832, complained that it was spoiled by the introduction of *real water*; to this the manager replied by stating that there was no real water introduced!!

DRURY LANE.—We have been assured by an old play-goer, that he saw the famous pantomime of *Mother Goose* sixteen times. As we have not been favoured even with a sixteenth in such a grand prize as the goose with the golden eggs, we cannot by any means take in the extent of this beatification. We, however, venture to assert, that to see the present pantomime of Drury Lane twice, would be a wonderful stretch of human endurance; though, as there is no saying in what noise some people can sleep, we think a resolute person might sit out a second representation, provided he did not snore so loud as to wake the rest of the audience. The younger part of the audience have not the slightest chance of discovering the story represented at this house: it is extremely difficult for even "children of a larger growth" to catch it. The harlequinade is very meagre in respect of tricks, quite deficient in interest and connexion, and does not even possess the show of a pantomimic chase. It possesses more agility than grace, and more slaps and tumbles than humour or drollery. With the single exception of the Clown, (Mr. T. Matthews,) who now and then disturbs the solemnity of the house with a shockingly human touch of nature, amidst the jumps, leaps, and tumbles, which once formed so exquisite a source of enjoyment to the amateurs of this annual offering to the genius of nonsense, the pantomime of Harlequin Jack a Lantern, appeared to be hard work for all parties, both performers and spectators. No one of the former, with the exception of the before-named, was desirous to disturb the opiate of the piece; and the little folks yawn and stretch themselves, when all should be laughter and clapping of hands with delight. It would be unfair to remark on the panoramic effort of Messrs. Grieve, introduced into the pantomime; it has evidently been got up in a great hurry, and exhibits little of their usual taste and execution.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Jan. 26.—We are happy to find that a decided improvement has taken place in the state of trade in the manufacturing districts. The prospects of the American market are reviving beyond expectation, and several of the principal houses connected with that country here have already resumed operations.

The principal topic of conversation since our last has been the affairs of Canada. We have no doubt, from what we have heard, that the steps taken will speedily be the means of putting an end to the public anxiety on this head.

The frost which has prevailed this month, and is still prevailing, has not been equalled, we believe, since 1814. In the Thames and outports the ice has materially retarded, and in many instances totally suspended, navigation.

By advices from Cuba we learn that a tremendous hurricane had been experienced at Trinidad and its vicinity, by which the town of Casilda was destroyed, only two buildings remaining, and every vessel in the port was destroyed. From twenty to thirty persons were killed, and many had subsequently died of their wounds. The water washed in torrents from the mountains, and swelled the river so much that the country was inundated, and thousands of cattle, as well as entire buildings, were swept into the sea. The coast for four or five miles was strewn with wrecks. This of course must mean Trinidad de Cuba.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 26th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 206 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 91 one-eighth.—Three per Cent. reduced, 92 one-quarter.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 100 one-half.—Consols for Account, 91 one-half.—Exchequer Bills, 56s.—India Bonds, 55s. to 54s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent. 28 one-fourth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 52 one-half.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 one-quarter.—Spanish Active Bonds, 19 five-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT, Jan. 26.—There has been a good deal doing in the English Stock Market, and a marked improvement has taken place both in Consols and Exchequer Bills. India Bonds have also risen, and Bank Stock experienced a still further improvement. The resumption of payment by some large American houses, has tended much to restore confidence in the American funds. Very extensive investments have taken place in them.

There seems to be no diminution of business in the Railway Share Market, but rather the contrary. Prices have most materially advanced upon those which were current but a week or ten days since, and without any very intelligible cause. Great Western were quoted this afternoon at 17½ to 18 prem.; London and Brighton 7½ to 8½; London and Southampton 10 to 9 dis.; and Midland Counties 2 to ¼ prem. per Share.

The destruction of the Royal Exchange by fire may be regarded as a national calamity, meanwhile the utmost promptitude has been shown to lessen the inconvenience it has occasioned. The Subscribers to Lloyd's are accommodated in the premises belonging to the South Sea Company.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DEC. 19, 1837, TO JAN. 19, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 19.—R. Raynham, Theobald's Road, stationer.—O. O'Hara, Frith Street, Soho, butcher.—W. Lee, Bristol, stock broker.—T. Higgins, jun., Gloucester, watchmaker.—J. Jopling, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen draper.—W. Epps, Margate, butcher.—T. Mease, Stokesley, Yorkshire, flax spinner.—F. Jones, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, apothecary.—W. Bird, Cambridge, innkeeper.—F. Wheelwright, Birmingham, retail brewer.—H. New, Blake-down, Worcestershire, iron manufacturer.—J. R. Hughes, Oxford, vender of cigars.—T. Waters, Pillgwenilly, Monmouthshire, hay dealer.—S. L. and R. L. Polack, Manchester, merchants.—J. Clarke and T. Perry, Manchester, drysalter.

Dec. 22.—J. Partridge, Bank of England, stockbroker.—E. Le Comte, Bryanston Street, Portman Square, watchmaker.—J. Clements, Barnet Street, Bethnal Green, carpenter.—J. Stear, Oxford Street, hosier.—J. Hardland, St. George, Gloucester, brickmaker.—R. A. Eaton, Lutley Mill, Worcestershire, miller.—S. Smith, Pedmore, Worcestershire, farmer.—W. M. Stubbs, Knaresborough, scrivener.—M. and R. Kinch, Manchester, warehousemen.—H. Speight, Allerton, Yorkshire, stuff manufacturers.—J. Clark, Keyingham, Yorkshire, corn factor.

Dec. 26.—W. Gravenor, Bellmore, East Retford, Nottinghamshire, farmer.—J. Davis, John Street, Birmingham, licensed victualler.—W.

Husler, Woodhouse, Leeds, stone mason and beer seller.—H. Rumley, Bristol, builder.—W. M. C. Mather, and J. T. Newstead, Manchester and Salford, ironfounders.

Dec. 29.—C. Dorrington, Digswell Hill, Hertfordshire, miller.—W. Charleton and J. H. Reddell, Berners Street, Commercial Road East, white lead manufacturers.—S. Piggins, jun., Cambridge, common brewer.—R. Aman, Northampton, cabinetmaker.—I. J. T. Hayward, Dounfield, Gloucestershire, common brewer.—J. Teasdale, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, road contractor.—S. Burke, Liverpool, coal and commission agent.—W. Bownas, Wortley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—E. and C. Haines, Gloucester, linen drapers.—C. B. Blake, Woolpit, Suffolk, innkeeper.

Jan. 2.—J. Hollaway, Bracknell, Berkshire, grocer.—R. Tate, Regent Street, jeweller.—T. Mackie, Bear Street, Leicester Square, victualler.—J. Muddle, Bucklersbury, coffeehouse keeper.—J. and G. Grove, Birmingham, malsters.—J. Haddon, Liverpool, merchant.—J. T. Vowles, Bristol, hat manufacturer.

Jan. 5.—J. Bloomfield, Rose Inn and Wagon Office, Farringdon Street, warehouseman and carrier.—T. Skelton and J. Skelton, Gerard Street, Soho, oilman.—T. Wythes, Hingleton, Worcestershire, coal merchant.—J. Hoole, Crookes, Yorkshire, tanner.—G. Cole, Oxford, wine merchant.—W. Welch, Brockworth, Gloucestershire, corn dealer.—R. Warner, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, schoolmaster.—O. P. Wathen, Woodchester, Gloucestershire, clothier.—W. Wayne, Stoke-upon-Trent, wharfinger.

Jan. 9.—W. Joy, Bloomsbury Square, lodging-house-keeper.—J. Gillingham, Farringdon Street, victualler.—W. Brewer, Brighton, li-

brarian.—S. K. Brewer, Bristol, coal merchant.—R. Jones, Liverpool, grocer.—J. Snelling, Messing, Essex, grocer.—R. M. Snowdon, Malton, Yorkshire, draper.—J. Mucklow, Birmingham, publican.—W. Yates, sen. Old Buttery Works, Worcester, ironfounder.

Jan. 12.—M. Kettle, Ware, linendraper.—W. F. Mould, Union Place, New Road, wine-merchant.—J. Yeates, Brighton, brewer.—W. Johnson, Shelton, Staffordshire, ale seller.—W. R. Dyer, Hungerford, Berkshire, cornfactor.—J. Jackson, Maslam, Yorkshire, woolstapler.—W. Newall, Acton, Chester, sheep salesman.—H. Battye, Hey, Yorkshire, clothier.—S. Wignall, Keighley, Yorkshire, draper.—T. Jones, Birmingham, gun maker.—W. Soulbey, Leeds, corn merchant.

Jan. 16.—J. Smith, Little Warner Street, Clerkenwell, hackneyman.—G. Solomons, Minorities, tallow-chandler.—J. Calvert, Pall Mall, ivory turner.—J. Allen and J. Sherwin, Dartford, Kent, farmers.—G. Mince, London Road, St. George's Fields, tea dealer.—T. Sawyer, Wood Street, ribbon manufacturer.—F. Beckingsale, Bridport, Dorset, grocer.—S. Lyle, Redruth, Cornwall, smelter.—T. Lithaby, Clifton, Bristol, mason.—G. S. Blackburn, Bristol, wine merchant.

Jan. 19.—J. Hayter, Hampstead Heath, victualler.—J. M. Bloom, Brighton, Sussex, dealer in fancy goods.—B. Haskell, Watford, Hertfordshire, coach and cartwheelwright.—T. Linsell and W. Linsell, Piccadilly, tailors.—J. Huxham, College Street, Upper Thames Street, ale and porter merchant.—G. Dickinson, Dover, Kent, paper manufacturer.—R. Stone, Oxford, surgeon.—H. E., and J. Kendall, Deritend, Warwickshire, perfumers.—A. Lees, Gorton, Lancashire, cotton spinner.

NEW PATENTS.

James Dowie, of Frederick Street, Edinburgh, Boot and Shoemaker, for certain improvements in the construction of boots and shoes, or other coverings for the human foot. December 2nd, 6 months.

William Occleshaw, of Manchester, Lancaster, Leaden Pipe Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for manufacturing pipes or tubes, or other similar articles, from lead, or other metallic substances. December 2nd, 6 months.

Thomas William Booker, of Merlin Griffith Works, Glamorganshire, Iron Master and Tin Plate Manufacturer, for improvements in preparing iron to be coated with tin or other metals. December 4th, 6 months.

George Cottam, of Winsley Street, Oxford Street, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of wheels for railway and other carriages. December 5th, 6 months.

Moses Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in looms for weaving figured and ornamented fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 5th, 6 months.

Moses Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in printing. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 5th, 6 months.

John Hall, of Nottingham, Nottinghamshire, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery, whereby cloth or woven fabrics of various kinds, may be extended or stretched and dried in an extended state. December 5th, 6 months.

Joshua Taylor Beale, of Church Lane, Whitechapel, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in, and additions to, his former invention, known by the title of a lamp applicable to the burning of substances, not hitherto usually burned in such vessels or apparatus, and secured to him by letters patent, dated February 4th, 1834. December 7th, 6 months.

Samuel Mills, of Darlaston Green, Iron and Steel Works, near Wednesbury, Stafford, Iron Master, for improvements in machinery for rolling metals. December 9th, 6 months.

Jeremiah Bynner, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Lamp Manufacturer, for improvements in lamps. December 6th, 6 months.

Benjamin Cook, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Brass Founder, for an improvement in gas burners, commonly called or known by the name of Argand burners. December 9th, 6 months.

Cornelius Ward, of Great Tichfield Street, Marylebone, Middlesex, Musical Instrument Maker, for improvements on the musical instruments designated drums. December 9th, 6 months.

Thomas Vale, of Allen Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Coach Joiner, for improvements in hinges. December 13th, 6 months.

James Hunter, of Ley's Mill, Arbroath, Forfarshire, Mechanic, for a machine for boring or perforating stones. December 13th, 6 months.

William Elliot, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Button manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of covered buttons. December 14th, 6 months.

Thomas Joyce, of Camberwell New road, Gardener, for an improved apparatus for heating churches, warehouses, shops, factories, hothouses, carriages, and other places requiring artificial heat, and improved fuel to be used therewith. December 16th, 6 months.

Joshua John Lloyd Margary, of Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, Middlesex, Esquire, for a new mode of preserving animal and vegetable substances from decay. December 19th, 6 months.

John Gray, of Liverpool, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and apparatus connected therewith, which improvements are particularly applicable to marine engines for propelling boats or vessels, and part or parts of which improvements are also applicable to locomotive and stationary engines, and other purposes. December 19th, 6 months.

Edmund Butler Rowley, of Charlton-upon-Weldake, in the parish of Manchester, Lancaster, Surgeon, for certain improvements applicable to locomotive engines, tenders, and carriages, to be used upon railways, and which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes. December 19th, 6 months.

John White, of Manchester, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in apparatus usually employed in lathes for turning metals and other substances. December 16th, 6 months.

James Berrington, of Winckworth Place, Saint Leonard's Shoreditch, Gentleman, and Nicholas Richards, of Camomile Street, in the city of London, Builder, for certain improvements in curing or preventing smokey chimneys, which improvements are also applicable to the purposes of ventilation. December 19th, 6 months.

Christopher Nickels, of Guilford Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Gentleman, and Henry George Collins, of Queen Street, Cheapside, London, Bookbinder, for improvements in bookbinding, parts of which improvements are applicable to the cutting paper for other purposes. December 19th, 6 months.

John Robertson, jun., formerly of Tweedmouth, Berwick, now of Great Charlotte Street, Buckingham Gate, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements of architecture, as regards its construction, or in the description or properties of the forms and combinations, and also of the superficial figures which may be employed, the application of these improvements, or of the principles or method thereof, being also for supplying forms, figures, or patterns, in various arts or manufactures; also for an improvement or improvements with regard to the surfaces of buildings, whether interior or exterior, for protecting them from decay, and also giving them a more finished appearance. December 19th, 6 months.

William Henry Pitcher, of the West India Dock House, Billiter Street, Middlesex, Merchant, for improvements in the construction of docks, and apparatus for repairing ships and vessels. December 19th, 6 months.

Neale Clay, of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of iron. December 19th, 6 months.

William Sandford Hall, of Streatham Cottage, Chelsea, Lieutenant in the Army, for improvements in paddle-wheels. December 19th, 6 months.

William Henry James, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in telegraphic apparatus, and in the means of communicating intelligence by signals. December 22nd, 6 months.

Charles Button, of Holborn Bars, Chemist, and Harrison Grey Dyar, of Mortimer

Street, Cavendish Square, Gentleman, both in Middlesex, for improvements in the manufacture of white lead. December 23rd, 6 months.

William Brindley, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Patent Paper Tray Manufacturer, for improvements in the construction of presses. December 23rd, 6 months.

William Losh, of Benton Hall, Northumberland, Esquire, for improvements in decomposing muriate of soda, (common salt,) parts of which improvements are also applicable to the condensing vapours of other processes. December 23rd, 6 months.

Jehiel Frankling Norton, of Manchester, Merchant, for certain improvements on stoves and furnaces. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 23rd, 6 months.

John Elvey, of the city of Canterbury, Kent, Millwright, for improvements in paddle-wheels. December 23rd, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 33''$ N. Longitude $3^{\circ} 51''$ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1837.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevalling Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevalling Weather.
Dec.					
23	51-40	29.80-29.78	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
24	53-39	29.80-29.81	S.W.		Cloudy, a little rain in the morning.
25	56-42	29.86-29.69	S.W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
26	50-34	29.87-29.80	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times.
27	47-44	29.76-29.73	S.E.		Cloudy, rain at times.
28	51-43	29.83-29.77	S. b. E.		Cloudy. [evening.]
29	51-41	29.80-29.77	S.E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the
30	53-43	29.80-29.85	S.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
31	49-40	29.92-29.89	S. b. E.	.0125	Generally clear, rain during the night.
Jan.					
1	40-35	29.90-29.86	S. b. E.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
2	40-33	29.84-29.68	S. b. W.	.025	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	46-34	29.72-29.55	S.W.		Gen. clear, except the afternoon, rain at times.
4	45-24	29.90-29.84	S. b. W.	.05	Afternoon cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
5	33-24	30.18-30.13	W. b. N.		Foggy all the day.
6	38-24	30.18-30.17	N.W.		Generally cloudy.
7	36-28	30.29-30.17	N.E.		Generally overcast, a few drops of rain in the even.
8	31-23	30.28-30.19	N.E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, snow at times.
9	26-17	30.17-30.08	N.E.		Cloudy, snowing generally all the day.
10	27-17	29.98-29.87	N.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, snow at times.
11	27-5.5	30.04-29.87	S.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with snow.
12	23-4.5	30.25-30.17	W. b. N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
13	26-13	30.21-30.11	N.E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
14	27-6	29.95-29.83	N.E.		Morning cloudy, with snow, otherwise clear.
*15	23-1	29.74-29.73	S.W.		Generally clear.
16	31-9	29.95-29.74	N.E.		Cloudy, snow in the morning and afternoon.
17	22-16.5	30.11-30.07	N.E.		Cloudy, snow in the afternoon.
18	25-17.5	30.08-29.84	N.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with snow.
19	21-3	29.74-29.72	N.E.		Aftern. clear, otherwise cloudy, snow in the morn.
*20	19-5	29.88-29.81	S.W.		Morning and evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
21	33-5	29.85-29.68	S.E.		Morning and afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
22	42-20	29.68-29.62	S.E.		Generally clear.

* The thermometer on the morning of the 15th has not been equalled during the past eighteen years; upon reference to our Journal for January 1820, we find two remarkable coincidences, viz. that during the previous days of the week, the wind had been, as now, from the N.E., changing on the morning of the 15th to the S.W., and the thermometer falling to 1° —It is singular enough that just the same date of the present year marks the same low degree of temperature, and precisely the same change of the wind.

The still lower state of the thermometer on the morning of the 20th, when it was 5° below zero, or 37° below the freezing point, has not been equalled since the 25th of December, 1796—when it was one degree and a half lower, viz. six degrees and a half below zero, which we believe to be the lowest degree ever registered in this country.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—JANUARY, 1838.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Dec. 12.—The municipal officers' declaration bill was read a second time. On the motion of Lord Melbourne the house then proceeded to consider the royal message in regard to an additional provision for the Duchess of Kent, on account of her increased proximity to the throne. His lordship afterwards moved that their Lordships should return a general address in answer to the message respecting the Duchess of Kent, expressive of their readiness to concur in any measure which might appear necessary and fitting for carrying it into effect. After some observations from Lord Ellenborough as to the proper time for voting the address, which were answered by Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington expressed himself quite certain that there was no intention in the mind of any noble lord to throw any obstacle in the way of the address. Lord Brougham thought, before they pledged themselves to an augmentation of the income of the Duchess of Kent, they should be put in possession of the fact as to what her Royal Highness's real income was. The noble and learned lord observed that, looking merely at the different statutes having relation to her income, it was impossible to understand whether her actual income at the present moment was 16,000*l.* or 22,000*l.*

Dec. 14.—The Earl of Radnor gave notice, that on Thursday next he should call the attention of the house to the subject of the statutes and bye-laws of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and after some other unimportant business the house adjourned.

Dec. 15.—Lord Radnor presented a petition from all the principal publishers, booksellers, and printers of London, praying for a general reduction of the rate of postage; and Lord Brougham, a petition from the city of London, praying that the provisions of the "municipal officers' declaration bill" might be extended to every class of dissenters. The same noble and learned lord presented a petition from the prisoners in the Fleet, for the bill to abolish imprisonment for debt.

Dec. 18.—Lord Duncannon presented the last report of the church commissioners in Ireland, and Lord Brougham presented a petition from the city of London, in favour of Mr. Hill's plan for remodelling the post-office. His lordship spoke at some length in favour of Mr. Hill's plan, and in ridicule of various parts of the present system.

Dec. 19.—Lord Brougham presented two petitions, one praying for the improvement of the law with respect to imprisonment for debt, the other for the adoption of the ballot.—The Earl of Shaftesbury having brought up the report of the municipal officers' declaration bill, Lord Brougham moved amendments, for the purpose of extending the provisions of the bill, which are confined to "Moravians, Quakers, and Separatists," to all other sects who felt religious scruples on the subject of tests. The amendments were negatived, and the report was agreed to.—Mr. Rice, and others, from the Commons, brought up the civil list bill and the houses of parliament bill. On the motion of Viscount Melbourne, the civil list bill was read a first time; and, on the motion of Viscount Duncannon, the houses of parliament bill was read a first time.—Mr. Bernal, and others, from the Commons, brought up the slave compensation bill. It was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.—The house then adjourned.

Dec. 20.—Lord Melbourne (after some unimportant business) rose and moved the second reading of the civil list bill, which was read a second time, and the municipal officers' regulation bill having been read a third time, their Lordships adjourned.

Dec. 21.—The civil list bill passed through committee, and was ordered to be read a third time next day.

Dec. 22.—Lord Brougham asked whether her Majesty's government had received any official information with respect to what had taken place in Canada, as reported in the papers of that day?—Lord Glenelg replied in the negative.—Viscount Melbourne immediately rose and said it would be his duty to move that their Lordships do adjourn to the 16th of January, in consequence of the rumours that were afloat.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Dec. 13.—After some notices had been given, Sir G. Grey stated, in answer to a question from Mr. Gladstone, that it was the intention of ministers to introduce a bill for the settlement of the government of New South Wales, and that it was not their intention to renew the temporary bill at present in force, which, however, had yet some time to run. In answer to a question from Mr. Serjeant Jackson, as to whether the government intended to introduce any change into the present system of national education in Ireland, Lord Morpeth said, that it was intended to adopt a regulation by which the conscientious objec-

tions of many Protestants to sending their children to the national schools would be removed.—A short conversation then occurred on bringing up the report of the Queen's message. The resolutions of the committee were then reported, and a bill pursuant thereto was ordered to be brought in. The bill was subsequently brought in, and read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Friday.—The civil list bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Friday.

Dec. 14.—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd moved for leave to renew his bill "To provide for the access of parents living apart from each other to their children of tender age." Sir Edward Sugden intimated that on another occasion he should take the sense of the house respecting the bill. Leave was then given, the motion having been seconded by Mr. Leader.—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd next moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law of copyright. After a short conversation, leave was given to bring in the bill.

Dec. 15.—Mr. Hawes asked if it were the intention of government to turn their attention to the recommendation of the commissioners of the post-office inquiry in their ninth report, relating to the reduction of the postage, and also as to the allowing the use of penny stamps. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he was not prepared to go to the full extent of the ninth report of the commissioners, but some of their suggestions he was about to try.

Dec. 16.—The report of the civil list committee was brought up and received.—On the motion that the House do go into committee on the Duchess of Kent's annuity bill, a long argument took place between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Goulburn, on the subject of the 6,000*l.* a year which was granted for the education of the Princess Victoria.—The House then went into committee, merely for the purpose of discharging the order of the day for the consideration of the resolution; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice for a new resolution, that the present income of the Duchess of Kent do cease and determine, and that 22,000*l.* added to the 8,000*l.* be granted, making one annuity of 30,000*l.* The resolution to be considered on Monday.

Dec. 18.—On the order of the day being read for the House going into committee of supply, Sir G. Sinclair asked Mr. Rice if, agreeably to the order of the day immediately preceding that for going into committee of supply, he intended to proceed to the nomination of the pension list committee?—Mr. Rice, in reply, pointed to a motion of Mr. Hume, which stands for to-day, and which is that the names of members intended to be proposed to serve on select committees shall be placed on the notices on the day preceding that on which the debate on their nomination is to take place.—A discussion of some length ensued on the motion, that the committee consist of twenty-one members, and whether Mr. Harvey's name should be added. On a division, the numbers were—for Mr. Harvey, 71; against him, 122; majority, 51.—The resolutions of the committee of the whole House on the Duchess of Kent's annuity were now reported, and a bill pursuant thereto ordered to be brought in.—The houses of parliament bill was read a third time and passed, and the prisoners (Ireland) bill went through committee.

Dec. 19.—The house proceeded to the third reading of the civil list bill. On the question that the bill do pass, Mr. Hume renewed his motion for reducing the sum of 385,000*l.* to 335,000*l.* He did not divide the house, and the motion was immediately negatived.—Mr. Grote then, in a speech of considerable length, proposed the omission of "the clauses empowering her Majesty to grant a certain sum annually in new pensions," which was lost by a majority of 102. The numbers were, 125 to 23.—Sir R. Peel then proposed an amendment, enabling the crown to grant pensions to the amount of 1,200*l.* a-year; and providing, that if the whole sum were not granted in any one year the remainder might be carried over to the next year, and then granted in addition to the 1,200*l.* allowed for that year. For the amendment, 25; against it 100.—The bill was ultimately read a third time, and passed.—On the motion of Mr. Rice, the slave compensation bill was read a third time and passed.

Dec. 20.—No house.

Dec. 21.—Lord John Russell observed that on Saturday he should move that the house do adjourn to the 1st of February.—On the motion of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the custody of infants bill was read a first time.—Colonel Sibthorp gave notice, that soon after the recess he would move for leave to bring in a bill to repeal so much of the 26th George III. c. 24, as grants an annuity of 20,000*l.* to Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg.—After some other unimportant business, the house adjourned.

Dec. 22.—Much business of little interest was transacted, and after a statement from Lord John Russell relative to the affairs of Canada,—the house adjourned.

THE
METROPOLITAN.

MARCH, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Misrepresentation. Scenes in Real Life, one of a Series of Tales on the Passions. 3 vols.

“My aim has simply been to delineate character, and portray feeling; to make my scenes and actors natural; my story *possible*. Whether successfully or not, you, reader, must determine.”

With these words, and others still more modest, the author of this agreeable story introduces herself and her subject. We can honestly say that she has done all, and something more than she here proposes. One of the best qualities of the work—and that this is a rare quality must be allowed by all readers of modern novels and romances—is, its perfect freedom from affectation. In this respect, and in some others, it reminds us of Miss Austin’s admirable narratives. The story is also rich in good practical, moral lessons, not laid on as *preachments*, but rising naturally out of the events and the frame of mind induced by the circumstances and varying fortunes of the youthful heroine. Occasionally the cool measured tone of morality gives place to the warmer voice of religion—of a devotion mild, unobtrusive, and truly womanly. The great moral lesson inculcated is the necessity of checking the self-will and pride which great wealth and uninterrupted prosperity are apt to awaken in generous and noble natures—an old lesson, but one which cannot be too often repeated, and which is susceptible of an infinite variety of touching or striking illustration. The adventures of the heroine, Cecil Moubray, an heiress and an orphan, though simple and natural, never going beyond the strict line of probability, are exceedingly interesting, and place her at times in positions the most trying that can be imagined, to a confiding, generous, and noble nature. For a long time she is constantly the victim of misconceptions and malicious misrepresentations; and after being partially spoilt by indulgence and the prospect of an immense fortune, she finds herself suddenly reduced, by craft and intrigue, to a state of poverty and absolute dependence. One of the leading incidents in her story will, at the first glance, startle novel readers; for her love, as delicate a passion as was ever conceived, is for one of her guardians—a class of men that have, time out of mind, laid under the bann and interdict of novel writers. We must hint, however, in justification of Miss Moubray’s taste, that the Lord St. Maur, though a guardian and a widower, is a young, hand-

some, high-minded, and altogether a very lovable person. Her other guardian, General Moubray, comes nearer to the usual prescribed delineations of novelists and dramatists; but still he has traits peculiarly his own, and his character, like those of most of our author's personages, seems to have been carefully studied from nature. It is the meanness, weakness, obstinacy, and short-sightedness of this worldly-minded man, that throw a temporary cloud over the fortunes of the heroine. In a fit of disappointed ambition the general takes up the "old gentlemanly vice," and is only saved by death from becoming a thorough-paced miser—a very Elwes, or a Dance. The following lively dialogue will convey a notion of some of the minor miseries he inflicted upon his niece, whom previously, when ambition and a love of display were the hobbies he rode, he had accustomed to a most lavish expenditure of money.

" 'Cecil,' said General Moubray, 'I don't altogether fancy this arrow-root; did you desire Mason to be careful about boiling it up?'

" 'I did, indeed, uncle; I spoke more than once to her.'

" 'Then she has'nt attended to you, that's all I can say; and if Mrs. Mason expects that I am to give her twenty guineas for such performances as this, she will find herself very much mistaken, I can tell her. Wretched stuff, indeed; can't have put in half the arrow-root, that's it, depend upon it; kept it for herself; servants are all cheats and thieves.'

" 'Will you try another bason?'

" 'No, my stomach's turned already.'

" 'Some broth, then?'

" 'Don't know but I might be able to manage a little broth; and you can make your luncheon off this.' 'And then,' thought he, 'she will not want so much dinner.'

" 'Thank you, my dear uncle, but I am not hungry; I have just eaten a biscuit.'

" 'Well, never mind, don't pull the bell; I dare say this is better for me than broth,' said the General, who could not make up his mind to the enormous waste of a bason of arrow-root. 'Here, take this key, and open the closet in my bed-room, you'll find a bottle of brandy there. Dr. B. advises me to take a little with my luncheon.'

" Miss Moubray obeyed. 'Take care, for goodness' sake, pray think of what you are about; do you want to throw me into a fever? There—that will do; one spoonful more. Where are you going now, Cecil? Leave the bottle on the table; how can you tell I shall not want some more? And do sit still; that perpetual opening and shutting of the door is enough to drive one mad.'

" Cecil returned to her former station near the window. No two human faces are alike; no two people write alike; no two persons give a similar knock at a door; and, at this moment, there was a rap at the street door, which Cecil had often heard before, and never with much pleasure. The next minute a low, deep voice inquired for General Moubray.

" 'Uncle, dear uncle,' she cried, starting up, 'your dressing-gown, your slippers; won't you change your dress?'

" 'Hey, what?' said the General, who thought his niece a little non compos. 'What in the name of wonder is the matter with the girl?'

" 'Lord St. Maur is below; pray put on your coat.'

" 'Who?' asked the general.

" 'Lord St. Maur.'

" 'And what brings him here, I should like to know? I'm sure I don't want to see him.'

" 'Shall I deny you?' cried Cecil; but it was too late, the earl was already in the room. And such a room! Reader, I do not often trouble you with descriptions, but this apartment I must endeavour to portray. General Moubray occupied a house in the Promenade, the back drawing-room of which had been converted into his bed-room; for, as Lady Emily observed, he did not like moving about; and the folding-doors being partially unclosed, gave to view his coat hanging over the back of a chair, several pairs of boots and shoes, and other articles of clothing, scattered about the room, and a tumbled bed, which the lodging-house servant had not yet found time to arrange. The drawing-room itself was neither better nor

worse than lodging-house drawing-rooms usually are ; but as the general *did* the invalid, there were some additions, in the shape of phials and pill-boxes, which might have been dispensed with. His own appearance, too, in a faded buff dressing-gown, and slippers, (in one of which a large hole had been made, to favour a corn,) was far from being ornamental ; while the odour imparted to the atmosphere of the apartment by the cognac, was not exactly the perfume you expect to meet with in a lady's drawing-room.

" Cecil coloured with vexation, as she saw (or thought she saw) their unwelcome visitant cast a rapid, satirical glance, at the *comforts* and *elegances* by which they were surrounded ; and perhaps there *was* a wicked expression about his mouth, as, after the customary inquiries, he asked Miss Moubray, ' if Cheltenham answered her expectations ?'

" ' No,' said the General, (who was a little deaf,) ' I can't say it does : drank the waters when first I came ; thought they did me more harm than good ; left them off now ; wish I'd not tried them at all ; paid my subscription for six months, and all for no purpose ; might as well have thrown my money into the sea.'

" ' You have, at any rate, a very cheerful situation ?'

" ' Yes, it's pleasant enough, for those who like the thing ; doesn't suit me ; too much noise and bustle ; monstrous dear, too. Would you believe it, my Lord ? they have the conscience to ask five guineas a week now, and it will be double in what is called the season !'

" ' House-rent is always high at watering-places, I believe,' observed the Earl, not exactly knowing what to answer.

" ' But that's not the worst of it,' rejoined General Moubray ; ' they have a confounded practice here of putting a servant into the house, whom you are expected to take, and the waste and extravagance of such a system is enough to drive a man out of his senses. All servants are bad enough ; but one who feels herself a fixture is a perfect mass of dishonesty, and everything else that's unprincipled : however, I've made up my mind, now, to put them all on board wages ; eight shillings a week for the women, and twelve for the men ; and if they don't like it, they may take themselves off, a set of idle, good-for-nothing knaves, who eat one out of house and home, and think of nothing from morning till night but how they can cheat and deceive you.'

" Again did Cecil colour with mortification, as she stole a glance at her titled guardian ; but his countenance gave no token of exultation. In fact, Lord St. Maur's errand to Cheltenham was not one of ill-natured triumph, and if a slight shade of malice had appeared on his first entrance, it had been entirely called up by the coldness of her reception ; and now, far from enjoying, he pitied her embarrassment. Something was said of business, and Cecil gladly seized the excuse for leaving the room."

* * * * *

" Lord St. Maur's visit was at length concluded ; and Cecil and her uncle, being seated in the above-mentioned fly, they drove towards the High Street in place of taking a country direction, as they usually did.

" ' A very sensible man, that Lord St. Maur,' observed the General ; ' although I must acknowledge I don't agree with him in every respect. Young noblemen, however, have extravagant notions ; he'll be wiser when he is older, I dare say, and think, as I do, that a hundred and seventy pounds is a great deal for a young lady to spend in little more than nine months.'

" ' Indeed, my dear uncle, if I had had the slightest idea you would have been displeased, I should have been more prudent.'

" ' Well, well, there is no use in talking about it ; the money's gone, and had better be forgotten. And, now I think about it, I suppose you won't object to a little more ; eh, Cecil ?' presenting her with two greasy five pound country notes, which were received with infinite satisfaction.

" They now stopped at a confectioner's, where General Moubray ordered six cheesecakes, as many tartlets, a shape of jelly, and a pigeon pie, to be sent home immediately. Then they drove to the Plough, where Cecil's uncle alighted ; for his business respected wine, and he had still enough of gentleman-like feeling remaining to be choice in that article. In getting out, he desired the driver (for he had no livery servant,) to open the fly, an injunction which, after many jerks to the carriage and sobos to the horse, was at length obeyed, and Cecil exposed to public view. She, however, attracted very little notice ; for who could have guessed the plainly-dressed occupant of the hackney fly, who seemed so anxious to escape observation, was no other person than the beautiful heiress of Eldersleigh ?

" 'I hope I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Moubray well,' said William Beauclerc, who, with his arm linked in that of Lord St. Maur, approached the vehicle in which she sat. A favourable reply brought forth a long string of inquiries, as to her leaving Cheltenham, arrival in town, situation there, probable gaieties of the approaching season, &c. &c., in answering which poor Cecil crimsoned again with mortification, and right glad was she when her uncle's appearance put an end to the conversation.

" Flies are awkward carriages to enter, especially for stout, heavy people, to which description of persons General Moubray belonged; and being, also, rather inactive, he missed his footing, and might have had a very disagreeable fall but for the prompt intervention of Lord St. Maur's arm, and even Cecil could not but remark the look of real concern which accompanied this timely aid.

" 'Pray,' said General Moubray, when they were once more in motion, 'is that gentleman related to the Earl? They are very much alike.'

" 'His first cousin,—Mr. Beauclerc.'

" 'An admirer of yours, Cecil? [Young ladies always say no when such questions are asked.] I think he looked a little sweet upon you, though. Do you suppose they are together?'

" 'Most probably.'

" 'Then I wish I had thought of asking him too. Why did you not introduce me, Cecil?'

" 'Asked him, uncle? Asked him?' inquired Miss Moubray, an uncomfortable sort of apprehension stealing over her mind.

" 'Yes; asked him,' replied the General, testily.

" 'But to what?'

" 'To dinner, to be sure. Didn't I tell you that Lord St. Maur is coming to dine with us?'

" 'Lord St. Maur coming to dine with us? Oh, my dear uncle?'

" 'Yes,' replied he, 'Lord St. Maur is coming to dine with us. But what ails you, Cecil? Why, child, if it had been a rhinoceros, you could not have looked more frightened. What in the world is the matter with you? Are you ill?'

" 'No,' she said, 'I am not ill; but you know Lord St. Maur is accustomed to so much refinement and luxury, and our style of living is quite the reverse.'

" 'I really don't know what you mean, Miss Moubray!'

" 'Nay, uncle; lodging houses are always deficient in comforts.'

" 'Well,' said the General, 'I suppose Lord St. Maur has dined in a lodging house before; so tell the man to take another turn, and do you keep a sharp lookout, you know my eyesight is defective, and if you see Mr. Beauclerc, we will stop, and give him an invitation.'

" 'It wanted but this,' thought she, 'to complete my annoyance. Oh, how could my uncle be so injudicious?' And Cecil well nigh cried with vexation, as she contrasted the spacious dining-room, the snowy damask, the massive plate, the rich liveries, French cuisine, foreign wines, forced dessert, and costly procelain, of Selwood Castle, with the niggardly repast dressed by a lodging-house cook, served on blue and white dishes, and with her uncle's man the sole attendant. The tartlets, too! Lord St. Maur eating tartlets! It would be worse, a thousand times worse, than the most unfortunate of Mrs. Henrietta's failures.

They reached home (as may be supposed) without hailing William Beauclerc; and then a new difficulty arose: what was Miss Moubray to wear? At Selwood a very *recherchée* toilette had prevailed, for Lord St. Maur was rather a connoisseur in ladies' dresses; but how ridiculous would such a style appear now! This point, however, was soon arranged; and Cecil, full of flutter and agitation, entered the drawing-room, when, to her inexpressible relief, she found that all her fears had been unnecessary: Lord St. Maur, aware, perhaps, on after consideration of the consequences of thus rashly engaging himself, had sent an excuse.

" 'So, Cecil,' said her uncle, 'I see you can dress yourself for a young man, though you don't think an old one worth the trouble. However, your labour's lost, for he doesn't come, after all: I can't say I consider it altogether gentlemanlike, but I suppose these great people fancy they may do as they please. Perhaps, too, it's better he doesn't dine with us; I dare say I should have been obliged to drink more wine than would have been good for me; the pigeon pie, you know, will keep very well till to-morrow. It's lucky I did not order giblet soup as well.'

An older and a crosser gentleman than this cross old General—Captain Death—at length relieves our heroine from this kind of persecution ; but, unfortunately, before dying, the General makes what disappointed relations call “a devil of a will.” His exit is thus described.

“ ‘Uncle,’ said Cecil, one sabbath afternoon, shortly after Alice’s decease, ‘as you are too unwell to drive out to-day, shall I not read to you ? You were, I thought, interested in this book.’

“ ‘Pray excuse me, my dear Miss Moubray,’ interrupted Mrs. Johnson, ‘but I must put my veto on such reading. Religion is, undoubtedly, very desirable in its proper place, and when not carried too far ; but I must say I think such books as you hold in your hand likely to do a great deal of mischief, especially to a person in General Moubray’s state of health. I believe I’m not at all deficient in real piety myself, and make a point of going to church *once* a day, at least ; but Methodism I do abhor, for I never knew one of your very good people who wasn’t at heart quite as bad, if not worse, than others. And I really believe you labour under a great mistake in considering so much strictness necessary.’

“ ‘Are you quite charitable, Mrs. Johnson, in condemning *all* religious people, because you have met with some hypocrites ?’

“ ‘Well,’ said the General, ‘you’ll never make a saint of me, Cecil ; so you may as well give up the attempt. I got such a surfeit of church-going when I was a boy at Eton, and afterwards at Oxford, that I took a disgust to the whole thing. Faith, I believe I haven’t seen the inside of a church since I left the University, excepting, indeed, when my brother was married ; and I quite agree with you, Mrs. Johnson, that religion is likely to do more harm than good.’

“ ‘Besides,’ continued that lady, ‘are we not told not to be righteous overmuch ? Now I must acknowledge, that though it is Sunday, I can’t see the harm of a little quiet enjoyment ; sick people should be amused ; they require to have their spirits raised, which, I am sure, such reading would never do ; and as General Moubray can’t go out this afternoon, we really ought to try and make the time pass pleasantly : so, General, I propose a game at backgammon.’

“ ‘Thank you, my dear, kind friend,’ replied the infatuated old man, as the artful Mrs. Johnson busied herself in placing the men.

“ ‘It was not thus,’ thought Cecil, whilst slowly ascending the stairs, ‘my poor mother’s hours of suffering were cheered : how dreadful it appears, that one in my uncle’s state of health should be so indifferent to his best interests : Mrs. Johnson, it is quite clear, is using all her endeavours to keep him back. What can it be that gives her such an influence over him ?’

“Cecil took up a book, and, placing herself in the window-seat, began reading. She had not, however, been long thus occupied, when her attention was attracted by a loud scream from below stairs, and a violent peal of the bell. In an instant she gained the room where she had left her uncle, and dreadful was the spectacle that presented itself, but which, in the horror of the moment, Cecil could not realize. A fearful sound fell upon her ear, but she knew not its full import ; an appalling vision rose upon her view, but conveyed no impression to her mind : she rushed forward, something cold met her touch, and then a dizziness came over her ; and sight, sense, hearing, feeling—all were gone.

“For some time past, General Moubray had been liable to seizures, which he called nervous ; for, although always complaining, death, or even danger, were contingencies, whose bare idea he carefully excluded from his imagination. Yet thus was he called away ; and, O ! how sudden, how awful, was the summons : sudden, because, in spite of many warnings, he met it unprepared ! awful, since, even in death, his palsied hand still grasped the instrument of the unhallowed pastime wherewith he had dared to desecrate that holy day. He died as he had lived, a worldly, God-forgotten man !”

“It was not until the third day after General Moubray’s demise that Cecil found herself equal to the exertion of writing a few lines to Lady Emily, informing her of the awful catastrophe ; and as her ladyship was not a very ready scribe, several days more had elapsed before an answer was received. It was exceedingly concise, and written rather in a congratulatory than condoling strain ; for Lady Emily considered the old general’s death the very best thing that could happen for his niece. Cecil was invited to return immediately to Selwood ; Lord St. Maur was at present absent, but hourly expected to come home ; and Louisa, who had been married

about three weeks, like the generality of people of her matrimonial experience, described herself, in her letters to her mother, as being perfectly happy. Such were the contents of Lady Emily Warham's epistle; but ere it reached its destination, another heavy blow had fallen on Cecil—she was disinherited!

"During General Moubray's absence from England a new will had been made, by which, after some annuities and legacies, (one of five thousand pounds to his niece, payable upon her coming of age,) the whole of his property, landed and personal, was bequeathed to Mrs. Johnson.

"Cecil was not covetous; but from her early youth she had been taught to consider herself the future mistress of Eldersleigh; as such, she had been educated—as such, introduced into society; and it was impossible not to feel the reverse which, from a high-born heiress, reduced to what was, in her estimation, little better than beggary. Nor could she see, without a pang, the estate and dwelling of her ancestors pass into the hands of strangers. Her uncle assigned no reason for his fickle injustice; but would it not, she feared, be thought that some misconduct on her part had given rise to this change of purpose? Even the name, which at his desire she had taken, would henceforth prove a constant source of mortification and ridicule. She felt herself degraded and disgraced, and it was with some difficulty she could bring her naturally proud spirit to bow, with any degree of submission, to so humiliating a dispensation. And her distress received additional poignancy from the entire want of respect evinced towards her uncle's memory by the worthless being whom he had so unjustly enriched.

"On Mrs. Johnson, her husband, and brother, as sole executors of the will, devolved the arrangement for General Moubray's interment; and she, who was indebted to him for a landed estate of six thousand a year, besides funded property to a considerable amount, now begrudged (for the unworthy are seldom grateful) the trifling expense which would be incurred by conveying her benefactor's mortal remains to the burial-place of his forefathers. Cecil had been called upon to deliver up the diamonds, as they were, she was assured, part of the personal estate; and she hesitated not to comply with the demand; but she could not suffer the preparations for the funeral to proceed without a remonstrance; but in vain. Mrs. Johnson hated the being she had injured; she was glad, too, of an opportunity of retaliating the coldness with which she had been treated by Miss Moubray, and would not hear of any alteration from the original plan;—and without a stone to mark his final resting-place, with scarcely the appearance even of decent respect, the remains of the proud, ambitious, worldly-minded General Moubray, were consigned to the burial-ground of an obscure country village.

"Ah! what a lesson for mortality is here! For many years, ambition had been the mainspring of his life; self-aggrandisement the object of his existence. For *these* General Moubray had sacrificed his political integrity; for these had braved the dangers of an unhealthy climate; and it was chiefly the irritation arising from disappointed pride which led to the commission of that act of base injustice by which he degraded and impoverished his brother's orphan. Such had been the career of this proud, selfish being; yet were his latter days without honour, and he died unrespected, unregretted, unmourned, save by his injured niece.

"There are two graves in that churchyard lying together, and they are alike; the turf grows equally, the village children sport, on both; the careless footstep presses the springy sward, and marks no difference between the mound beneath which rests the high-born statesman, or that where sleeps the lowly peasant,—for the rich and poor are met together—the worldly-minded Moubray and the humble Alice are side by side. There is no difference now; but how will it be when the dead shall rise, the books be opened, and each shall render an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good, or whether they be evil; when every sin of omission and commission, every neglected duty, every heartless action, now, perhaps, forgotten or glossed over, shall set themselves in terrible array, provoking the justice of an offended God? Reader! in that dread hour, say, how will you and I appear?

"As Mrs. Johnson, immediately on General Moubray's death, had established herself in his late residence, Cecil, it may be easily imagined, felt little desire to prolong unnecessarily her sojourn under the same roof. She resolved, therefore, although in a state of extreme weakness, to quit Cheltenham directly after the funeral, notwithstanding she must thus become the herald of her misfortunes; for Lady Emily's letter only reached Cheltenham on the morning of that painful occurrence. But previous to her departure some arrangements were necessary, which

brought forcibly to the mind of our heroine the melancholy change her fortunes had undergone. She was not entitled to the legacy until of age; and as General Moubray's penurious habits had not decreased, she now found herself with but a few shillings to defray the expenses of the journey, and discharge some outstanding bills for mourning and other necessities. She preferred parting with some of her least valuable trinkets to the degradation of borrowing from the Johnsons; and Mason was accordingly despatched to negotiate the sale. Cecil knew not the difference of buying and selling such articles, especially when the agent is one of Mason's description; and her amazement was excessive, when, in return for ornaments which might, originally, have cost upwards of a hundred pounds, she received thirty; and that sum being little more than sufficient to satisfy her tradespeople, another sacrifice was necessary. At length, after having all but emptied her jewel case, she was enabled to pay her bills, and set off for Selwood."

But this sudden change of fortune, instead of sinking, elevates and ennobles the young heroine: it gives her the opportunity of studying the world in its true, sober colours, it corrects her pride and the other defects of her character, or rather of her education; and after a long course of trials and disappointed hopes, she is rendered worthy of a happy and brilliant destiny.

On Warming and Ventilating; with Directions for making and using the Thermometer Stove. By NEIL ARNOTT, M.D.

Dr. Arnott has, in several instances, turned his ingenuity and science to the most useful and practical of purposes. His well-known invention of "the hydrostatic bed" has entitled him to the gratitude of suffering humanity, and to the proud title of a benefactor of his species. The little work now before us relates chiefly to a more recent invention of a domestic nature, by which houses are to be heated and kept wholesome at the same time at a minimum of expense. Philosophy has not yet devised—statesmen have never dreamed of any plan more calculated to add to human comfort and enjoyment. This is indeed, to use the language of the Benthamites, a direct contribution to the greater happiness of the greater number. The boon is more especially for the poor and the middling classes of society. We consider it as an imperative duty to direct the attention of our readers to this truly important invention, and we can answer, from personal experience, for the correctness of the following statements. But Dr. Arnott's high standing in his profession, his established reputation as a man of science and a benevolist, render any such assurance on our part altogether unnecessary. The doctor derives no benefit from the invention, except the noble gratification of doing good—he makes it public property at once, just as he did the hydrostatic bed, from which, had he been so inclined, he might have derived a profit of many thousands of pounds. The stove, like the bed, is unprotected by patent or monopoly of any kind; anybody may make it, and it is so simple in its construction as to offer no difficulties to the least scientific of workmen.

Before proceeding to the extracts relating immediately to the "Thermometer Stove," we should mention that the little book before us contains many hints applicable in all cases, and with all kinds of grates, stoves, or flues, to the proper ventilating of apartments. Than this there is scarcely anything more essential to health; and yet few things are more generally neglected or misunderstood. In the comfortable houses of England—comfortable *par excellence*—the principles upon which a constant supply of fresh wholesome air depends are too often sacrificed to old-womanly prejudices—the venerable relics of our grandmothers.

Dr. Arnott thus recapitulates the disadvantages attending the Dutch stove and the common open fire:—

"The stove saves the waste of warm air, which, in open fires, passes between the fire and the mantel-piece, while by the surface of its body and flue receiving not only the direct heat of the combustion, but also of the intensely heated air rising from the fire, it gives out to the room much of the heat, which, in a common open fire, would at once ascend the chimney. * * There is, however, one disadvantage peculiar to the close stove, which countervails nearly all its good qualities, namely, that its very heated surface of iron acts upon the air which comes in contact with it, so as to impair exceedingly the air's purity and fitness for respiration. * * *

"The imperfection of the open fire, and of the close stoves, having been strongly felt, other means were eagerly sought, and are now extensively used; namely, 1. Steam admitted to pipes or other vessels placed in the apartments to be warmed; 2. Hot water similarly admitted and distributed and circulating back to the boiler to be heated again; and 3. Heated air prepared in a separate place, and then distributed by various means over the building to be warmed."

He meets the imperfections of the Dutch stove and common grate by proposing his own self-regulating stove, the superiority of which consists in the power of so regulating the afflux of the air to the coal or fuel, as to consume no more fuel than is necessary to heat the apartment to the requisite degree, and consequently, of preserving the fire, at all times of the day and night, at one uniform degree of heat, without the aid of servants and without waste. By proper management a fire lit in it at the beginning of winter will burn on till the beginning of summer, requiring nothing more than a supply of fuel once every twenty-four or twenty-six hours, and the expense of this constant unintermitting fire will be found not to exceed one penny per day!

"What chiefly surprises a stranger in this new stove, is the very small quantity of air required to support the combustion which warms a large room; the whole might enter by an opening of half an inch diameter, and the quantity of air or smoke which passes into the chimney, is of course proportionably small. These facts at once suggest how small the consumption of fuel must be, as that depends on the quantity of air entering, how perfect the combustion of the fuel must be where so little is expended, and how completely the heat produced in the combustion must be turned to account. The combustion is so perfect, because the fuel is surrounded by thick fire-brick, which confines the heat so as to maintain intense ignition; and the saving of heat is proved by the rapidly diminishing temperature of the flue, detected by a hand, passed along it from the stove. During the winter 1836-7, which was very long and severe, my library was warmed by the thermometer stove alone. The fire was never extinguished, except for experiment, or to allow the removal of pieces of stone which had been in the coal, and this might have been prevented by making the grate with a moveable or shifting bar. The temperature was uniformly from 60° to 63°. I might have made it as much lower or higher as I liked. The quantity of coal used (Welsh stone coal) was, for several of the colder months, six pounds a day—less than a pennyworth—or at the rate of half a ton in the six winter months. This was a smaller expense than of the wood needed to light an ordinary fire, therefore the saving was equal to the whole amount of the coal-merchant's ordinary bill. The grate, or fire-box, fully charged, held a supply for twenty-six hours. * * * Many strangers coming into my room did not suspect that I had fire in the stove, for it was used generally as a table for a book-stand. They thought the agreeable warmth of the room came from the kitchen, or some neighbouring room. I believe that persons must themselves feel, to be able truly to conceive the charm, in dreary winter, of knowing, wherever they be, in cold, or rain, or snow, that a perfect and unvarying summer room always awaits their return home."

The following is an abridged summary of the presumed advantages of the stove.

"*Economy of Fuel.*—A common open fire wastes seven-eighths of the heat produced. This stove saves or puts to use very nearly the whole, because, first, it does not allow the air which has fed the combustion to escape, until deprived of nearly all the heat: and secondly, it does not allow any of the warm air of the room, except the little which feeds the fire, to escape through the chimney.

"*Uniform temperature* in all parts of the room, and through the day.—There is no scorching on one side, and freezing on the other, as often with a common fire.—There can be no draughts in the room, nor layer of cold air on the floor.

"*The Stove is always alight*.—This peculiarity, next to the saving of fuel, if not even before it, may be deemed a leading characteristic or advantage of the stove, from which many minor advantages flow. Its importance is perceived by reflecting on the disadvantages of common interrupted fires, as—the trouble and expense, with smoke, dust, and noise, of lighting the fire, &c.

"It is because the stove is ever alight, that the temperature of the place warmed by it is so uniform, and that so much fuel is saved. More fuel would be wasted in one morning hour, by the attempt suddenly to raise the temperature of a room which had become cold in the night, than by keeping the fire burning moderately all the night.

"*No smoke* can come from it, for the only passage is the small opening by which air enters to feed the fire, and in this, if desired, there may be a flap or valve allowing air to enter freely, but not to return.

"*Obedience to command*.—The screw of the regulator as certainly increases or diminishes the temperature, as the screw of a lamp varies the light; and by having a thermometer accurately made and graduated, the very degree of heat required in any art—as in enamel painting, &c. can be obtained with certainty."

"In brief," says the doctor, "its advantages may be thus classified:—Economy of Fuel—Economy of Original Expense—Economy of Service—Economy of Comfort—Economy of Health and Life—Economy of Furniture and Property generally—and Economy of Time."

It may be proper to mention that, though any kind of coal may be used, the "Welsh stone coal" is decidedly the best suited to the stove.

Another important hint is—that the "Thermometer Stoves" do not cost much money!—not more—nay, scarcely so much as a good open grate and fire-irons. They are to be seen at Messrs. Bramahs, Cottam, and Hallen's; May and Morrill's; and at Mr. Huxleys, Castle Street, Long Acre. It is a pity that so few persons should have *felt* the benefit of them (both as regards comfort and economy) during this long and severe winter.

The Modern Process for the Preservation of all Alimentary Substances; by which they retain their Native Purity and Essential Qualities in any Climate, and for several Years; and by means of which may be served, at a few Minutes' notice, a Complete and Exquisite Dinner. By HENDERSON WILLIAM BRAND, Author of "The Complete Modern Cook."

As we are treating of useful and domestic matters we will recommend this cheap, excellent little book. As far as our knowledge goes, it seems fully to answer the object proposed, which is to show how, by a simple process which any body may understand, we may always have in readiness, and in perfection, food of every description, without the risk of its being in any way "worse for keeping." To those who go down to the deep in great ships; and make long voyages, such instructions are invaluable, as every body will feel that has lived three months upon salt junk, and consumptive chickens, or melancholy ducks converted by the spray into sea-gulls. It has been our own fortune to sail in ships of various nations, and we cannot help saying, that the English are those in which these matters are least understood. A Frenchman or an Italian, with a few preserved vegetables, a little dried meat, and some macaroni, will dish you up a good wholesome dinner, light and digestible, anywhere; but, oh! the horrors to a sensitive stomach of salt beef, salt pork, sea-pies

(three-deckers), and split-pea soup. By attention to some of these things, the health of the poor sailors in the royal navy has been greatly improved of late years ; but the attention has not been carried far enough. We are convinced that by proper management a constant supply of fresh, wholesome food, might be procured, even at a reduced rate of expense. Some of the hints in the present volume might be serviceable in this direction, but the more especial object of Mr. Brand is to extend to private families, and to remote country-seats, delicacies not to be obtained far from large towns at certain seasons of the year, without much time, trouble, and expense ; and to place at command, almost at a minute's notice, and at all times, a variety of agreeable and wholesome food. The author states, " that in treating this subject, he has not presumed to undertake the task as a mere theorist, but that he came to it, backed by his own actual experience, and confirmed in his ideas by long practice and unflinching success."

Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry. By ALEXANDER BETHUNE, Labourer.

Considered merely as literary productions, the tales in this volume possess a high degree of interest, and they become doubly interesting from the circumstances under which they have been produced. We are not much given to wonder-seeking, and, generally speaking, are not very anxious to pet or patronize self-taught miracles, poetical shoemakers, basket-makers, milk-women, or day-labourers—and this chiefly because we are convinced that a certain facility in writing is of no difficult attainment in these days, when books, if not knowledge, are scattered in all directions, and made accessible to the poorest—and still more, because we are convinced, in the larger majority of cases, that it is far better for these individuals to remain shoe-makers, basket-makers, milk-women, and day-labourers, than to embark on the always perilous and uncertain career of professional authorship. Albeit, they may start, rejoicing in the patronage of some wondering Lady Augusta, or Hannah More, but Alexander Bethune comes recommended both to our heart and head, by the peculiarity of his circumstances, his manly scorn of flattery and patronage-hunting, and the high intellectual powers he displays, and upon these grounds we venture most cordially to recommend his little volume. We cannot make a better appeal to our readers than by quoting from the frank and unaffected introductory notice.

" Like many others of his class, he may be said to have derived little advantage from the instructions of masters, his education having been limited to four or five months' tuition at a subscription school during his sixth year ; his ability as a writer, therefore, in whatever estimation it may be held, may fairly be denominated ' self-acquired.' His parents, from ill-health and other causes, were very poor, and unable to apprentice him to any trade, so he betook himself, at the age of fourteen, to the humble occupation of a labourer. By this species of employment, so ill-suited to that early period of life, his growth was stunted, and his bodily energies were impaired. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, he continued to support his parents ; while the few hours of leisure he could command were devoted to reading such books as chance threw in his way.

" His own circumstances gradually became comparatively easy ; but while employed in blasting a rock in the year 1829, he met with a severe accident, having been blown into the air by the explosion of the charge, and dreadfully lacerated, which confined him to bed for nearly six months. He then returned to his avocations ; but again, about three years afterwards, he met with a similar accident. On this occasion another indivi-

dual was engaged along with him in driving down the rubbish above a charge, when the power ignited, and the poor fellow, being dashed against a ledge of rock by the explosion, died in a few hours afterwards. The subject of our present notice lost an eye, and did not recover the sight of the other for a considerable time. It was during the latter period of his sufferings, while his eye was too weak to admit of his reading, and his hands too feeble for work, that he first began to write, merely to beguile time, and divert his mind from his bodily anguish. The result has been the completion, at various intervals, of the following "annals of the poor." He recovered slowly from the effects of his second misfortune; and on this, as on a former occasion, his little resources were completely exhausted. Some aged relatives were in a great measure dependent on his exertions; and, in the beginning of 1833, he had, as it were, to begin the world anew, with a debilitated constitution, and a premature appearance of old age. But though his health has been injured, and his strength impaired, he still continues to maintain a hardy independence, earning his bread with the sweat of his brow, and limiting his wants to his ability of supplying them."

All this is in the right tone, and the following extract shows that the author has thought of the sources of an honourable literary patronage, and has come to a right conclusion.

"In offering these tales to the world, I have sought no patronage from dukes, or lords, or even literary men; while I should be happy to deserve the good opinion of these, it is to the general reader, be he peer or peasant, and to a candid and generous public, that I consign them,—believing, as I do, that they are the best, and ultimately the only patrons whose patronage is worth having."

The tales are "The Deformed," "The Fate of the Fairest," "The Decline and Fall of the Ghost," "Three Hanselmondays," "Margaret Clinton," "The Covenanter's Grave," "The Stranger," and "Disinterestedness." They are short, vigorous, original, and full of meaning, showing that the author has been rather an observer of other men's deeds, than a copyist of other men's writings. Some short pieces of verse, introduced here and there, are marked with deep feeling, and are not deficient in the graces of composition. There is not one of them but is better than anything ever produced by Joseph Blackett or Thomas Dermody; but Blackett and Dermody lived in days when good poetry was a scarce commodity, and when people were mad after prodigies, and self-taught geniuses, and all that sort of thing, and they were patronized and puffed for a while by lords and ladies and knights-baronets. Poor Blackett, had, however, the merit of being a modest well-conducted young man; but a greater scamp than Dermody, even according to the showing of his partial and purblind biographer, never escaped Newgate and the hulks. But Mr. Raymond saw scintillations, coruscations, aspirations, genius, in all these freaks; and the dangerous prejudice had not yet evaporated—that, to be a true poet, it was necessary to be a bit of a drunkard and vagabond.

Narrative of the Residence of the Persian Princes in London, in 1835, 1836; with an Account of their Journey from Persia and subsequent Adventures. By JAMES BAILLIE FRASER, Esq. 2 vols.

This is a sort of *serious* Hajji Baba in England, not sparkling with wit and creaming over with fun and humour, like Mr. Morier's exquisite *jeu d'esprit*, but sober and matter-of-fact; and containing, no doubt, a faithful representation of the impression made by English sights and English society upon the newly-imported Orientals—correct, at least, so far

as the impressions could be conveyed in words and outward demonstrations. Though the light gossiping book is amusing enough, we cannot say that the sons of the mighty schah are half so much to our taste as the witty barber of Ispahan. The whole philosophy of the thing is of course the same in both cases. We are not quite sure that it would be decorous in ordinary cases for the gentlemen appointed to wait upon them to put foreign princes, the guests of the country, into books almost as soon as they have left our shores; but Persian princes and Osmanlys, now-a-days, are small "deer," and seem on all hands to be considered as fair game. As a mehmendar, cicerone, or guide, Mr. Fraser appears to have been indefatigable—a shining light and exemplar for all persons that may hereafter be charged with similar duties. As long as these scions of eastern royalty were here it was "up in the morning early" and to bed in the "small hours:" balls, routs, menageries, masquerades, parks, reviews, operas, docks, dinners,—nothing came amiss to him; he must have done work enough to walk half a dozen Highland chairmen or Edinburgh caddies off their legs, and great must have been the loss of flesh attendant thereon. His labours, however, have ended in a book which will pleasantly beguile a winter evening, and which contains some useful information concerning the present state of affairs in Persia.

Utopia: or the Happy Republic, a Philosophical Romance. By SIR THOMAS MORE. *To which is added, The New Atlantis.* By LORD BACON. *With a Preliminary Discourse, containing an Analysis of Plato's Republic, &c., and copious Notes.* By J. A. ST. JOHN, Esq.

Everybody speaks of these two works, the productions of two chancellors, particularly of the *Utopia*, which has been for ages a by-word and a standing comparison with politicians, both fledged and unfledged, yet hardly anybody reads them, or knows their true gist. In parliament and in printed books of no small pretensions, we have seen times innumerable such references made to the *Utopia*, as proved beyond a doubt that the speakers and writers were wholly ignorant of that remarkable work. This ignorance is scarcely excusable even in the country gentlemen; for though it was originally written in Latin, (in a beautiful latinity, by the way,) there are two translations of it in good plain English; the one produced about the year 1526, in Sir Thomas More's own time, and the other nearly two centuries later, by no less eminent a writer than Bishop Burnet. It is true, however, that the first of these translations may be classed among *Libri Rarissimi*, and that the second is out of print, and not to be found in all family or circulating libraries. We trust that now Mr. Rickerby has brought it out (Burnet's version) in a neat and convenient shape, and at a very moderate price, that our legislators, public writers, public speakers, and, indeed, the public in general, will avail themselves of so good an opportunity of removing their ignorance in this respect, and that the treatise will be read and inwardly digested by all reading and thinking people. It richly deserves all this. Many a neglected author of the olden time deserves the like attention; and we hope that this intelligent publisher will continue his process of disinterment and resuscitation, and the more so, because the few volumes of the kind he has put forth, are edited in a very respectable manner, and are so cheap as to make them generally accessible. The rapid production of new books has but too strong a tendency to keep the good old ones out of sight and out of mind. Most persons will be astonished, as Mr. St. John himself seems to have been, at the daring boldness of the political speculations of the chancellor of Henry VIII. We are

not disposed to believe that some of these speculations would be otherwise than dangerous in practice, but they all merit consideration as the thoughts of a great mind. In the common course of argument a twofold use may be made of them—the Conservative may quote them as proofs that there is nothing new in modern schemes of reform or democratic aspirations; and the Reformer may quote them as good evidence to prove that his doctrines have antiquity and a great name in their favour. For ourselves, we believe that the great author merely meant them as speculations calculated to excite the then dormant spirit of inquiry,—probably to weaken in its seed or root that monstrous doctrine, the divine right of kings, which, though it did not bear its pernicious fruit till a century later, under the Stuarts, certainly began to germinate under the Tudors—a race to whom, after all, and in spite of the glories of Queen Bess, the liberties of England were but little indebted. We notice a little circumstance which will not appear altogether uninteresting or unimportant to the lovers of literary or political history. Bishop Burnet said, that he could not imagine how Sir Thomas More came to be called Sheriff of London in the title-page of *Utopia*, seeing that in all the printed catalogues of sheriffs his name was not to be found. Now it has been ascertained since Burnet's time, and by several authors, (Horace Walpole among the number,) that More was not sheriff but under-sheriff of London, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, when he had been "recently marked with the displeasure of the crown," and when his literary ardour was in full activity. Mr. St. John, as editor, ought to have remarked this circumstance; he might also have bestowed a curious note or two, interesting to the general reader, in introducing Bacon's splendid fragment, the *New Atlantis*. Honest Rawley, whose address to the reader is reprinted, was a singular character. Like Bacon's servant, Thomas Bushell, he evidently took his great friend for a mighty great conjuror, and was quite incapable of comprehending his projects or visions for the promotion of human happiness by means of political innovation. According to the gossiping Aubrey, Bacon used to complain bitterly of the dulness and misconceptions of his servants and amanuenses, and to say that nobody that helped him in his literary labours understood him—except Mr. Hobbes.

"The Lord Chancellor," says Aubrey, "loved to converse with Mr. Hobbes. He assisted his lordship in translating several of his essays into Latin: one, I well remember, is that of the greatness of cities: the rest I have forgot. His lordship was a very contemplative person, and was wont to contemplate in his delicious walks at Gorbambury, and dictate to Mr. Bushell, or some other of his gentlemen that attended him, with ink and paper, ready to set down presently his thoughts. His lordship would often say that he better liked Mr. Hobbes's taking down his thoughts, than any of the others, because he understood what he wrote, which the others, not understanding, my lord would many times have a hard task to make sense of what they wrote."

In one of his now scarce and forgotten mineralogical tracts, in which he shows how confident he was of discovering the art of making gold, Thomas Bushell alludes to the *New Atlantis* as to something likely to assist him in his pursuit. He even pretends to quote words, which would make one believe that Bacon himself wrote this treatise solely in an alchemical sense.

"Mr. Bushell," said the lord chancellor to me, "I have dealt with you in your naked simplicity, as God did with Adam in Paradise, when he gave him so large a royalty over the garden, with so small an exception as the interdicted tree; for I have made you secretary of all my mineral studies, no ways restraining you in the practice; only, I prohibit your arrogating to yourself the honour thereof, if it should prove fortunate; and the employing such treasures as shall be gained thereby, any way which shall not conduce to the raising, qualifying, and endowing of my Solomon's house, modelled in my *NEW ATLANTIS*."

The Poetical Works of Thomas Pringle : with a Sketch of his Life, by
LEITCH RITCHIE.

When Thomas Pringle left this world, he scarcely left behind him a kinder-hearted or a better man. We do not hazard an assertion upon light grounds; we knew him well, and know those who had been acquainted with him from his youth upwards—some who associated with him in his college days at Edinburgh, some who met him in the wilds of Africa, others who were his intimates during the last seven years of his life in London, when he was engaged in literary pursuits, and the important duties of secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. We never knew a man more generally respected, and in the breasts of those who best knew him, admiration and warm affection were mingled with respect. An author—by ill-merited necessity, almost a professional one—he had not a single enemy among authors; his frankness, his perfect freedom from all jealousy and affectation, his constant readiness to serve his still less fortunate brothers of the pen, his never-failing good-nature, completely took the sting from a jealous and irritable tribe; and we believe there never was one of the “Legion” that, either by tongue or pen, said an ill-natured thing of poor Pringle.* Such a man should not be allowed to pass from us without a record; and, in addition to the warm praise we give Mr. Leitch Ritchie for his chief motive, which is that of contributing towards the support of a widow left almost without any provision, we are glad, in a mere literary point of view, that he has written this memorial of his friend.

The life of Pringle was in many respects more varied and adventurous than that of the generality of literary men. His misfortunes—and though he bore them with a cheerful spirit, he had many during his life—began at a very early period. He was the son of an honest border farmer, and was born at Blaiklaw, otherwise called Easterstead, on the 5th of January, 1789.

“‘I was the third child,’ says he, in an epistolary fragment found among his papers, ‘of a family of four sons and three daughters, which my father had by his first marriage. It is said that I was a remarkably healthy infant; but when I was only a few months old, I met with an accident in the nurse’s arms, by which my right limb was dislocated at the hip-joint. The nurse, unfortunately, concealed the incident at the time, and though it was speedily discovered that something was wrong with the limb, and I was carried to Kelso for medical advice, the nature of the injury was not ascertained until a very considerable period had elapsed, and it was no longer practicable to reduce the dislocation. I was thus rendered lame for life.

“‘My early reminiscences reach back to a period when I must have been about three years old, or little more. I remember of being carried to Kelso when about that age, and being tormented by doctors examining my limb, and making me wear a red morocco boot, with steel bandages to keep it in some prescribed position. These appliances were of no advantage, and were, ere long, superseded by a pair of crutches. The latter I soon learned to use with such ease and adroitness, that, during my boyhood and youth, (when I generally enjoyed robust health,) I felt but little incommoded by my lameness. Nanny Potts, the old nurse in whose hands the accident had happened to me, never forgave herself for being the unintentional cause of my misfortune, and to make amends, indulged me, so far as she could, in every caprice. I consequently ruled her with despotic sway, and soon became, sufficiently wayward and headstrong to require strict discipline on the part of my parents to prevent me from being quite spoiled.

“‘When I was about five years of age, I accompanied my two eldest brothers, William and John, daily to school. We rode, all three, on one stout galloway, the foremost guiding our steed, and the other two holding fast each by the jacket of the

* The abuse introduced on one or two occasions in the “Quarterly” and “Blackwood” was of a political kind, not proceeding from any personal feeling.

one before him. We carried our noon-tide meal, consisting usually of a barley bannock and a bottle of milk, in a wallet; and my crutches were slung, one on each side to the pommel of the long-padded saddle (called *sodds*) on which we sat. The road——”

In his boyhood he delighted in gardening, fishing, and working with mechanical tools. “In the last-mentioned employment,” says Mr. Ritchie, “he exhibited considerable dexterity; and the same natural turn which enabled him to make a fishing-rod out of a crutch, found exercise, in after years, in supplying his lonely hut with at least substitutes for the conveniences of civilized life.” We have heard him more than once, when seated in his comfortable little parlour in London, describe, with great glee and humour, how, when he was in Africa, he not only built his own house, but made nearly every article of furniture in it, with his own hands. And sometimes he would say, when labouring at an article for a magazine or an annual, “Faith this is not half such pleasant work as carpentering.”

“In his fourteenth year he was sent to the grammar-school of Kelso, to learn the rudiments of Latin; and three years after he went to Edinburgh, to complete his studies at the university. Thither he was accompanied by Robert Story, a boy about his own age, now the Rev. Robert Story, minister of Roseneath, on the Clyde. The two lads lodged in the same room, where for a long time, amidst the novelties of a capital, they still continued to ‘remember their Creator in the days of their youth.’ They performed religious service regularly, as they had been accustomed to see it done at home, taking the duty alternately. The sabbath they kept holy, as they had been taught to do; avoiding so much as opening a book on that day which was not of a directly religious character. Pringle greatly admired Dr. McCrie, and usually attended public worship at his meeting-house.

“‘Among the remembrances of the first evening we spent together,’ says his friend, ‘it may deserve notice, that, on comparing our attainments in literature, he mentioned, with peculiar delight, Park’s ‘Travels’ and Campbell’s ‘Pleasures of Hope;’ quoting that fine passage in the latter which ends with the line,

‘And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell.’

It must have seemed very unlikely, at that time, that a young man suffering from incurable lameness should become a traveller; but the congenial enthusiasm which the adventures of the African traveller awakened in his mind, peculiarly fitted him for assisting in laying the foundations of a new colony in the wilds of Southern Africa; while, in his admiration of Campbell’s verse, may be traced the germinating love of freedom and abhorrence of oppression, which became the ruling passion and determining motive of his future life.”

“‘My first impressions of his mind and heart,’ continues this same friend, ‘were deepened by every opportunity I had during a long friendship and confidential intercourse with him. His warmth of affection, his ingenuousness, and his integrity were, at the very commencement of our fellowship, as truly revealed to me in his sayings and doings, as if I had known him for years. There was such a reality in the beautiful *morale* of his nature, that conveyed to you at once the impression of his being worthy of confidence and love. When at college he was of studious habits, and attended diligently to the duties of his different classes; and although he did not make a brilliant figure, his appearance was altogether respectable, when examined by the professor. He did not, however, although studious, extend, as he might have done, his classical knowledge. His readings during the hours not engaged in the preparation of the lessons of the day, consisted chiefly in the belles lettres of his mother tongue. He was much more conversant with English poetry and criticism at the time, than students of his standing generally were; and he had not been many months in town (Edinburgh) before he assisted in organizing a small weekly club, where his general attainments were available, either in himself producing, or in criticising, an essay in prose or in verse, written by the members in turn. His habits were exceedingly correct, as his thoughts and feelings were most pure; while, amid the trials of an academic life, his devotional bias lost little of its power. During the whole session, alternately with his companion, he conducted worship in his apartment, after the fashion of devout Scottish families; thus reverently observing

the practice of his fathers. On Sundays, he generally attended public worship in the meeting-house of Dr. McCrie, the well-known biographer of Knox and Melvil. The session closed, he returned, with an increased admiration and love, to the scene of his nativity. I never knew any one who had a more intense delight in looking at nature. He seemed to find a life and loveliness in everything,—to have a capacity of sympathy with all the varieties of beauty and grandeur. Although lame, he had a passion for ascending hills. The top of Hounam-law was to him especially consecrated ground, from which he could command such prospects of the traditionary country, of the legends of which he was now acquiring rapidly the knowledge. He reluctantly left the country for the succeeding term, during which his habits were but little changed. To the country again returning, he made many a pilgrimage to classical spots in Teviot Dale. One of these, to St. Mary's Loch, in which I accompanied him, formed the subject of a poem afterwards published in the Poetic Mirror, under the title of the 'Autumnal Excursion.'

About the year 1809, he obtained a situation as clerk to the Commissioners on the Public Records of Scotland—a miserable place, but the best that could be procured for a man of worth and high intellect, but without great friends to push, or parliamentary interest to prop him. After publishing some fugitive pieces, he wrote in 1816 a descriptive poem, which attracted the attention, and procured for him the friendship of Walter Scott. Soon after this he gave up his place in the Record Office, and devoted himself, for a time, to literature as a profession.

"Early in the following year, 1817, the 'Edinburgh Monthly Magazine' appeared, in which Pringle's most important contribution was an article on the Gipsies, the materials for which were chiefly furnished by Scott. This kindness on the part of the Minstrel (then the Great Unknown) was the more remarkable, as he had intended, before hearing of Pringle's undertaking, to make use of the papers for an article of his own in the 'Quarterly Review.' It may be conceived that our friend was gratified in no common degree; particularly, as he remarks, 'since Scott's kindness and attention throughout were spontaneously conferred, without any solicitation on my part.' In the same number were papers by Mr. Lockhart, 'a young advocate,' Mr. Wilson, Mr. Neil, Mr. Cleghorn, the Rev. T. Wright, Dr. Brewster, James Hogg, and others.

"About the same time, he undertook the editorship of the 'Edinburgh Star' newspaper, for which, besides having the responsibility of providing the whole materials, and superintending the necessary arrangements, he wrote the leading article twice a week. This drudgery, together with that of the magazine, reduced him to what he calls 'a lamentable state of slavery,'—which was nothing lightened by a second magazine being soon upon his hands. The former periodical, falling into the hands of new proprietors, became 'Blackwood's Magazine;' the latter was 'Constable's,' of which he undertook the joint editorship."

All this labour brought little grist to the mill—Pringle's truly honest Whig politics did not suit the then most Ultra-Tory atmosphere of Edinburgh—"Blackwood's Magazine," upon which his support chiefly depended, became the lion rampant of the Tory party, and Pringle giving up all connexion with it, and finding that his other works would leave him to starve, as a *pis aller*, went back to his old seat in the Register Office. But he had now been for some time a married man. Let his own burning words express the miseries of his situation.

"'It is sufficient to say,' writes he to a friend, 'that my present occupation is inadequate to the support of my family in the most moderate way I can devise; I see little or no prospect of materially improving my circumstances in this country; and I have already incumbrances on my shoulders which threaten every day to become heavier, and at last to overwhelm me in hopeless debt. Now this is a state of life the most intolerable that can well be imagined, and which one must experience fully to estimate. It paralyses the very blood and heart of man; and I cannot and will not endure it, while a prospect remains of extricating myself by any exertion, or sacrifice, that can be made with honour and a good conscience.'"

In this frame of mind he fixed his thoughts upon emigration to South Africa.

"A land of climate fair and fertile soil,
Teeming with milk and wine and waving corn,
Invites from far the venturous Briton's toil:
And thousands, long by fruitless cares foreworn,
Are now across the wide Atlantic borne,
To seek new homes on Afric's southern strand:
Better to launch with them than sink forlorn
To vile dependance in our native land;
Better to fall in God's than man's unfeeling hand!"

The poet and his wife did not go alone. His beautiful nature shows itself in the following passage, which is an extract from his "African Sketches," a book which is well known, and which deserves to be better known.

"It may be proper here to notice, that I had two distinct objects in view in emigrating to the Cape. One of these was to collect again into one social circle, and establish in rural independence, my father's family, which untoward circumstances had broken up and begun to scatter over the world. To accomplish this emigration to a new colony was indispensable. My father had been a respectable Roxburghshire farmer; and all his sons (five in number) had been bred to the same profession, except myself. The change of times, however, and the loss of capital, had completely overclouded their prospects in our native country; and, therefore, when the government scheme of colonizing the unoccupied territory at the Cape was promulgated, I called their attention to that colony, and offered to accompany them, should they determine to proceed thither as settlers. After maturely weighing the advantages of the Cape, as compared with other British colonies, they made their election, and empowered me to apply on their behalf to the Colonial Department.* As it was required by the government plan that every party should comprise at least ten adult males, one family related to my wife, and two or three other respectable individuals, were associated with us. And thus our little band of twenty-four souls was made up; consisting of twelve men, including three farm servants, six women, and six children.

"My personal views were different from those of my relatives. I had received a collegiate education; and had been employed for about a dozen years in the service of his Majesty's Commissioners on the Ancient Records of the Kingdom, in the office of my esteemed friend Mr. Thomson, Deputy Clerk-Register of Scotland. I had also been recently engaged to a certain extent in literary concerns; having been one of the original projectors and editors of 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine;' (then a *liberal*, though not a *party*, journal;) and afterwards of 'Constable's Magazine. My connexion with these journals, however, had rather been prejudicial than otherwise to my views in life, and had given me, moreover, a decided aversion to literature, or at least to periodical literature, as a profession. Under these circumstances, I determined to embark my own fortunes with those of my relatives in the government scheme of South-African colonization. But as neither my pecuniary circumstances nor my previous habits rendered it advisable for me to locate myself as an agricultural settler, I trusted to obtain, through the recommendation of powerful friends, some appointment suitable to my qualifications in the civil service of the colony, and probably in the newly settled district."

On the 15th of May 1820, poor Pringle and his family party landed in Algoa Bay, whence they proceeded by land to their location, which was a tract of country on the Lynden, one of the smaller branches of the Great Fish River. Here the poet remained a little more than two years, during which he officiated both as doctor and minister. When the little colony had taken good root, and was thriving, he left it to go to Cape Town in search of an employment—for with all his energy, he found

* "One of my brothers had previously emigrated to the United States and settled there. Another brother did not get his affairs arranged in time to accompany the party, but followed us out in 1822."

that a man upon crutches was not in his proper element on a sheep farm in Africa. Here it was the old story! among all the places in the gift of government, nothing could be found for Pringle but the post of government librarian, with the miserable pittance of seventy-five pounds per annum attached to it. As he had studied his politics in a very different school from that of the late Lord Charles Somerset, who was then governor of the Cape, he was not only prevented from editing the government gazette, but hindered in other projects wherewith he hoped to obtain a comfortable livelihood. We take our account on his own evidence, but so perfect is our reliance on his truthfulness and thorough honesty, that we can scarcely consider it with the doubts which usually arise out of an *ex parte* statement. We can only just conceive that in a few instances Pringle's honest zeal may have outrun his discretion, and that by his enthusiasm in the cause of the native African tribes, he may have alarmed the interests and jealousies of other persons besides Lord Charles. Without enthusiasm no great measure was ever carried, yet such a state of mind must betray the wisest and the best into occasional indiscretion. To pursue the story, Pringle opened a school in Cape Town, and soon had as many pupils as he could attend to. He was then encouraged to attempt the establishing an independent periodical work; and here he found a zealous coadjutor in the Rev. Mr. Faure, a Dutch clergyman of the town; but when they applied for the governor's permission, without which there was no publishing at the Cape, they were told verbally by a secretary, five weeks after the presentation of their memorial, that his excellency the governor had not seen their application in a favourable light. Pringle then attended to his school, which was the first English academy of any respectability ever established in Africa. It appears that Lord Charles Somerset's style of government was rather too absolute, even for the British ministry of that period. A commission of inquiry was sent out to the Cape, and by the express command of Earl Bathurst Pringle was to be permitted to publish his journal, it being understood, that nothing should be inserted in it "detrimental to the peace and safety of the colony."

"The South African Journal," as this magazine was called, was soon followed by a weekly newspaper, printed and edited by Mr. Greig, a printer, who had recently arrived. Lord Charles established a censorship of the press, and as a power, odious in itself, was not likely to be leniently exercised, the weekly paper was given up. The magazine soon followed the paper in its fall. The second number was published on the seventh of May; on the 8th a warrant for Greig, the printer's, banishment was issued; and on the 13th, Mr. Pringle was violently *rated* by Lord Charles's Fiscal, an officer, who united in himself the functions of attorney-general and superintendent of police. This Fiscal maintained that he had the right of cancelling in proofs whatever he might think proper. Upon this Pringle threw up his magazine, and his place of 75*l.* a-year together. The school remained, but even this could not thrive under the frowns of his excellency the governor; and Pringle, for the nonce, was left a ruined man, with debts upon his shoulders. In 1826, Pringle, with his wife and her sister, arrived in London, to begin a fresh struggle for comfort and independence. And so limited was poor Pringle's ambition, so unexpensive his habits, that a very small thing would have made him a happy man. We never heard him complain of any privation, except that of not being able to afford the London expense of keeping a saddle-horse, for, in spite of his infirmity, he could ride, and take great delight in that exercise, which, moreover, was strongly recommended to him on account of his health. The last time we ever saw him, which was when he was packing up for a fresh voyage to the Cape, he alluded to this privation, and related a conversation he had had with Coleridge, a

short time before that gifted man's death, upon this very subject. "Coleridge," said he, "though he cared not for horses himself, entered with a lively sympathy into my feelings, and then flew off into one of his eloquently metaphysical discourses to explain the difference between real and imaginary wants. But," continued Pringle, his sunken eye brightening at the thought, "when I get to the Cape again I will have something to canter through the glens upon, if it is no better than a wee bit sheltie—I have bought a nice saddle to take with me." Poor fellow! within two or three weeks he was carried to his grave among the crowded streets of London.

It was in October 1826, a few months after his return to England, that Mr. Pringle became secretary to the Anti-slavery Society. In June 1834, the Society, considering its work done, dissolved itself. A day or two after, the excellent secretary sickened, and he died in the month of December of the same year.

The annexed extracts from Mr. Ritchie's memoirs will be read with deep interest, not unmixed with regret—perhaps indignation—against the present ministry, who, after all their proud boasts of a free and judicious distribution of patronage, are found never to have anything to give when the applicant is unsupported by a certain sort of parliamentary interest, and who notoriously have made some of the worst appointments that ever disgraced even a weak and jobbing government.

"On the 27th of June, 1834, a document was published, signed 'Thomas Pringle,' reciting the Act of Abolition, ascribing the honour of the triumph to the Almighty, and calling upon all persons interested in the cause, to devote the approaching 1st of August—the appointed day of manumission—to his service and praise. This was the conclusion of his labours. The best years of his life, the highest energies of his mind, had not been sacrificed in vain. Nature and humanity had triumphed; and he had himself been the organ of declaring to the people that, while rejoicing in their success, the labourers in the holy cause disclaimed the merit, laying down their human pride at the footstool of the God of mercy.

"On the following day he was seized with the illness which terminated his life."

"I had been the medical attendant," says Mr. James Kennedy, 'of Mr. Pringle's family during several years, but, up to the commencement of his last illness, Mr. Pringle had not required my assistance for any severe attack. His symptoms were slight, and usually such as are the result of sedentary habits.'

"The first intimation I had of the commencement of the disease of which he eventually died, was on the 28th day of June, 1834; when I received a note from Mr. Pringle, of which the following is a copy."

"Highgate, Saturday morning.

"DEAR KENNEDY,

"I must have a little doctoring. Last night, in taking some slight supper, a crumb of bread seemed, as we say, to go down my wrong throat. This induced a violent coughing, and I presume lacerated some small blood-vessel in the lungs, for a little blood—not very much—came up: that soon ceased, but I feel this morning a sensation as if there was a slight abrasion of the part; so I suppose you had better come out and prescribe.

"Truly yours,

"THOMAS PRINGLE."

"When the above accident took place, Mr. Pringle's general health appeared quite good. It had not been preceded by any habitual cough, or change in the state of the pulse, nor was languor or debility complained of, or other symptoms indicating any constitutional tendency to disease. The patient, therefore, very naturally concluded that the accidental circumstance mentioned in his note was the sole cause of his complaint; but, as copious spitting of blood continued to recur at intervals during several days, grounds of suspicion were afforded, in a medical point of view, that organic disease had commenced in the lungs. Subsequent symptoms justified, at an early period, this serious view of the case, for, although the bleeding was per-

manently checked in less than a fortnight, he began soon afterwards to lose flesh and strength, and to suffer from frequent cough, &c.—the ordinary signs of consumption."

"The following letter, written by him a month after this attack of illness, describes his condition and prospects, and brings down the narrative.

" ' Highgate, July 29, 1834.

" ' In regard to other matters, I am sorry to say that my prospects of the future are more than ever dark and clouded. I have got within these few days an unfavourable reply from Mr. Spring Rice, in regard to my application for an appointment at the Cape. He says, that as great reductions are now making there, those reduced from the government service must have a preferable claim; so that that prospect seems to be shut. Many of the persons who will thus have a preference to me, were amongst the vilest tools of Lord Charles Somerset's administration. But to have been persecuted by a Tory government for maintaining Whig principles, or rather the principles of truth and justice, seems, even under a Whig administration, to operate rather to one's disadvantage than otherwise. In fact, how can it be otherwise—so long as the under-secretaries and clerks are still the persons who determine most of the Colonial appointments, who were put in office by Lord Bathurst, and who, to this hour, act as far as they can on the wretched system of his administration? Spring Rice, with the best intentions, coming new into office, must necessarily draw his information from such prejudicial and polluted sources—and thus things go on year after year.

" ' If I had now a few hundred pounds I would go out to the Caffer frontier, buy and stock a farm, and settle myself for life in the wilderness. I am tired with the wear and tear of a town life, and struggling with straitened circumstances for ever. Perfect quiet, and happiness, and leisure, is not, I know, to be found in this world; but if the choice must be between utter seclusion, and struggling for subsistence by the *exhausting and precarious wages of literary labour*, I have no hesitation in preferring the latter—if the latter were in my power—which unhappily it is not.

" ' But enough of self. After all, I have no doubt that what befalls us (if not by our own fault) is ever for the best; and in that belief, and in a firm trust in God's good providence, I will endeavour to find consolation.' "

"In order to explain this allusion to Mr. Spring Rice, it is necessary to say that, in anticipation of the breaking up of the Anti-Slavery Society, Pringle had been long engaged in soliciting an appointment at the Cape of Good Hope. In order to explain his views, so consistent with his whole history, I copy a letter which he addressed upon the subject to Lord Brougham a year before.

" ' Holly Terrace, Highgate, Aug. 24, 1833.

" ' My Lord,

" ' Mr. Buxton mentioned to me this morning that your lordship had expressed to him, in the strongest terms, your desire that I should be provided for by some competent appointment; but that you were at a loss to know what would suit me. Honoured and obliged in no ordinary degree by the interest your lordship takes in my welfare, I am thus encouraged to address you personally on this point, and I shall do so as concisely as I can render compatible with the object in view.

" ' Your lordship is already aware that I have requested some honoured friends to solicit for me a civil appointment at the Cape of Good Hope. I have directed my views to that colony, partly because I was sensible of the extreme difficulty of obtaining any competent provision in England—particularly for a person like myself, not bred to any of the regular professions. But I have thought of the Cape more especially, because my former residence there, which brought me intimately acquainted with the character and condition of the various classes of the population, gives me (as I imagine) considerable advantages, and emboldens me to cherish the hope of rendering my humble services more extensively useful to my fellow-men in that quarter of the world, than they could probably be anywhere else.

" ' I am therefore solicitous to obtain the appointment of resident Magistrate of the new (and still unnamed) district upon the frontier of Cafferland.

" ' This appointment, should I have the honour to obtain it, will, independently of its strictly official duties, bring me into that sort of relationship with the native African population, which, I flatter myself, would afford most favourable opportunities for promoting the interests of humanity and civilisation, by the encourage-

ment of general instruction, of infant schools, of religious missions, of temperance associations, and other sound practical means, for gradually elevating long-degraded races of men in the moral and intellectual scale of being.

“ I shall only further remark, that a resident civil functionary has been for some time very urgently wanted in the remote district I have referred to; that, in point of fact, imminent peril to the peace of the colony, and manifold acts of cruelty and oppression towards the natives, have been the consequence of its neglect; that its present state is in entire opposition to the recommendation of his Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry seven years ago; and finally, that to these Commissioners (Colonel Colebrooke and Mr. Bigge, both now in England,) I would desire respectfully to refer his Majesty's government in regard to my own conduct in that colony under very critical circumstances, and my competency generally for the important office I have ventured to solicit.

“ I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

“ THOMAS PRINGLE.”

Lord Jeffrey, with his usual kindness of heart, seconded this application, which was also backed by Lord Holland, but all was of no avail. On the 14th of September, Doctor Clark, now Sir James, and physician to her Majesty, who has obtained particular eminence by his treatment of diseases of the chest, told the poor sufferer that he could not remain in England the ensuing winter without the greatest risk, and urged him to return to the Cape. “ I told him,” says Pringle in a letter, “ that I was utterly without the means, without funds, without income, except what depended on my pen.” Had Sir James Clark been Mr. Spring Rice, we have no doubt whatever that this difficulty would have been removed, but the benevolent physician was not colonial minister as Mr. Spring Rice then was. On the 23rd of October, Pringle received a letter from the colonial office, written by Mr. Spring Rice's private secretary, and telling him that government had neither grant of land, nor place, nor anything else to give him—except a letter of recommendation to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the new governor of the Cape, who *might* have it in his power to render him assistance if he were once at the Cape. Still strong in hope, Pringle mustered all his narrow means, determined to go to the Cape, and even engaged a passage for himself, his wife, and her sister. But his departure had been delayed till too late in the season—his disease gained rapidly upon him at the approach of winter, and it was soon seen that he must prepare for a longer voyage than from this to the Cape of Storms. He died on the 5th of December, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

These melancholy details have not left us in a humour to speak critically of the beautiful poems collected in the volume, which is published, not in the usual way, but entirely for the benefit of Mr. Pringle's widow.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Granta, or a Page from the Life of a Cantab.—There are some agreeable verses, and some pleasant touches of wit and humour in this little volume. It is clear that the author is young, and will soon do better things; there is good promise in him.

The Prisoners, or Abd-el-kader, or Five Months' Captivity among the Arabs in the Autumn of 1836. By MONS. A. DE FRANCE. Translated by R. F. PORTER.—Monsieur de France, an officer in the French navy, was noosed by the Arabs on the coast of Algiers, as he was running with a very indiscreet zeal after a plump partridge. He is no great clerk—his ignorance, in many respects, is portentous—and yet, in many respects,

his book is amusing, and not devoid of curious information respecting the habits of the Moors, and the character of Abd-el-kader, who made so gallant a stand against the French army. As if it were unconsciously, Mons. de France relates several things which prove that his countrymen have most unwisely insulted the prejudices of the Mahomedan population, and have not pursued the course likely to procure them a peaceful and durable possession of the country. The translation might have been better done.

Proverbial Philosophy ; a Book of Thoughts and Arguments, originally treated. By MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, Esq., M.A.—A book like this would make a man's fortune in the east, but we are afraid that philosophy in proverbs has no great chance in the west. We would recommend the author to get it translated into Arabic. Yet we should like to meet him again in English in another style, for many of his thoughts are noble and beautiful.

The Alternative Disease and Premature Death ; or Health and Long Life. By JOEL PINNEY, Esq.—An unpretending, sensible book, likely to be useful to many persons who will not read, and who could not understand, works of a more professional and scientific character. The remarks upon diet, exercise, and the proper use of the bath, and other essential points, are excellent.

Trifles for Leisure Hours. By M. A. T.—“Trifles light as air.”

The Life of Thomas Chatterton, including his unpublished Poems and Correspondence. By JOHN DIX.—This little volume contains several things not inserted in any previous life of the “wond’rous boy,” and may be read with pleasure, even by those who are familiar with the many preceding works on the subject. The author vindicates the conduct of poor Chatterton with a generous warmth. There was, indeed, much to say against the heartlessness of the world ; but the true excuse for his irregularities, and the real cause of Chatterton's suicide at the age of seventeen, was deep-fixed and hereditary insanity. The misconduct of the poor friendless boy was indeed of a very venial kind ; and, as Mr. Dix shows, he had in him some of the most generous qualities of humanity, in addition to his genius, which was truly marvellous. The portrait prefixed is very striking, and the only one which we have ever seen of Chatterton. It tells the boy's character completely.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Anabasis of Cyrus. Book I. Chaps. I. to VI., with Lexicon. By I. T. V. Hardy. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Ancient Egyptians, their Manners, &c. By J. G. Wilkinson. 3 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.
 An Atlas adapted to Gaultier's Geography. Folio, 15s.
 Arnott on Warming and Ventilating. 8vo. 5s.
 Burgh's Tracts for the Church. Fcap. 2s. 6d.
 Ernest Maltravers. New Edition. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Geographical and Historical Questions. By the Abbé Gaultier. Square, 3s.
 Heber's Parish Sermons. Third Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.
 King Henry the Eighth's Scheme of Bishopricks, &c. 8vo. 10s.
 The Lord's Prayer Explained. By Mrs. Blackwell. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 Parkinson's Sermons. Third Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.
 The Prisoners of Abd-el-Kader. Translated by R. F. Porter. 12mo. 6s.
 Proverbial Philosophy. By M. F. Tupper. 8vo. 7s.
 Reading Recreations. 18mo. 4s. 6d.
 Retrospect of Western Travel. By H. Martineau. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Warner Arundell, the Adventures of a Creole. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Woodcock's Laws of the British Colonies in the West Indies. Second edition. 8vo. 8s.

Angell's Historical Sketch of the Royal Exchange. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Cecil's Memoirs of Mrs. Hawkes. New edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Cooper's Excursions in Italy. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 Kyan on the Elements of Light. Roy. 8vo. 10s.
 Parker on the Stomach. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 The Prose Works of Bishop Ken. Edited by J. T. Round. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 A Love Token. By Miss Sedgwick. Fc. 4s.
 Bethune's Tales and Sketches of Scottish Peasantry. 12mo. 4s.
 Bialloblotzky's Paradigm and Glossary. Fc. 7s. 6d.
 The Child's Arithmetic. New edition. 12mo. 1s.
 The Child's Fairy Library. Vol. III. sq. 2s. 6d.
 The Child's Guide to Knowledge. By a Lady. Eighth edition. 18mo. 3s.
 Edinburgh Cabinet Atlas of Modern Geography. Royal 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 Elisha. By F. W. Krummacher, author of "Elijah the Tishbite." 12mo. 6s.
 Fisher's Select Translations from the Greek Minor Poets. Royal 8vo. 1l. 1s.
 Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Church, and History of Martyrs. By M. H. Seymour. Royal 8vo. 1l. 1s.
 Head's Forest Scenes in the Wilds of Canada. Second Edition. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.
 Higgin's Philosophy of Sound. 12mo. 6s.
 Hume's English Songs and Ballads. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Lawrence on Ruptures. 8vo. 16s.
 Life of Zinzendorf from the German. By S. Jackson. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's New Work, "ALICE, OR THE MYSTERIES," a sequel to "ERNEST MALTRAVERS," may be expected about the 10th or 12th of the month. This will form the completion of the most elaborate and finished work of the kind that has yet been furnished to the world from the pen of its distinguished author. We shall give it our earliest attention.

The "BIT O' WRITIN, and other Tales," by the O'Hara Family, is now ready, and will form a welcome addition to the former admirable works of the same authors.

The New Novel, entitled, "MORTIMER DELMAR, AND HIGHFIELD TOWER," by the Authoress of "CONRAD BLESSINGTON," is just ready.

"MRS. WILBERFORCE, OR THE WIDOW AND HER ORPHAN," is on the eve of publication.

The Historical Romance of "RUFUS, OR THE RED KING," is nearly completed.

The Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons" has just committed to the press a new and revised edition of his interesting work "THE GREAT METROPOLIS, FIRST SERIES."

A new Novel is spoken of as in progress from the pen of the Authoress of "The Brides of Sienna."

"Annals of Natural History; or Magazine of Zoology, Botany, and Geology;" with engravings. Conductors—for Zoology, Sir W. Jardine, Bart; P. J. Selby, Esq., and Dr. Johnstone.—For Botany,—Sir W. J. Hooker, Reg. Prof. Bot. Glasgow.—For General Correspondence,—R. Taylor, Under Sec. Linn. Soc.

"Pyramids of Gizeh." On the practical application of the Quadrature of the Circle in the Configuration of the Great Pyramids of Gizeh, by H. C. Agnew, Esq.

"Gresham College." Three inaugural Lectures, by Mr. Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of Music.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Considerable activity is expected to prevail in our commercial engagements in the ensuing spring, from the improved state of affairs in America.

The latest intelligence from Canada is of a highly satisfactory character. A meeting of merchants, shipowners, and others, has been held at the City of London Tavern, for the purpose of considering the propriety of memorializing the Lord Mayor and the Gresham Committee to remove the 'Change from Guildhall to the area of the Excise-office, in Broad Street. There were present several of the most influential merchants of the city. Mr. Thomas Wilson, formerly one of the Members for the city, took the chair. A letter was read from Mr. S. Rice, sanctioning the approbation of the area of the Excise Office to the purposes proposed, should the merchants consider the removal of the Exchange from Guildhall would afford facilities to the trade of the city. Some discussion took place as to whether the memorial should be drawn up expressive of the wish of the merchants of London to that effect, but the meeting was informed that to the Gresham Committee, under the will of Sir Thomas Gresham, belonged the duty of providing a place for the assembling of the merchants. A memorial was then laid on the table, signed by many of the principal firms in the city, in favour of the removal of the 'Change to the Excise Office. The memorial, which had been in private circulation for some days, was then unanimously adopted, and ordered to be laid at Lloyd's and other places to receive the names of other merchants favourable to the removal, preparatory to its being presented to the Lord Mayor and the Gresham Committee.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 23rd of February.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 205 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 92 one-half.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 one-quarter.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 103 one-quarter.—Consols for Account, 92 one-half.—Exchequer Bills, 54s. to 56s.—India Bonds, 55s. to 57s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS

Portuguese Five per Cent. 27 one-half.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 58 one-half.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 103 one-eighth. Spanish Active Bonds, 19.

MONEY MARKET REPORT. Feb. 23.—Consols fluctuated to-day between 92½ and 92¾, at which they closed buyers for money and the account. Bank Stock improved to 205 to ½; India Stock declined to 263½ to 4½; Exchequer Bills were 54s. to 56s.; India Bonds, 55s. to 57s.; and those unmarked 13s. to 14s. premium.

Foreign securities remain almost entirely neglected, and the prices of several were rather on the decline. Spanish Active declined to 18½ to 19; Portuguese 5 per Cents. 27 to ½, the 3 per Cents. 17½ to 18½. Brazilian, 73½ to 4; Mexican, 28½ to 9; Columbian, 26½ to ¾; Dutch 2½ per Cents., 53½ to ½, the 5 per Cents. 102½ to 3½.

The transactions in shares are still extensive, although not so much so as in the last few days. North Midland advanced to 5 premium, although a call of 10l. per share has recently been made. It is understood these shares are firmly held. New Brighton were somewhat higher, being 5 premium; Blackwall, 3½ to 7; and Manchester and Birmingham, 1½ to 2½ premium. Eastern countries, ½ to ¾; and Bristol and Exeter, 1 to ½, both discount. One of the New York papers, advertising to the cost incurred by the United States in maintaining neutrality on the Canada frontier, states it to be as follows:—197,000 dollars to pay the 3,000 militia called into service on the northern frontier for three months; 80,000 dollars for travelling from and returning to their homes; 300,000 dollars for the various objects of supply; 15,000 dollars for accoutrements; 7,500 dollars for the surgeon's department; 16,000 for arms and equipage; 60,000 dollars for provisions.

Letters from Pernambuco, received to the 23rd of December inclusive, contain nothing of interest relating to that part of Brazil.

MR. C. H. ADAMS'S *Annual Lectures on Astronomy, at the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket.*

It is with pleasure we have to announce that Mr. C. H. ADAMS will deliver his Lecture on ASTRONOMY at Her Majesty's Theatre, Italian Opera House, Haymarket, on Friday next, March 2nd, 1838; and on every Wednesday and Friday following, during Lent; also on the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, in Passion Week. This season the Lectures will be illustrated by an ENTIRELY NEW series of the most splendid TRANSPARENCIES and costly apparatus that has ever been attempted. We feel it our duty again to commend these beautiful and scientific Lectures, so replete with the most valuable instruction and productive of the highest order of pleasure, to the notice of parents and guardians of youth of all classes.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DEC. 19, 1837, TO JAN. 19, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 23.—S. Edmunds, Perceval Street, Northampton Square, provision agent.—A. Hawkins, Chiswell Street, St. Luke's, ironmonger.—T. Dewhurst, Manchester, bookseller.—J. H. Bann, Spicer Street, Spitalfields, cabinetmaker.—C. V. Smith and R. E. Goulding, Tottenham Court Road, linen drapers.—T. Hellyer, St. John Street, West Smithfield, general tool warehouseman.—J. Corneby, Compton, Southampton, cattle salesman.—W. Green, Sheffield, ironmonger.—R. Stone, Thame, Oxfordshire, carpenter.—J. Smith, Leeds, joiner.—D. Taylor, Wike, Yorkshire, worsted manufacturer.—T. Weiden, Leckhampton, Gloucestershire, brickmaker.

Jan. 26.—T. Jones, High Street, Shadwell, slopseller.—B. Eytton, Northumberland Street, Strand, navy agent.—S. T. W. Gawthorp, Wakefield, Yorkshire, cornfactor.—J. Smith, J. Bridge, jun., and G. Smith, Sheffield, Yorkshire, stonemasons.—G. Cooper, Daventry, Northamptonshire, carrier.—A. Foster, Batron Hill, Yorkshire, innkeeper.

Jan. 30.—R. Archer, Arundel Street, Strand, wine merchant.—E. Curtis, Newman's Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields, tailor.—S. Skinner, Greenham, Berkshire, brewer.—C. Hayes, jun., Liverpool, shipbuilder.—E. Clegg, Waltham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—G. Haines, Kilsby, Northamptonshire, grocer.—C. Evans, Spout Lane, Shropshire, corn factor.—W. Fowler, Aston-juxta-Birmingham, Warwickshire, brickmaker.

Feb. 3.—W. Tuck, Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, butcher.—J. James, Southampton Street, Strand, woollen draper.—E. Dodd, Berners Street, Oxford Street, harp manufacturer.—B. T. Balguy, Derby, money scrivener.—E. Colman, Leicester, ironfounder.—J. Taylor, Liverpool, brewer.—W. Chapman, Birmingham, grocer.—W. C. Holt and W. G. Thomas, King Cross, Yorkshire, ironfounders.—M. Williams, Bontnewydd, Carnarvon, shopkeeper.—J. Quarrell and R. Wright, Cheltenham, bricklayers.—J. Reid, Liverpool, merchant.—R. Macknight, Birmingham, hawker.—T.

Faulkes, Bowbridge, Gloucestershire, coal merchant.

Feb. 7.—H. R. D. Dalton, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, distiller.—W. Hirst, Leeds, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Pickaley, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, joiner.—C. H. Metivier, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, cloth factor.—T. Roberts, Gillingham, Dorsetshire, cattle dealer.—E. Jones, Swansea, Glamorganshire, linen draper.

Feb. 10.—S. Elphick, Rosemary Lane, victualler.—J. Deen, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens.—J. H. Russell, Burton Street, tailor.—G. Birley, Worcester, perfumer.—T. W. Atkinson, Manchester, architect.—W. Appleyard, Clayton Heights, Yorkshire, manufacturer.—J. Radcliff, Little Smeaton, Yorkshire, miller.—G. Coates, Hutton, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—T. Moseley, Macclesfield, Cheshire, coach proprietor.

Feb. 14.—J. and J. Watson, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square, linen drapers.—J. Ingils, Basinghall Street, merchant.—E. Dyball, Norwich, gunmaker.—J. Moore and E. Raisbeck, Thornhill Lees Forge, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, ironfounders.—J. T. Twells, Tamworth, Staffordshire, draper.—T. Jenkins, Brecon, Breconshire, malster.—H. H. Cooper, Wembromwich, Staffordshire, retailer of beer.—F. Deakin, Birmingham, timber merchant.—P. Woolley, Ross, Herefordshire, tailor.—H. R. Warren, Liverpool, common brewer.—F. Parker, Northampton, upholsterer.

Feb. 17.—I. Jerom, Montague Mews, Montague Square, livery stable keeper.—T. L. Holt, jun., Crane Court, Fleet Street, printer.—J. Chittenden, jun., Three Tuns Court, Southwark, hop factor.—J. Howell, Worcester, corn dealer.—W. Spence, Leeds, corn miller.—T. A. Sanders, Ryde, Isle of Wight, builder.—J. Sisley, Margate, carpenter.—C. Lear, Exeter, innkeeper.—F. Baldey, Brighton, bookseller.—R. Grover, Brighton, cabinet maker.—W. Coles, Taunton, Somersetshire, shopkeeper.

NEW PATENTS.

W. K. Izon, of Cambridge, for improvements applicable to steam-engines. January 4th, 6 months.

H. W. Nunn, of Whippenham, in the Isle Wight, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture, and in the making, or producing, of certain descriptions of lace and other ornamental fabrics. January 4th, 6 months.

N. Wordsell, of Cromer Street, Liverpool, Coach Builder, for improvements in apparatus to facilitate the conveyance of mail-bags and other parcels, on railways or roads. January 4th, 6 months.

B. Woodcroft, of Mumps, in the township of Oldham, Lancashire, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of looms for weaving various sorts of cloths, which looms may be set in motion by any adequate power. January 4th, 6 months.

J. Richardson, of Hutton, in the parish of Rudley, Yorkshire for certain improvements in the method of covering buildings. January 4th, 6 months.

C. Watt, of Manchester, Lancashire, Lecturer on Chemistry, and T. R. Tebbutt, of the same place, Merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacture of the oxides of lead, and also of the carbonate of lead. January 5th, 6 months.

W. Wells, of Manchester, Lancashire, Machine Maker, and S. Eccles, of the same place, Merchant, for certain improvements in power-looms, and in hand-looms, for weaving plain and figured fabrics. January 5th, 6 months.

C. Fitten, Woollen Manufacturer, and G. Collier, Mechanic, both of Cumberworth-Half, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, for improvements in power-looms. January 11th, 6 months.

J. Thornhill, of Ison Green, Nottinghamshire, Lace Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of lace. January 11th, 6 months.

J. Edwards, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Middlesex, Pen Maker, for improvements in instruments used in writing. January 11th, 6 months.

H. F. Bacon, of Fen Drayton, Cambridgeshire, Clerk, for an improved apparatus for regulating the flow or supply of gas through pipes to gas-burners, with a view to uniformity of supply. January 11th, 6 months.

W. Soulham, of Ditchford Mills, in the parish of Irchester, Nottinghamshire, Miller, for an improved apparatus or machine for drying corn and other grains and seeds. January 11th, 6 months.

C. Watt, of Manchester, Lancashire, Lecturer on Chemistry, and T. R. Tebbutt, of the same place, Merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacture of the hydrate and carbonate of soda, from the chloride of sodium, applicable to the making of soap, glass, and other useful purposes. January 11th, 6 months.

R. Bright, of Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, Middlesex, Lamp Manufacturer, for a new or improved apparatus or contrivance, for effecting the more complete combustion of candles, and superseding the necessity of snuffing. January 13th, 6 months.

E. Davy, of Fordton, near Crediton, Devonshire, Merchant, for improvements in saddles and harness for horses, and in seats for carriages. January 13th, 6 months.

C. Barnard, of the city of Norwich, Norfolk, Ironmonger, for an improved mangle. January 13th, 6 months.

G. Chapman, of Whitby, Yorkshire, for certain improvements in steam-engines. January 13th, 6 months.

H. Hewitt, of No. 5, Stockwell Common, Surrey, Gentleman, for a new or improved chemical compound or medicine to be used in the form of pills, for the cure or amelioration of sciatica, rheumatism and gout, lumbago, ague, and other diseases of a similar nature. January 18th, 6 months.

J. A. Turner, of No. 2, Henry Street, Liverpool, Lancashire, Architect, for an improved method of propelling vessels through water. January 18th, 6 months.

L. Barton, of Arnold, Nottinghamshire, Frame Smith, for certain improvements, in machinery for frame-work knitting. January 20th, 6 months.

F. O. Ward, of Camberwell, Surrey, Medical Student, for an improvement or improvements in clothes and other brushes. January 20th, 6 months.

A. Ador, of Leicester Square, Middlesex, Chemist, for certain improvements producing or obtaining motive power. January 20th, 6 months.

H. G. James, of Lower Thames Street, London, Wine Merchant, for an improvement in making bread. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 23rd, 6 months.

T. Hancock, of Goswell Mews, Middlesex, Patent Waterproof Cloth Manufacturer, for improvements in the method of manufacturing or preparing caoutchouc either alone or in combination with other substances. January 23rd, 6 months.

R. Garton, of Beverley, Yorkshire, Millwright, for improvements in presses January 25th, 6 months.

F. C. Parry, of Brompton, Middlesex, and Charles De Laveleye, of King's Head Court, London, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of bricks. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 25th, 6 months.

C. Hancock, of Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park, Middlesex, Animal Painter, for certain improved means of producing figured surfaces, sunk and in relief, and of printing therefrom, and also of moulding, stamping, and embossing. January 25th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton, the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Jan.					
23	37-24	29.68-29.64	S.E.		Generally cloudy.
24	27-19	29.68-29.64	N.E.		Cloudy.
25	29-19.5	29.54-29.42	N.E.		Cloudy.
26	31-21	29.33-29.35	N.E.		Cloudy.
27	31-24	29.26 Stat.	N.E.		Cloudy.
28	33-23	29.44-29.35	N.E.		Cloudy, sleet in the evening. [the morn.
29	43-27	29.52-29.43	S.E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, a little rain in
30	37-28	29.61-29.55	N.E.	.0375	Cloudy, rain at times.
31	35-29	29.84-29.68	N.E.	.0125	Cloudy, rain at times.
F. J.					
1	33-28	30.07-29.96	N.E.		Cloudy, a little rain in the afternoon.
2	35-24	30.25-30.19	N.E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
3	35-20	30.27 Stat.	N.E.		Generally clear, a little snow in the afternoon.
4	31-29	30.26-30.23	N.E.		Generally clear. [afternoon.
5	35-19	30.19-30.12	N.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, snow in the
6	33-21	30.01-29.75	N.E.		Gen. clear, except the even. cloudy, with hail.
7	42-27	29.53-29.25	S.E.	.275	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
8	47-38	29.08-28.94	S.E.	.075	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, with frequent rain.
9	43-31	28.65-28.98	S.W.	.1375	Cloudy, rain at times.
10	35-24	29.12 Stat.	N.E.		Cloudy.
11	34-19	29.48-29.25	N.W.		Generally clear.
12	33-15	29.52-29.51	S.		Generally clear.
13	34-12	29.50 Stat.	N.E.		Generally clear, a little snow in the evening.
14	36-11	29.57 Stat.	N.E.		Generally clear.
15	31-22	29.62-29.52	E. b. N.		Cloudy.
16	34-22	29.58-29.50	E. b. N.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, wind boisterous.
17	36-22	29.82-29.63	E. b. N.		Cloudy, snow and hail accompanied with rain at
18	30-26	30.09-29.94	N.		Cloudy. [times during the day.
19	30-27	30.09-29.87	N. b. E.		Generally cloudy.
20	39-19	29.69-29.63	N.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
21	37-28	29.66-29.63	N.E.	.1375	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
22	37-28	29.66-29.80	N.E.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—FEBRUARY, 1838.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Jan. 16.—After the presentation of two or three petitions, Lord Glenelg laid on the table a continuation of the papers relating to Canada; and, after submitting to their Lordships the propriety of not entering on the subject immediately—though he was then prepared to do so—gave notice that on Thursday he would move an Address to the Throne on the affairs of Canada.—The Duke of Wellington expressed his regret that Ministers had not thought fit to call their Lordships' attention to this important subject by a Royal Message, as the most solemn mode on an occasion of a more than usually serious nature.—Lord Melbourne admitted that a Message from the Throne, in the first instance, might have given greater solemnity and weight to their proceedings on this occasion, but now there would be a difficulty in adopting that course.—Adjourned till Thursday.

Jan. 18.—Lord Melbourne moved the second reading of the Duchess of Kent's Annuity Bill. Not apprehending any opposition to it, he avowedly abstained from making any remarks.—Lord Brougham said he should not offer any further objection to the Bill; he had stated all that he had to express on the subject. The Bill was accordingly read the second time.—Lord Glenelg then rose to move an Address to Her Majesty regarding the affairs of Canada. His Lordship entered into considerable details, and contended that, instead of taking part with the French or British parties, the government had adopted the true course, that of proceeding to remedy real and acknowledged grievances, and to examine alleged ones.—Lord Brougham commenced a speech of three hours' duration, by saying that it seemed never to have struck his Noble Friend that when a minister of the crown came to Parliament with a proposition, not only such as was contained in this Address, but which gave them also notice of measures about to be proposed, following the Address, of a high prerogative and constitutional kind, it never seemed to have struck his Noble Friend that the minister who came to Parliament, resorting to it for such extraordinary remedies, had any other thing to do besides showing that the measure had been rendered necessary—that he had to explain the course of conduct out of which that necessity arose; that he had to defend himself and the ministry, of which he was part and parcel, for having brought our colonial affairs into such a state.—Lord Melbourne said that the course pursued by the government was defensible on every ground; that every effort would continue to be made to suppress revolt, at the same time justice would be done to the colonies. The Noble Viscount went over the principal arguments of his Noble and Learned Friend, and showed that the policy adopted by ministers was the only one that could have been followed up with beneficial results.—The Duke of Wellington objected to the mode in which the question had been brought before the House. He would not oppose the proposed Address to the Crown, but he begged to guard against the supposition that he approved of the intended policy of Government. He would certainly support the Government in any measure they might bring in as the consequence of that Address, and which had for its object the support of the authority of the Crown, and which was calculated to restore tranquillity and give a solid and lasting peace to the people of Canada.—The Earl of Durham spoke in the course of the debate, and declared the reluctance with which he had undertaken the responsible office assigned to him. He disclaimed all party spirit, and appealed to his zeal for the interests of the Crown and the country as the motives that influenced his choice. His objects would be to establish the authority of the Crown, to enforce the laws, and, having done so, to redress the grievances of the Canadians wherever they were found to exist. And stated that he should deem no personal sacrifice too great to accomplish the purpose of his mission.—After some remarks from the Earl of Fitzwilliam, Lord Wharncliffe, &c., and Lord Glenelg, briefly in reply, the Address was agreed to and their Lordships adjourned.

Jan. 19.—The Duke of Richmond presented a petition from forty-three acting magistrates of the county of Sussex, praying for an amendment of the law, so as to secure a more summary trial of petty and juvenile offenders.—The Duchess of Kent's Annuity Bill passed through Committee without amendment, was reported, and ordered for a third reading on Monday, till which day their Lordships adjourned.

Jan. 22.—The Duke of Argyle said that, in obedience to their Lordships' commands, he had had the honour of waiting upon Her Majesty with their Address, and had

received a most gracious answer.—Lord Brougham presented petitions from various places on the subject of Canada, education, post-office reform, and vote by ballot.

Jan. 23.—The Duchess of Kent's Annuity Bill was read a third time, and passed.

—Lord Brougham and Lord Denman severally presented petitions on the subject of West India slavery.

Jan. 26.—The Royal Assent was given, by commission, to the Duchess of Kent's Annuity Bill and one private bill. Their Lordships then adjourned till Monday.

Jan. 29.—Lord Melbourne, in reply to a question by the Duke of Wellington, said that as the Canada Bill would probably be brought up from the Commons either on Wednesday or Thursday, he thought it would be advisable to fix the second reading for Friday. Several petitions were presented. Lord Brougham presented one from Leeds, signed by nearly 17,000 persons. It prayed that negro slavery in the form it now exists, of indentured apprenticeship, should be brought as speedily as possible to a termination, and claimed from their Lordships to fix the period at the 1st of August, 1838.

Jan. 31.—Mr. Bernal presented from the Commons the "Lower Canada Government Bill."—On the motion of Lord Glenelg, it was read the first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Friday next, and to be printed.

Feb. 1.—Lord Brougham presented a petition from Mr. Roebuck, praying, as agent of the legislative assembly of Lower Canada, to be heard at the bar of their Lordships' house against the Canada Government Bill.

Feb. 2.—Notice was given by the Earl of Ripon that on Friday next he would move the second reading of the Bishopric of Sodor and Man Bill.—Lord Glenelg then, in a speech of considerable length, moved the second reading of the Lower Canada Government Bill.—The Earl of Aberdeen followed, and, in reviewing the whole question, commented with much severity upon the blunders of our colonial policy.—Lord Brougham, with much bitterness of style, commented upon that policy which originated in the Whig councils here, and was perfected and "carried out" in Canada.—Lord Melbourne replied to Lord Brougham, adducing new facts and arguments in addition to such as he had already used on the subject of Canada, in justification of the policy of his government.—The Duke of Wellington took a review of the whole question with the comprehensiveness that is so remarkable a character in his style; but commented especially on the ministerial instructions to the Earl of Durham. His grace maintained that the Lower House of Assembly was the real aggressor in the present dispute—the Lower Canadian House of Assembly was the real promoter of revolution.—The bill was read a second time.—On the motion of Lord Brougham, it was ordered that on Monday Mr. Roebuck should be heard at the bar against the bill, without reference to the validity or otherwise of his appointment as agent for Lower Canada. Their Lordships then adjourned.

Feb. 5.—On the motion of Lord Brougham, Mr. Roebuck was called in, and addressed their Lordships against the Lower Canada Government Bill. Mr. Roebuck commenced by characterising the Canada Bill as a Bill of Pains and Penalties, and defended the conduct of the Assembly of Lower Canada, in consequence of its being approved of by the unanimous voice of their constituents. He then repeated nearly the same arguments that he had previously used at the bar of the House of Commons.

Feb. 6.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 8.—Lord Glenelg moved the third reading of the Canada Government Bill, which again called forth considerable discussion.—Lord Ellenborough resisted the bill as unnecessarily severe.—Lord Glenelg contended that it was unavoidable.—The bill passed.—Their Lordships then adjourned.

Feb. 9.—The Lower Canada Government Bill was brought up from the Commons, with their Lordships' amendments agreed to. The second reading of the Bishopric of Sodor and Man Bill was postponed till the 29th inst., on the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who stated that he had a communication to make to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, which he hoped would tend to a satisfactory arrangement of the question.

Feb. 12.—Lord Brougham gave notice that on Monday next he would bring the whole subject of slavery and the slave trade under the consideration of their Lordships.

Feb. 13.—Mr. Bernal and others from the House of Commons brought up the Joint Stock Bank Companies Amendment Bill.—Lord Ellenborough said it might be very necessary this bill should pass, but it brought matters of a very serious nature under their Lordships' consideration.—The Lord Chancellor said that their Lordships had the fact before them that the Court of Exchequer had decided that the

fact of any clergyman being a member of those joint-stock establishments rendered such establishments invalid. If such a circumstance were to affect these joint-stock companies, or banking concerns, so as to render them invalid, the House would readily perceive the extent of mischief that must accrue to society if this bill did not pass. He hoped their Lordships would at once, therefore, let the bill proceed.—The bill was then read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Thursday,

Feb. 15.—An arrangement took place between the Earl of Ripon and Lord Brougham, in consequence of which the noble earl postponed the second reading of the Bishopric of Sodor and Man Bill from Tuesday to Thursday of next week; and the noble and learned lord deferred the slavery question from Monday to Tuesday. The Banking (clerical) Co-partnership Bill was read a second time, after which their Lordships adjourned.

Feb. 16.—The Earl of Aberdeen inquired whether it was the intention of her Majesty's ministers to propose any measure for extending religious instruction in Scotland.—Viscount Melbourne answered, that the subject was still under the consideration of her Majesty's ministers.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Jan. 16.—Lord John Russell moved the Address to her Majesty on the affairs of Canada.—After an animated discussion, Mr. Leader moved the adjournment of the debate, which was seconded by Mr. Baines, but opposed by Lord John Russell. A division then took place.—For the adjournment, 23; against it, 188.—The Noble Lord then gave notice that he would on Wednesday move for leave to bring in a Bill to provide for the temporary government of Lower Canada.—Adjourned.

Jan. 17.—Lord John Russell stated that Her Majesty had been waited upon by such members of that House as were Privy Councillors with the address, to which she had been pleased to return a most gracious answer. In reply to Mr. Lucas, Lord Morpeth said the second reading of the Irish Poor Law Bill would be moved on the 6th of February. Lord J. Russell then moved for leave to bring in a bill to make temporary provision for the government of Lower Canada. A long and desultory discussion ensued. Mr. Henry George Ward, though he had opposed the resolutions of the last Parliament, approved the present policy of the Government, to which "he gave an unequivocal adhesion in all its parts."—Mr. Warburton read a lesson to her Majesty's troops on the mode of carrying on war, and philosophically recommended a separation of our North American colonies from the mother-country.—Mr. Clay regretted that his hon. friend, Mr. Warburton, had palliated the revolt, which was wholly without excuse or justification.—Sir Robert Peel would not oppose the bringing in of the bill, but showed very forcibly the mischiefs contained in some parts of the ministerial scheme, as detailed by Lord John Russell. The House then divided—for giving leave to bring in the Bill, 198; against it, 7. The Bill was subsequently read a first time, and the second reading fixed for Monday next. A great many papers on the subject of Canada were then moved for by Mr. Hume, some of which were granted, and some refused, by a majority of 61 to 13.—Mr. Grote presented a petition from John Arthur Roebuck, praying, as agent to the Lower House of Assembly, Lower Canada, to be heard at the bar of the House against the bill for suspending that Assembly, &c.—The petition was read at length; and Lord J. Russell consented to afford an opportunity for moving on Monday, that Mr. Roebuck be heard at the bar previous to his moving the second reading of the bill.—The House then adjourned till Monday.

Jan. 22.—Several petitions were presented: among which were some relating to Canada, and one, by Mr. Wakley, praying for a free pardon to the Glasgow cotton-spinners lately convicted at Edinburgh.—Sir Robert Peel gave notice that when the Lower Canada Bill should be in committee he would move the omission of such parts of it as recognized a representative character in the proposed convention of estates, as well as of the clause enabling the Queen in Council to repeal the bill. A long conversation took place on the propriety of acknowledging Mr. Roebuck as agent for Lower Canada, but the objections were not pressed; and after the bill had been read a second time that gentleman was called in, and addressed the House for two hours and a half. Mr. Roebuck having withdrawn, Lord John Russell moved that the bill be committed.—Mr. Hume moved, as an amendment, that it should be committed that day six months.—Sir G. Grey should offer his most determined opposition to the motion of the hon. member for Kilkenny.—Sir William Molesworth moved an adjournment of the debate, which was agreed to.

Jan. 23.—The adjourned debate on the Lower Canada Bill was resumed.—Sir William Molesworth addressed the house at great length against the bill, and was

followed by Mr. Smith O'Brien, who supported the ministerial measure one moment, and abused the ministers the next.—Mr. Bulwer supported the bill.—Sir Edward Sugden in the course of his address said that he would agree to the passing of the bill as the only mode of saving a constitution for the people of Canada.—Mr. Rice adopted the approval of Lord Gosford's policy in the broadest terms, and took credit to ministers that the charge against them was not for too much precipitation, but for too much forbearance.—Sir Robert Peel then rose and went at large into the several questions connected with the bill. He deemed the justification of the measure to consist not so much in the revolt, as in the simple fact, that for five years the Canadian Assembly had now withheld the funds required for carrying on the government; employing their power of refusal, not as a means of accomplishing some constitutional end, but as a means of rescinding the very constitution itself.—Lord John Russell replied, and protested against sending out Lord Durham in any other than a plenipotentiary character. The House then divided—For going into committee, 262; for Mr. Hume's amendment, that the committal be postponed for six months, 16. On the motion of the Noble Lord an adjournment till Thursday was agreed to.

Jan. 25.—A petition, presented by Mr. Wakley, having reference to the Glasgow cotton-spinners lately convicted at Edinburgh, was withdrawn for the present, after considerable discussion, in the course of which a general feeling was expressed that it was very disrespectful in its language. As soon as the order of the day had been read for going into committee on the Lower Canada Government Bill, Lord John Russell stated that, as several verbal alterations had been made in the bill, he thought it should be merely committed *pro forma*, and then reprinted for the use of the members.—Sir R. Peel expressed his surprise at the delay thus incurred, in direct violation of the Noble Lord's former announcement that the bill should be proceeded with *de die in diem*.—Mr. Edward Ellice urged on ministers the importance of unanimity in the House, as giving greater weight to their measures in the estimation of the Canadians, and suggested some arrangement by which a division on the wording of the preamble of the bill might be avoided.—Lord John Russell declared that he would consent to no such alteration of the preamble.

Jan. 26.—The House having gone into committee on the Government of Canada Bill, Lord John Russell said that ministers having that day deliberated on the subject, had come to a decision that the matter was not of such importance as absolutely to require resistance, and had, accordingly, resolved to give way. But he contended that, when the preamble should have been remodelled by the omission of the recitals touching the method of proceeding to prepare a new constitution for the Canadas, though something in the nature of a local convention, which method ministers had now, on their own responsibility, instructed the Governor to adopt, it would be the duty of the opposition, if they objected to the execution of that principle under instructions from the Crown, to declare themselves, beforehand, by moving some resolution which should express a Parliamentary disapproval of the policy of consulting the Canadians upon the construction of their own charter.—Sir Robert Peel received the announcement of the change of purpose of the ministry with as much of scorn as can consist with the decorum of debate; and, in a powerful address, denied their right to call for any expression, *a priori*, of the judgment of the House of Commons upon the ministerial instructions of the Governor, from which a selection of passages had in the morning been printed and distributed. Why were these instructions thus prematurely framed and given out? The very latest information should be brought to bear on such a subject—the knowledge to be derived from the very last despatches which might precede the Governor's departure. That departure was not to take place till April; yet the instructions were ready written and printed in January.—The committee then proceeded with the bill, clause by clause, which was ordered to be reported on Saturday, and to take a further stage on Monday.

Jan. 29.—On the motion of Lord John Russell it was agreed that the House, at its rising, should adjourn till Friday. The order of the day having been read for the third reading of the Lower Canada Government Bill, Mr. Hume moved, as an amendment, that the bill should be read a third time that day six months.—After a discussion of some length, in which Mr. Grote and Mr. Warburton took a prominent part, the House divided—for the third reading of the bill, 110; against it, 8. The bill was then read a third time and passed, and the House adjourned till Friday.

Feb. 2.—Lord Palmerston, in answer to questions from Sir R. Inglis, said, that with regard to the Caroline, no official accounts had been received at the Colonial Office, and nothing on the subject was known except what had appeared in the American newspapers.—The Benefices' Plurality Bill was read a second time and

ordered to be committed on Monday, the 19th inst. The Irish Municipal Corporations Bill was read a second time and ordered to be committed on Monday fortnight ; but Lord John Russell intimated that he would give the Irish Poor Law Bill precedence, and defer the discussion of the Municipal Bill till the Poor Law Bill should be disposed of.

Feb. 5.—The Irish Poor Law Bill was read a second time without opposition, beyond an intimation from Mr. O'Connell that, on the motion for committing the bill, he would move the committal that day six months. On the motion for going into Committee on the Parliamentary Electors' Bill, Mr. Hodgson Hinde moved, as an amendment, that it be an instruction to divide the bill into two. The House divided—for the amendment, 68 ; against it, 158.—In the committee, Mr. T. Duncombe moved his promised amendment, the object of which was virtually to get rid of the rate-paying clause of the Reform Bill. In the course of the discussion which followed, a little skirmish ensued between Sir Edward Sugden and Mr. O'Connell, in consequence of the right hon. gentleman having said, with reference to the Reform Act, that, as a Conservative, he thought it his duty to obey the law, though possibly the hon. member for Dublin might not agree with him on this point.—Mr. O'Connell said it was a curious specimen of Conservatism to recommend the support of a bad law, which hon. gentlemen opposite formerly so vehemently protested against.—For the motion, 206 ; for the amendment, 107 ; majority, 99.—The Qualification of Members' Bill was read a second time and the committee fixed for Thursday.

Feb. 6.—The Chancellor obtained leave to bring in a bill, retrospective in its operation, to alter the law as at present existing in reference to clerical members of joint-stock companies.

Feb. 7.—Nothing of public interest.

Feb. 8.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that it was the intention to move for the revival of the church rates and church leases committee, to proceed on its recommendation, should any be proposed, and be warranted in the opinion of the government by the contents of the committee's report.—Mr. Hume moved for various returns regarding the conduct of Sir F. Head, as Governor of Upper Canada, giving the sanction to bills without communicating them to the British Parliament, and other papers, which were ordered.—Lord J. Russell said that the Canadas Government Bill had been sent down from the Lords with one amendment, which was to the effect that all members of the Legislative and Executive Councils should take the oath of allegiance prescribed by the Act of 1791, before they were eligible to discharge the functions of their offices. The amendment was read and agreed to and the house adjourned.

Feb. 9.—The House was occupied for a considerable length of time with a debate upon the motion for going into Committee on the Irish Poor Law Bill. Mr. O'Connell moved that the Bill be committed "this day six months." This amendment was negatived by 277 to 25. The Bill went through Committee *pro forma*, and the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again.

Feb. 12.—A new writ was moved, by Lord Granville Somerset, for the Pembroke boroughs, in the place of Colonel Owen, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Some slight interruption to the proceedings arose in consequence of the noise which prevailed whilst the gas-lights outside of the inner ceiling were being lighted, according to the principle of the experiment which was first made on Saturday night. The effect appeared to give great satisfaction to the members. After a preliminary discussion, the House went into committee on the Irish Poor Law Bill. The clauses, up to fifteen inclusive, were ultimately agreed to, after a division on the first, and one on the twelfth clause. In the former an amendment by Mr. O'Connell was honoured by the support of a minority of 23. The House having resumed, immediately went into a committee of ways and means. Some routine votes were agreed to, and the House again resumed, and adjourned.

Feb. 13.—The House met an hour earlier than usual, in order to ballot for Committees to try the merits of the elections for Belfast and Petersfield, the petition against the return for Bridgenorth having been withdrawn.—Mr. Wakley, after presenting petitions in favour of the Glasgow convicts, brought forward his motion on the subject. The hon. Member inveighed against the course pursued by the prosecution.—The Lord Advocate entered into a statement of the facts of the case, which left no doubt remaining of the perfect propriety of the verdict against the Glasgow conspirators.—Mr. Rice moved an amendment that a committee be appointed to inquire generally into the conduct of masters and workmen since the repeal of the combination laws, which was agreed to.

THE METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1838.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Freemen and Slaves. An Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts. By
WILLIAM BALL.

There is more power, more pathos, more true poetry, and a better sense of the dramatic, in this historical tragedy, than in any attempt of the kind we have seen for a long time. As specimens of dialogue, poetical and yet natural, animated and impassioned, yet wholly free from bombast, some of the scenes are almost perfect. There is also a quick and delicate perception of character, a feeling for nature, and an exquisite faculty of description, which remind us of "Philip Van Arteveldt"—the most exquisite poem by far that our latter days have seen. The recollection of it is brought to our minds not by any imitation in the work before us, but by a certain affinity of mind and feeling, and a prevailing tone of thoughtfulness and elegance common to both. Mr. Ball's style is wholly different from that of Mr. Taylor; he has a *manner* of his own, which is *strongly marked*, and after all, the often misused word, *mannerism*, is, in one sense, only another term for originality. In "Philip Van Arteveldt" the poet throws himself upon the vast and irregular stores of the old chroniclers—particularly Froissart, who has told the whole dramatic story of the son of the brewer of Ghent—the most poetic of demagogues—with wonderful fulness, and with all his romantic and almost magical effect. Mr. Ball, on the contrary, has drawn upon the more concise and severe narrative of the ancient Roman historians; and he seems to have been as successful in catching their spirit, their succinctness, and severity, as Mr. Taylor was in seizing the manner and spirit of the chroniclers. For his tenderer emotions he has had recourse to his own heart, as the classical historians give none of them to their fragmentary narrative, whereas Froissart furnished Mr. Taylor with most of *his*, or at least opened positions and situations from which feeling and pathos flowed of necessity, as the stream from the fountain-head.

The hero of Mr. Ball's tragedy is Spartacus, the free-born shepherd of Thrace, the captive and slave to the conquering Romans, and gladiator at Capua, who, at first, merely heading thirty revolted gladiators who fled from their owner Lentulus, and then taking the command of the slaves, who rose everywhere against the cruelty and oppression of their masters, gained great victories in the field against Roman armies, killed

two of their consuls, and, for a while, shook the republic to its very foundations. In the main incidents he has closely followed the ancient historians,* and his episodes of love and conjugal affection are so simple and subordinate, that even the severe genius of Alfieri might approve of them. The retreat of Spartacus and his band to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, their nocturnal descent, their victory over the Romans, who guarded and girded the foot of the mountain, are all true to history, and in a high order of dramatic poetry. The nice attention to localities and scenery contribute in a striking manner to the effect produced.

The drama opens at the house of Pansa, in the neighbouring city of Pompeii, where Spartacus, who has not yet thrown off the yoke, has some friends among the slaves, who are anxiously expecting that decisive movement. The following dialogue will aid the reader in understanding the plot, while it cannot fail of delighting by its genuine poetry. Those who have traced the river Sarno, in its romantic course, will again hear the music of its water as they read the delicious rhapsody of Rhea.

Fausta.

What wouldst thou, Rhea? Say!

Twice hast thou turned me from my ev'ning task,
And my sad thoughts, by nods and meaning smiles
That I would fain not heed; nay, that I heed
Only to save thee from ungentle words,
Or anger, that this game, thy idle wont,
May pluck upon thee, maiden. Hast forgot?
This is not Thrace or Gaul, nor these the woods
And valleys, the dear dwellings of our sires—
Our vanquished, slaughtered, unforgotten sires!

Rhea. Fausta, I know full well we are in bonds,
And, when they weigh not lightly, 'tis my care
To ease them as I may. Yet in the house
Of our good master Pansa—

Fausta.

Rhea, peace!

The goodness of our master is, to be
Less evil than his fellows, and no more.
What! canst thou be in bondage, and content?

Rhea. I say not so: I hate the bonds I wear.

I would be free to take the thing I covet
Unquestioned, though in a king's lap it lay,
And Envy watched it with a tireless eye.
I would cast off this brief and common vest,
And move adorned in purple, and in gems
Whose price might ransom Rome—were she in bonds;
And then a hundred slaves should wait my will,
Look anxiously towards me, and obey—

Fausta. And make thy board and slumbers insecure!
Thou wouldst be, then, a tyrant, and have slaves?

Rhea. Nay, not a tyrant; but I would have slaves
To tend, obsequiously, a thousand wants
That, I am very sure, I then should have,
Though now I know them not. Oh, the dear thought,
That makes me quiver as my fancy runs
O'er all the services I should require,
If fortune gave me such necessities!
To take a bath I should not wander, then,
To where our river Sarno, 'mid the roots
Of the old hill, hath made a secret place,

* Unfortunately Livy's narrative of this extraordinary war is among his lost books. We have nothing but the heads of Libs. xcv. xcvi. and xcvi., which contained the history of Spartacus.

*A sparry cave, where daylight seems a guest
And not a master; and where myrtle bowers
And hiding trees, have made the waveless pool
A mystery of quiet loneliness.—*

No longer there, but in a marble vase,
With heated water filled, I should recline
And gaze on storied walls, or, rising thence,
My slaves would o'er me pour, from head to foot,
A costly orient perfume that should fold
In dreamy sweetness every dearest sense,
And give me pleasures from Elysium stolen.

Fausta. Wouldst thou betray thy beauty to a train
Of human enemies that serve and hate thee?

Rhea. Oh, Fausta, hush! to serve is not to hate.

Fausta. It is with me.

Rhea. I had forgotten that.

Fausta. I was a happy mother, happy wife.
And free and peaceful was my distant home:
War made me then a slave. Thou knowest well
That shame or servitude are the good gifts
Of Rome to conquered women; but to men
Her gifts are death, or fetters worse than death.
I had a husband—the great Gods alone,
Winnowing the world, could find his fellow out;
My love and his desert no words can tell:—
Where is he?

Rhea. Dead?

Fausta. No—worse! he is disgraced!
I had a daughter, Rhea, and I live—
A mother lives—to thank the gods she died!
I had a son—

Rhea. No more; thy many griefs—

Fausta. I say I have a son, a noble youth,
Brave, happy, free!

Rhea. This is good comfort, then.

Fausta. The comfort is, I dare not own my child.

Rhea. Not own him?

Fausta. No; lest his prosperity
Take blight from the infection of my lot,
And my son live to curse me.

Rhea. Oh, forbear!

These thoughts disturb thy reason. *Thou art wise,
But, in the combat of this life, hast got
Some hurt that does not heal.*

Fausta. Nor ever will.

Rhea. And when the enmity of chance offends
The ancient bruises of thy sorrows past,
'Tis bitter for thee, and too hard to bear.
Let us, then, change our theme; 'tis ever wise
To shun the warfare of afflicting thoughts.
Now hear me, and, I pray thee, heedfully.
I come from one who is a suitor bold,
Not to thy beauty, but to the dark gift
Thou hast of seeing dimly, from afar,
Before their birth, th' events of future time.
I tremble inly as I speak of it!

Fausta. Is he a Thracian that demands my aid?

Rhea. He is, and must have known thee, too, right well;
At least he says that, once, this fillet bound
The maiden tresses of thy raven hair.

Fausta. What band is that? quick, Rhea, give it me,
Now all heaven's stars be thanked! 'tis he at last!

Rhea. Who is he, then?

Fausta. Where is he—tell me, where?

In the next scene the hero appears, and the poet's tone rises to sublimity. There is a wild and stern grandeur in every note.

SCENE III.—*An orange grove.*

Enter Fausta.

Fausta. This is a fitting hour ; the darkness hides
Blushes and chains. I would not be ashamed
To meet my husband.

Enter Spartacus.

Spart.

Fausta ! hist !

Fausta.

Who speaks ?

Spart. 'Tis I.

Fausta.

Oh, Spartacus !

Spart.

My noble wife !

[*They meet.*]

A freeman now embraces thee.

Fausta.

Thou free !

By service, purchase, manumission, how ?

Spart. By no such means. On Baiæ's golden shore,
There is a prison called " the hundred cells,"
And there was I confined, with many more.

A passage, left for air, led to a cliff

That beetled high above a sandy beach

Washed by confineless billows, which, methought,

Cried, scornfully, " Slave, slave !" My fellow's toil

Freed me from chains ; I forced my outward way,

And stood upon the dizzy precipice.

By madness guided down a desperate path,

I reached the margin of the babbling flood,

Which, friendly then, bore me to liberty.

Fausta. But when was this ?

Spart.

'Twas long ago ; for fate

Hath driven me since through many different lots,

To hide myself till time should wear away

The marks and memories that fetters leave.

A soldier ; then a—*dweller on the hills*,—

My foes will call it by another name ;

They have some right to do so, for 'twas they

Who made me what I was.

Fausta.

Not what thou art.

I joy to think thou hast a better change

To tell me still.

Spart.

But that time calls me hence,

I might tell many more. An hour will come,

And gossip's tales shall dower it with the charm

That hardship borne, and death escaped or dealt,

Throw o'er a brave man's life. Enough that, now,

I have returned a voluntary guest

To haunts where slaves and grief and guilt abide.

Fausta. How sayest thou, Spartacus ? A willing guest

Thou canst not be where vice and baseness dwell.

Spart. In Capua, a certain Lentulus,

Unmitigated villain ! keeps a school

Of gladiators, and grows hourly fat

Upon the blood they spill. War's violence

Or hunger made them his, bondsmen or slaves.

One of this number I ; our destiny

To learn the craft of arms, to fight and die

On the arena where the people throng—

(My curses sink them through the cleaving earth !)—

On days of great rejoicing ; or to fall

When some patrician scoundrel for a wife
 Who brought him much derision and much gold,
 Or son or sire, opprobrium of the state,
 Ordains a gladiator's fight, and saith,
 " Let fifty couple combat, twenty die ;
 Ay,—twenty, say. Th' expenses shall be mine,
 And for thy zeal, good Lentulus, I'll pay.
 But see they be good men, well made and bold ;
 I'll have no fellows that might die without,
 No carrion things that, from disease or age,
 Are under bond to death. I'll have none such ;
 But gallant creatures, rich in health and strength,
 Brimful of life and daring, for on these,
 The spear, the trident, and the glaive, do deeds
 That are a credit to us, Lentulus.
 Fortune has given me drachmas, and I know
 How to employ them nobly, as thou seest."

Fausta. But, Spartacus, thou art not one of those
 That make a trade of death in public schools,
 Or in th' arena, or at festive boards,
 Where the rich Roman o'er his banquet lolls,
 Sips his Greek wine and jests with merry guests,—
 What time the brave are dying.

Spart. I am one,
 The world with its strong arm still thrusts me on
 To do the things I hate.

Fausta. It cannot be,
 It must not be ! What, shall these dogs of Rome,
 Tired of all pleasures, taste a savage joy
 While thou art perilled amid rending arms
 And gushing blood and curses of despair !
 I love thee better than all things on earth,
 But I would bid thee die by thine own sword
 Ere with such deep dishonour purchase life.

Spart. *Fausta*, thou speakest well, and I would die,
 Did I not live for vengeance—and for thee.
 Have I not wrongs to think of ? Can I not
 Med'cine to ev'ry evil with the hope
 To make th' accursed Romans rue the day
 That made me childless, houseless, desperate ?

Fausta. Thy means, oh, valiant Thracian, are as nought !
 Rome is a giant, whom the angry gods
 Have sent to trample on this world of dust.

Spart. Thou speakest not as I would have thee speak ;
 But hear me, and when I have told my hopes,
 Call on the mighty demon of thy house,
 And, since he lends thee wisdom to foreknow
 The tasks that destiny appointeth men,
 Make use of this thy dreadful privilege,
 To learn my lot on earth. That I shall die
 Thou canst not hide from me. 'Tis known to all.—
 The how, the when, the wherefore, I would know.

Fausta. Go on : thy words and cause have wrought in me,
 And, like a spell, have roused the mystic power
 My birthright gave me. Lo ! th' Invisible
 Move 'mid their shifting clouds, and I behold
 The works they shape. Before thy tale is done,
 The awful vision will be at the full,
 For wide and wider ope th' eternal gates
 Of future times, and thousands tread the scene
 In vast and various action. Haste,—go on ;
 Thy life already comes upon the stage.

Spart. Thou know'st what I have suffered, dared, and done,
 Because the gods had given me thee to love,

And children, and a home. Glad times, long gone!
 I am all woman when I think of them.—
 My honesty, my labour, and my blood,
 Were counterchanged by scoffs and stripes and bonds,
 And danger and dishonour of my house.—
 What follows? That I owe a heavy debt,
 A lifetime of injustice, and have vowed
 To pay it to its uttermost amount.
 I am not weary yet, although the world
 Hath tried to weary me; my arm can strike,
 My heart remember still. Now to my tale.
 The gladiators choose me for their chief,
 And we have sworn to burst our bonds and live,
 Or die the death of warriors and of men.

Fausta [turning round wildly and speaking with prophetic fury.]

Hush! for the spirit-priests of Truth are here;
 They seize on Ign'rance by his chains of fear,
 And rend his robe of darkness: I behold
 The fire of striving steel, the labours of the bold.

The strife is done, the battle won,
 Shrieks load the blast and crowds rush past,
 And Roman eagles learn the cage at last.

Hush! for the spirit-priests of Truth are here;
 They shout thy name, to all the land a fear;
 Cities and armies vanish; and thy lance
 Still onward points the way and thousands still advance!

The strife is done, the battle won,
 Smoke climbs the blast and flames rise fast,
 And Roman warriors die like slaves at last.

Hush! for the spirit-priests of Truth are here;
 The God of battles now again is near.
 Pretors and consuls perish; and their shame
 In darkness long endures upon the Roman fame.

The strife is done and thou hast won;
 Death makes a noble bondsman free
 And, in the grave, hides palms of victory.

In the passage we shall next quote, the Thracian shepherd appears as the conqueror of the Romans. He has dispersed the army of Pulcher, and the humane Pansa, who has been a father to Festus, (the unknown son of Spartacus,) and affianced him to his only daughter, Fulvia, is prisoner to the insurgents.

Spart. Pansa, I fear that thou dost think of me
 The ill that liars tell. I therefore crave
 Thy patient hearing for some passages
 Of a vexed life, for I would have thee still
 The gen'rous friend that thou hast been to Festus:
 And when I shall have sent thee safely home,
 Interpret me with charity, and be,
 If possible, some little matter less
 Mine enemy.

Pansa. I am not one to thee,
 But to thy cause I am a foe for ever;
 For it has shaken down prosperity,
 That Roman wisdom and that Roman toil
 Had built as high as heaven.

Spart. Thou errest much;
 But hear me. I was born in past'ral Thrace,
 And lived a shepherd's life of lowly peace,
 And looked on happy faces in my home.
 I was made pris'ner in ambitious wars,

Defending our poor village ; and in Rome
I graced a triumph, and was honoured there
By blows and scoffs of toil-stained artisans,
Who temper swords they would not dare to wield.

Pansa. Thou stand'st them, they dare do anything ;
But for their manners, there is much to say :

I grant you they are bitterly ill-taught ;
I would they knew the proper use of hands.

Spart. Or that Heaven's swiftest plague might rot them off !

Pansa. I will not be infected by thy spleen :

Tell out thy tale, though it is nothing new ;
Such things will chance, for, often, after wars,
A hundred thousand slaves are sold in Rome.

Spart. Your crime and curse, at once, is slavery.

I was the servant of a wretch to whom
His fellow-creature's life was merchandise,
And bartered daily for small sums of gold :
I slew the caitiff and escaped from bonds.
Ye know the rest ; my fellow-slaves proclaimed
An enemy to Rome who, unto all
Her foes, no matter why, right freely gave -
A welcome and protection. This great land
Is by a race oppressed, inhabited :
Their labour and the soil's fertility
Give them nor food, nor raiment, nor abode
For them and for their children. *I have been*
A trav'ler o'er the plains and up the hills,
And down the smiling valleys, and have seen
Among them misery that even hope
No longer could deceive ; and then I said,
These are the means with which a man might rend
The chains of thousands, nay, might break or tire
An empire's strength that held injustice up.

Pansa. I do not see the virtue of that thought,
No, nor the wisdom. Do we kill the body
To cure it of disease ? To heal one ill
Thou poisonest the vast and useful life
Of Rome, the wonder of all future times.

Spartacus. Is Rome's health mine ? or, because she is great,
Shall I kneel down, and on my slavish neck
Place her destroying foot and cry out, " Spare !"
The Roman lords within their triple fence
Of power, and ease, and pleasure, know not yet
The dangerous nature of the woes they scorn.
For your slaves hate you, though they crouch and cringe,
Build up your monstrous dwellings, work your fields,
Level your gardens, raise your aqueducts,
Pierce a thick hill's solidity, or hang
Green woods, for beauty, on repugnant rocks :
Then dig your baths or fishponds, and—expire,
Through toil or hunger, or the wanton scourge,
And, as a last good service, leave their flesh
To pamper fish, that so their master's meals
May be made venomous with luxury.

Are such men wholesome in an empire's heart ?

Festus. This must be by exception : in a state
Haughty and warlike there will sometimes be
Tyrants ; there will be men who must have power ;
Prosperity corrupts some men,—

Spart. Ay, all !

Pansa. There is more truth in this than I could wish :
We have not heeded it.

Spart. These are your lords :
Meanwhile the honest artisan, or he

Whose toil pieced out a scanty patrimony,
 Has all to fear from these offsets of Rome,
 Hot with their lusts and cold with their disdain;
 That in the valour of their wealth and pride
 Come to afflict an humble neighbourhood;
 Come—with the strong right hand of wrong to grasp
 The little this world's enmity hath left,
 And, where they found humility and want,
 Set ope the gate to anger and to crime.

Festus. Thy tale is terrible if it is true.

Spart. Want and dishonour teach those dreams of hate
 We need, and Rome should fear. Our ranks are full
 Of those your folly drove from toil and food
 To idleness, to hunger, and to guilt.
 For alien slaves, red streaming from the lash,
 Perform the tasks due to free poverty,
 And steal the hope that shielded her from sin.
 Our cause no longer is the cause of slaves;
 The taskless lab'rer quits his fallow field,
 The shepherd to a slave resigns his flock,
 The artisan foregoes his starving trade,
 The captive breaks from out his iron cage,
 And, offering service, all around me throng;
 Men who can laugh at tempest and at cold,
 Can make the arms they use, the clothes they wear—
 Can feast on food their masters give to dogs,
 And sleep though death should be their bedfellow.

Pansa. Pestilent rogues, I warrant them, i'faith!

The immediate causes of the ruin of Spartacus were the jealousies which broke out between the slaves of Thrace and those of Gaul, and the insubordination of the whole host, who had been too recently liberated from their fetters to know how to conduct themselves as freemen. Mr. Ball draws the mutiny in the camp in a masterly manner; but our quotations from his beautiful and spirit-stirring drama have already exceeded our usual limits, and we must make an end by copying a part of the last scene of all "that ends this strange eventful history." Here a poetic liberty has been taken with history, for Spartacus did not return to Mount Vesuvius, but died fighting at Rhegium, (now Reggio,) at the extremity of Calabria, where Crassus destroyed 40,000 of the insurgents. According to one ancient account, Spartacus anticipated the heroism of the old English warrior, immortalised in Chevy Chase, fighting on his knees when his legs were cut off, or so wounded that they could no longer support him, and expired at last upon heaps of the Roman dead, whom his own sword had laid low. Though in a different manner, he falls in the tragedy like a hero. The conclusion of the scene strikes us as being admirably conceived. There is a mixture of terror, horror, and mystery, spread over the pine-tree tops and the midnight chasm, which we have seldom seen surpassed in any drama.

SCENE VII.—Cave in Mount Vesuvius. On one side a chasm.

Enter Spartacus, and Pansa carrying a lamp.

Pansa. This is rude hospitality, but all
 That my extremest means can now command,
 For one that in my bosom hath a place
 Nobler than palaces.

Spartacus. It is enough,—
 For the brief time I shall abide with thee.

Pansa. Not so: thou shalt stay long. Leave the light here:
 This is a perilous gulf. Approach it not.

Spart. Was that a voice?

[*Pansa starts and listens.*]

Pansa.

No, it was *not* a voice !

What, wouldst thou frighten an old man to death ?

Spart. Pansa, let us together scan my fate.—

For me, though I am valiant, wise, and strong,
The proofs are recent, though my wounds would heal,
Though I have passed but half way through this life,
Yet willingly I die. I thus thrust back
Half of the enmity of Time. In age
I shall not totter with a staff about,
To beg of men their help—and their contempt ;
Nor, in the grief and weakness of disease,
See and not strike oppressors. I shall not
Live to forget the rapture of that scorn
Which I have felt for tyrants overthrown ;
Nor, worst of all, with wasted mind and heart,
In craven baseness live, and fear to stake
In the great game of hazard and of hope
That life which all men must forego at last.

Pansa. Thou shalt not die,—I swear that thou shalt live :
I'll fight for thee myself, if we must fight.

Thou art as famous as the morning star,
Nor shall Rome wrong herself by striking thee,
If I, a Roman, can avert the blow.

Spart. I have been happy in the choice of friends,
Thou honourable man, and that is much
In this world's darkness ; but, alas ! 'tis all.
My labours and my life have sunk beneath
The banded strength of wisdom and of wealth.
Again the lasting gloom of an eclipse
Is coming o'er th' enslaved, and though their cause
Will in a hundred fields be tried again,
And tried until victorious, yet my name
Will not uphold it, and I shall not wear
The laurel and the palm I coveted.
This is the thorn of death ! The corp'ral pang
Which any man can bear, I can disdain.

Pansa. I say again, I will not hear of this :
The silence makes me hope that thou art safe.
Rest here a while ; I go to get thee food.

Spart. Pansa, farewell !

Pansa. I will not say farewell !
I hate the word : I know the gods are just.

[*Exit Pansa.*

Spart. How fast his footsteps beat the rocky way ;
Use makes him tread it safely, though 'tis night.
Hark ! what is that ?—It is a sullen sound.

[*Distant noise.*

[*He lies down and listens, then rising :*]

I hear the distant tramp of many feet ;—
Nay, I behold bright torches through the trees ;
They are pursuers, and they come this way.—
“ Thou canst no longer fight, but thou canst die ! ”
That was, I think, the word of Lentulus.
Be speedy, Spartacus. How apt this gulf !
A noble death by my own ministry
Gives me an undishonoured sepulchre.
To yield would be to die and be the scorn
Of those I hated, but I shall be still,
The doubt and wonder of their waking hours,
The terror of their dreams. My name shall make
Their children tremble, and their women pale,
When I am nothing : but, alas ! the good
Of all the evil I have done, is lost.
And will there be no gap where I have stood ?
The question comes too late ! my hour is nigh,
And fate is a remorseless creditor.

Now, caverned night, may thy foul depths descend
To central earth ! so shalt thou serve my hate,
And leave to cañtiff and to trembling Rome
A legacy of fear and mystery. [Leaps into the gulf.]

[Pansa, Festus, Fausta, and Fulvia rush in, carrying torches.]

Festus. Father, thou'rt saved !

Pansa. The gods protect thee still !

Fausta. Speak, Spartacus, oh ! speak, or I shall die !

Fulvia. Search all around : perchance he is gone hence.

Or, else, sore wearied as he was, he sleeps.

Pansa [aside.] Ay, and I fear for ever.

Fulvia. Speak !

Fausta. Speak !

Pansa. Speak !

Festus. Was that an echo, or my father's voice ?

Fulvia. I think he answers from among the pines.

Pansa. [Drawing Festus aside and pointing to the gulf.]

I fear, O Festus, that he, still, is here !

In other days a production like this would not have failed to secure reputation to its author, and we have some hopes that even at this busy, book-deluged, and unpoetical season, Mr. Ball will not wholly miss the reward which he has so richly merited, and that the melancholy words of Dante,

" E tornerò con le man vote al petto,"

which he has chosen for his motto, will not, in every sense, be verified in this little adventure.

With a frank and willing mind we have done our little best to call attention to his tragedy, which he has sent into the world in the quietest and least pretending manner possible,—without preface or dedication—without having recourse to any of those expedients by which the patronage of certain literary circles is secured, and a sensation made beforehand. We trust that "*Freemen and Slaves*" will not, on this account, (and for an honest independence which is honourable to the author,) be allowed to sink without notice, or to be thrust aside by the forward, noisy crowd of literary aspirants, whose genius and modesty are generally on a par. On the contrary, we hope that Mr. Ball's tragedy will attract the attention of those, whose decisions are uninfluenced by coteries, and whose praise is *fame* to such as acquire it.

For ourselves, we have attentively read, and re-read the drama, and we shall feel no trifling pain and disappointment if the extracts we have made do not, in the full, justify our warm commendations.

Outward Bound ; or, a Merchant's Adventures. By the Author of
"Rattlin the Reefer," "The Old Commodore," &c. 3 vols.

The readers of the "*Metropolitan*" are already familiar with the earlier chapters of this clever and amusing novel ; they appeared in our work under the title of "*Ardent Troughton*." The author has carried out the story to a much greater length than he at first contemplated, and has now given the whole as a distinct work, and under a more appropriate title. The narrative has lost none of its vivacity and interest ; and increase of space has enabled the author to wind up a skilfully constructed plot with great clearness and effect. On the whole, we certainly prefer him "*afloat*." Some of his sea scenes and characters are equal to anything of the kind produced in our days ; and as this sort of writing has recently been carried almost to perfection, this is *high* praise. We have also been singularly delighted with his sketches of the hospitable and unsophisticated Mantezumians—the most amiable of savages !

We cordially wish the "Outward Bound" a prosperous voyage, and recommend her as a clever ship and smart sailer, well found in everything likely to render a short trip comfortable and amusing.

Trelawny of Trelawne; or, the Prophecy. A Legend of Cornwall.

By MRS. BRAY, Author of "De Foix," "Fitz-Ford," "The Talba," "White Hoods," "Warleigh," "Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," &c. &c. &c. 3 vols.

We never take up a book from the pen of Mrs. Bray without the certainty of finding much to inform our minds, and soothe and improve our hearts. The present work has produced both these effects in an unusual degree. There is a fund of local tradition, of antiquarian lore, of private, domestic history of the latter part of the seventeenth century—there is a series of masterly sketches of the romantic county of Cornwall, which confer great value on the production: and the story, besides, is rich in incidents, and characters, and interesting situations. The period is happily chosen; for few years in our history are more striking than that which witnessed the unfortunate insurrection of the Duke of Monmouth. Many an old tradition among the people of the west of England (the scene of the rebellion and the frightful executions which followed it) has, we fear, been allowed to perish and pass from the memory of men, from want of an earlier writer of Mrs. Bray's taste and habits to record them; yet still much remains (we mean among the people, and still unwritten) to reward the pains of the industrious gleaner.

In the present instance, our author has had recourse to some family papers—"curious records of English history and domestic life"—still preserved in the ancient mansion of Trelawne, and which were submitted to her use by the present Lady Trelawny. Besides being connected with a little family history of deep interest and romantic character, which is made the basis of Mrs. Bray's narrative, these documents serve to impart a wonderful degree of truthfulness to the whole book.

To the lovers of the wild and supernatural, we recommend the legend of an ancient curse, which is narrated with great power; and the tradition of a haunted field, and the spectre laid by good old Doctor Ruddell, an absent-minded, antiquarian parson, whose character is drawn with infinite gusto.

In another way, Rebecca Trelawny's letters from London and court, in the year of grace 1685, are delightful, and admirably true in tone, manner, and costume.

The more serious reader will be delighted with the local information, the descriptions, and moral reflections scattered all through the book, with a most liberal hand: those who read more for the sake of the story, will find it increase in interest as it proceeds. It is a book which those who love not novels, may safely place in the hands of their family.

All those who read this work ought to make themselves acquainted with the author's admirable letters to Doctor Southey, from the Tamar and Tavy, on the antiquities and customs of Devonshire and Cornwall.

Scandinavia, Ancient and Modern; being a History of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; comprehending a Description of those Countries. By ANDREW CRICHTON, LL.D., Author of the "History of Arabia," &c., and HENRY WHEATON, LL.D.

This is one of the best and most acceptable of the works which have

appeared in that excellent series, the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library." It contains an admirable compendium of Northern history, compiled chiefly from Northern writers, a spirited description of the manners, institutions, literature, scenery, and natural productions of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, all derived from the very best authorities. The statistical part is more complete than anything we have hitherto met with. We see abundant evidence of the advantages derived by a long residence in the countries treated of. Mr. Wheaton the *collaborateur* of Dr. Crichton, was recently American chargé d'affaires at Copenhagen, and has, we believe, visited nearly every part of the Scandinavian peninsula. He is already advantageously known by his "History of the Northmen from the earliest times to the conquest of England by William of Normandy;" and no living writer—writing English,—is better qualified for the task he has here undertaken. The plan of the work, which embraces the whole of the Scandinavian family of nations, instead of treating them separately, has many advantages in its favour.

The history of our Northern brethren has indeed the strongest of claims on the attention of the English reader.

"The task," says Dr. Crichton, "has been attended with difficulties; but it also enjoys certain advantages. Besides the freshness of novelty to recommend it, there is the charm of ancient renown—the excitement of daring enterprise—and, to a British reader, all those emotions of sympathy which spring from the remembrance of a common descent. In the warrior-ages of the North the Scandinavian adventurers planted colonies and founded kingdoms in almost every region of Europe. They established their dominion in France, Spain, Italy, and Sicily; spreading their possessions and their power from the dreary borders of Lapland to the sunny coast of Africa. The ancestors of these roving freebooters were the progenitors of our own nation: from them many of our laws and customs are borrowed; and in their social and political usages may be traced the germ of all those free institutions under which we have the happiness to live. Not only did they harass our shores with their piracies—they fixed themselves as settlers,—imported their language—erected their palaces—and seized the thrones of our ancient kings. On the British public the records of such a people have a strong claim; and in perusing the relation of their extraordinary achievements, we are impressed with the familiar recollection that it is the history of a race not only sprung from the same lineage, but, in former times, our superiors in the arts both of war and peace."

Everybody conversant with early English history will be aware of the important lights which have been thrown upon it by consulting the Sagas and Eddas of the North. Indeed, for several centuries the best materials (few and scanty though they be) are to be found in Scandinavia.

The account of the actual state of trade in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, will be practically useful to many persons. There is one little fact which the managers of the late imbecile insurrection in Canada took good care not to mention in their list of grievances. The exorbitant duties upon Norwegian timber, which our government has kept up to protect the importation of timber from Canada, have had the effect of throwing the Norwegians almost exclusively into the French market, and have otherwise greatly injured our Baltic trade.

"The measures adopted by the British government in 1821 for remedying these inequalities by reducing the duty on Baltic timber from 3*l.* 5*s.* to 2*l.* 15*s.* per load, and at the same time imposing an addition of 10*s.* on that imported from America, proved comparatively inefficient. The difference in favour of Canada was still too great to produce the advantages intended by the nearer approach to equalisation; so much so, that several instances occurred of ships loading in the Baltic with timber for England taking the route by America, the difference of duty being found nearly sufficient to cover the enormous expense of this circuitous voyage. The evil resulting from this system was twofold, because it laid the heavier burden on the superior article. All competent judges have admitted that the American timber is softer, less durable, and more subject to the dry-rot, than the same description of wood pro-

duced in the north of Europe. The consequence of thus excluding the better commodity is, that not only does the British revenue suffer a great loss, (calculated in 1829 at a million and a half sterling,) but the merchant is forced to purchase it at an extravagant rate, or to use a cheaper material of a very inferior quality."

We must express our regret at seeing all these books disgraced with such wood-cuts. They are wretched. If Edinburgh has no engraver on wood surely there are plenty in London!

Mrs. Wilberforce ; or, the Widow and her Orphan Family. 2 vols.

This is an interesting tale, and relates the struggles of a young widow left in poverty, and almost friendless, and who, by the exercise of patient industry, and other virtues, triumphs over the evils of her lot. The example thus held forth may be an encouragement to others similarly situated.

Rondeaulx ; translated from the Black Letter French edition of 1527.

By J. R. BEST, Esq., author of "Transalpine Memoirs," "Trans-
rhenane Memoirs," "Cuma," "Satires," &c.

At Cornborough House, the seat of his cousin, Mr. Studley Vidal, the translator of "Mosheim's Commentaries," and an accomplished antiquary, Mr. Best picked up a little black-letter volume of French *Rondeaulx*—the very compositions which delighted our gay neighbours in the days of Francis I., "the first gentleman of his dominions," who, if we are not mistaken, tried his own royal hand at this species of composition more than once. Struck by their characteristic peculiarities, Mr. Best began to turn the *Rondeaulx* into English verse, preserving the rhyme and metre of the originals, and the result has been, the curious and pleasant little book now before us. In some instances (we wish that he had done so in all) the translator has given us the original French poems, which are really striking specimens of the literary taste of a by-gone age. There is a certain naïveté in them, which, in our apprehension, comes nearer to poetry than the loftier style which the French adopted in the following century, and which they have only begun to throw off as yesterday. The following has a delightful air of honest and hearty reality about it, and is impressed with the manners of the time.

DEPUIS UNG PEU.

Some short while since, I fell in love again—
A love, not only of the heart, but brain.

It makes me feel almost as in a trance ;

For still does memory cast its willing glance

To those perfections I might not retain.

She's modest, plump,* fair, graceful, haute—not vain ;

And that I know how true this fervid strain,

I love her more than all the maids of France,

Some short while since.

As subject, slave, bound in hope's glittering chain,

I'll fight her quarrels, aid in every pain

With strength and wealth, while I can hold a lance.

She has my pledge this promise to enhance—

I made her of my heart the chatelaine

Some short while since.

* "Tressage elle est, en bon point, gente et belle."

The figurative language of passion in some others of the Rondeaulx smacks still stronger of the olden time. A lover, for example, tells his mistress that he would "rather eat the moon" than play her false; and a lady, in rejecting a gift, tells her lover that she would rather be stripped to her shift than accept it.

"J'aymerois mieux n' avoir qu ma chemise !"

The following is an exquisite bit of quaint, antique *espièglerie*. We do not subjoin Mr. Best's version, because we think that in this instance he has lost the delicate point of the original.

"Esperant d'avoir quelque bien
 Damours pour qui tant de mal porte
 Comme ung coquin suis a sa porte
 Mais lausmonier ne me dict rien
 Trop bien me plains et tends la main
 Monstrant chiere forte defaïcte
 Lausmonier dict cest a demain
 Ilz sont couchez lausmone est faïcte
 Je men revoye tel que ie vïeu
 Fors que ma douleur est plus forte
 Mais bon espoir me reconforte
 Et iendure Dieu le scait bien
 Esperant d'avoir, &c.

Mr. Best has a long note about *reconforte*, and *comfort* being, after all, a French word. To be sure "they have the word, though not the thing!" at least not in very general, domestic use. Old Froissart continually uses the verbs *conforter*, *reconforter*, &c., but scarcely in our accepted sense, of "to make comfortable." Some modern French writers have adopted the adjective *confortable*, in our meaning of the word.

To make English comfort depend on a "roaring sea-coal fire," is to vulgarise a delicate idea. Mr. Best, as a traveller, knows the many other niceties on which it depends, and which make the *interieur* of an English house so different from what we see in France and Italy. We will give him up the "roast beef with the gravy in it," we will allow him to throw our "plum-pudding, with great lumps of suet," to the dogs—nay, we will even resign without a sigh "the tankard of foaming ale"—but we cannot permit a word of disparagement against our indoor *comfort*, which, in *rational* and respectable houses, is a near approach to perfection.

If he would reform our semi-barbarous cookery we would hail him as a patriot!

Apropos of eating—did ever lover offer so exquisitely delicate a bill of fare to his mistress, as the following, from one of these old rondeaulx?

"De douces nourritures,
 De divers vins, et molles confitures."

Why did not Mr. Best give the whole of the piece from which this is an extract? He might make a very pleasant volume by collecting a few more of these old morceaux, some of which, independent of their poetical merit, have an historical interest. There is an immense number of them, both in black-letter and in manuscript, in the library of the British Museum: they require a somewhat diligent search, for they are scattered and unarranged, and the catalogues seldom afford a very direct clue to them.

The History, Antiquities, Topography, and Statistics, of Eastern India. By MONTGOMERY MARTIN, Author of the "History of the British Colonies," &c.

There is some valuable statistical information, collected from original documents in the East India House, in this ponderous volume; but the misfortune is, that Mr. Montgomery Martin has undertaken too much, and has grappled with many subjects for which he is wholly unqualified. Every part of the book, too, from the title-page to the appendix, is overcrowded and confused. The good matter is so buried under what is very indifferent or absolutely bad, that there is a difficulty in hunting it out through six hundred and more closely-printed pages. The work, it is announced, is to extend to *three* volumes of a similar size. The dimensions are terrific. If the author or compiler confined himself to his proper walk, he might certainly say his say, and make his tables in one volume about half the size of that which now makes our desk groan under its weight. We would advise him to throw all his geology, botany, fine arts, religion, language, and literature, overboard—at least until he learn something more about them. What can we think of a writer, who undertakes to describe the course of Persian learning in India without knowing a word of the Persian language, and who tells us, that he has *been told* such and such things concerning his subject? Of what use to anybody is minute information like this? "In Behar very few of the ponies are used in four-wheeled carriages; those that are not used in chaises are kept for riding—people there have very little turn for riding, but at all the inns ponies are kept for hire." See page 124, and for similar minutiae every alternate page in the book.

Characters of Shakspeare's Plays. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Edited by his Son.

We rejoice to see this cheap reprint of a most valuable work, brimful of originality, meaning, and sentiment, and which, however prized by a great and increasing class of readers, has not yet met with a tithe of the popularity it deserves. In fact, every reader and lover of Shakspeare ought to be furnished with a copy of this work—the best commentary, as far as it goes, that has ever yet been written on the greatest of our poets. The old editions have been absorbed long since. It is the intention of the publisher and editor to follow up this volume with one or two others in the same convenient form, containing the author's masterly criticisms on the English poets, the dramatists of Elizabeth's time, the comic writers, the actors of his own day, and the painters of every age,—should the present republication meet with proper encouragement. Of this it cannot fail, or, if it do, we shall think much less highly of the taste and thinking qualities of our day than we have been accustomed.

William Hazlitt, in his lifetime, was not very respectful or tolerant of other people's prejudices, and, Heaven knows, he met with little toleration in return. His speculations and innovations were all ideal, but the persecution they awakened against him were something very real and tangible. It is time that all this should cease. A bold and original thinker should not be martyred, even if he occasionally errs. In our opinion Hazlitt erred frequently in his political aspirations, but still we consider him not only as an acute metaphysician and first-rate critic, but also as a true patriot, who had the love of country twined round every fibre of his thoroughly English heart; and in some degree, from our own knowledge, we can confirm the statement of his filial editor, as to the effects he pro-

duced, still more by conversation than by his writings, upon the minds of his literary contemporaries.

"The minds on which, in spite of every disadvantage, he made a deep impression during his lifetime, were the minds of younger men than himself, and these are now reacting on others more youthful than themselves. Many who are promoting the best interests of the world, in wide and narrow circles, in the press or the lecture-room, the literary association or the mechanics' institution, owe much of the immediate spring and impulse of the power which is now so happily producing power, to the force and life of Hazlitt's writings. No author in our language exceeds him in the great art of setting his readers thinking. Where his own thoughts, whether from carelessness or caprice, fall short of the point of truth always aimed at, they nevertheless serve as guides and monitors to the understanding and imagination of the reader. This seems especially the case with the work now submitted to the public."

Sabbation, Honor Neale, and Other Poems. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, Author of "The Story of Justin Martyr."

This is a very choice little volume, full of holy and refined thoughts. Most of the pieces are of a devotional character, and some of them are eminently beautiful in feeling and expression, betokening a naturally poetic mind, and one that has been nurtured in the best of our modern schools—the school of the great and excellent Wordsworth.

There is a delicacy quite ethereal in some of these poemata—a gentleness and sweetness of inspiration that steals over the senses like the distant odour of unseen violets. The state of mind in which most of them must have been composed must surely have been about the happiest and serenest allotted to man. Those who are to be moved only by the gusts and whirlwinds of human passions need not take up the book, which is all calmness and repose, exciting no feeling more violent than a musing and holy melancholy, which is frequently relieved by soberly cheerful glimpses of the beauty and harmony of nature. The following sonnet is the poetry every one has felt in his heart of hearts, the sentiment common to all who have a lively feeling for nature.

The commonest spot we cannot without pain
Turn from, where we have tarried but a day,
And cast no roots, when to our hearts we say,
We ne'er shall look upon this spot again;
What wonder then if I cannot restrain
Some sadness, turning from these haunts away,
Where we have many a month been free to stray
By verdant stream, o'er hill, or pleasant plain—
A momentary sadness, yet which brings
Thanksgiving with it, gratitude for this,
That where we live, we cannot choose but love;
We make a friend of nature, until bliss
(Few guess how much) we daily, hourly prove,
From the known aspect of inanimate things.

The next little piece seems to us worthy of Wordsworth himself.

A WALK IN A CHURCH-YARD.

We walked within the Church-yard
bounds,
My little boy and I—
He laughing, running happy rounds,
I pacing mournfully.

"Nay, child! it is not well," I said,
"Among the graves to shout,
To laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout."

A moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play,
A moment stilled his joyous tongue,
Almost as hushed as they.

Then, quite forgetting the command,
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more,
For, taught by Nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before
Even in that moment's space :

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of church-yard ground,
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would
pass,
As freely as elsewhere ;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

And formed from out that very mould
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy with its eye of gold
Looked up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hastened to be gone—

The small bird did its glad notes shed,
Perched on a grey head-stone.

And God, I said, will never give
This light upon the earth,
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live
These springs of gushing mirth ;

If our one wisdom were to mourn,
And linger with the dead,
To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn
Of worm and earthy bed.

Oh no, the glory Earth puts on,
The child's unchecked delight,
Both witness to a triumph won—
(If we but judged aright,)

A triumph won o'er sin and death,
From these the Saviour saves ;
And, like a happy infant, Faith
Can play among the graves.

To our minds, the verses on the "Day of Death," are wonderfully solemn and impressive—far more so than many loftier and more studied compositions on the same awful crisis.

THE DAY OF DEATH.

Thou inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say—
"Thou must rise and come away ;

All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last."—

Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant, art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear ?
Day with more of hope or fear ?

Wilt thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, light and life are o'er ?

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap, round my bed
Prayer be made and tears be shed ?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan ?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which parting it must grieve ?

Or shall life's blest ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before
To that other happier shore ?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep ?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free, with toil and pain
From its half-divided chain ?

Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow ;

Come thou must, and we must die.

With two more specimens of these truly graceful and spirit-soothing verses, we must conclude, recommending, as we do most sincerely, the whole of the little volume to the attention of our readers.

TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST

SINGING IN WINTER.

Oh light of heart and wing
Light-hearted and light-winged, that dost cheer
With song of sprightliest note the waning year,
Thou canst so blithely sing,

That we must only chide our own dull heart,
If in thy music we can bear no part.

Thy haunts are winter-bare,
The leaves in which thou didst so lately keep
Are being trodden to a miry heap ;

But thou art void of care,
And singest not the less, or rather thou
Hast kept thy best and boldest notes till now.

Thou art so bold to sing
Thy sweetest music in the saddest hour,
Because thy trust is in the love and power,
Which can bring back the spring,
Which can array the naked groves again,
And paint with seasonable flowers the plain.

But we are merely sad,
When as for us this earthly life has shed
The leaves that once arrayed it ; and instead

Of rich boughs, foliage-clad,
A few bare sticks and twigs stand nakedly,
Fronting against the cold and angry sky.

Yet would we only see
That hope and joy, the growth of lower earth,
Fall from us, that another truer birth

Of the same things may be ;—
That the new buds are travelling up behind,
Though hid as yet beneath the naked rind,

We should not then resign
All gladness, when spring promises depart,
But 'mid our wintriest bareness should find heart

To join our songs with thine,
Strong to fulfil, in spirit and in voice,
That hardest of all precepts—to rejoice.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

See 2 KINGS IV. 1—6.

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until

Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
Though flowing broad and free,
Till then, and nourished from on high,
It straightway stanch'd will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run ;

And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
This is the law of Love.

On Education and Self-Formation ; based upon Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Principles. From the German of Dr. J. C. A. HEINROTH, Professor at the University of Leipsic.

Dr. Heinroth has attained great eminence in his own country by his writings and lectures on the true essence and philosophy of education ; and the profoundness of his views and his practical application of an enlightened theory, entitle him to respect and attention in England, where the subject now occupies so large a portion of the public mind. To all persons who would unite a rational piety with mental improvement this

volume will be most acceptable. It contains the substance of a series of lectures delivered at Leipsic, and which are exceedingly well translated. We extract a passage from the section of "Self-formation for social life."

"Amidst all the diversities of men, it is, at the same time, sufficiently evident, that they are in one point *equal*, and, as it were, *one*; and that this Equality and Unity amidst so much variety, are not casual, but, by a natural and necessary connexion, exert the most essential influence; so that whoever keeps this Unity and Equality in sight, and works upon them, also acts on men in their manifold diversities. This *unity* and *equality* are, however, nothing else than *HUMAN PERSONALITY*. Every man, as such, is a *PERSON*, i. e. a spiritual, or moral *BEING*. We cannot even conceive otherwise of the *HIGHEST BEING*—the Deity Himself; and here we see the superiority of man over every other known living creature, that is incapable of *expressing this individual being*; and in *this* lies our entire dignity and destination, as well as the unity and equality which exist between each being, or person, and every other. Our *dignity* lies therein: for we are as *BEINGS* related to the Supreme Being. Our *destination*, too, lies therein: for a spiritual, or moral being—one who bears the law of freedom within himself—can only be destined for a life beyond the dependant, perishable, natural life, and, consequently, for an imperishable and eternal one. There lies, too, in this *BEING*,—which is common to all men, and is, therefore, a universal possession,—a spiritual bond of intimate union—a bond of brotherhood; which, from its being inward and essential, cannot be torn asunder by any accident or change of circumstances, even if we voluntarily endeavour ourselves to break it. This we *ought* not to do: we should rather place every other human Being on an equality with ourselves. And this is evidently just, from the fact that we desire every other Being, or Person, to do the same to us. And this relation represents the proper essence of our Personality. We desire that our personality should be recognised,—that we should be considered *free beings*, and our freedom left uninvaded by every man. Whoever does not regard our personality, wounds it, and inflicts an injury which we call a *wrong*. We thus declare our claims upon others to be a *right*, and we ground this right on an inward, secure feeling, or consciousness of what is right *generally*, or amongst *persons*; for between *things*, the relation of right and wrong cannot exist. Now, what does our feeling or consciousness of right tell us? That which we have already pronounced,—that all right is grounded on *inviolable personal equality*. We possess, therefore, in this idea of inviolable equality, the idea of *justice*; and though this equality may be violated, it can only be violated by other free beings. But justice requires that it should *not* be violated; and thus arises the relation between one person and another, which we call *duty*. It is the duty of every person to respect the personality of others, while they, in their turn, have the right to claim the observance of this duty towards themselves. The proverb says: 'what is one man's *right*, is another's *due*.' As certainly, therefore, as I have the right to demand the regard of my personality from other persons, so certainly is it my duty to regard theirs. And thus alone can we arrive at the full and distinct idea of *person*—a *spiritual Being* capable of *freedom, rights, and duties*. The freedom, which is lent for the purpose of self-determination to action—either in accordance with, or in opposition to reason—is the essential characteristic of *person*, to maintain which, all human rights and duties are set in action. Without this freedom, man would not be a *person*, but a *thing*—a *machine*, or, at most, a *natural*—not a *spiritual being*. Through this freedom alone is he capable of raising himself to the kingdom of freedom, or of spirit, and of acquiring the right of citizenship there. The entire destiny of man rests on this spiritual power, to maintain and promote which, according to duty, is, therefore of the highest interest to mankind. Each expects this assistance and promotion from others, because each has the same interest; and thus we see what proceeded from the depths of human nature, and related to those depths, when the Divine Redeemer of man pronounced the words:—'What thou wouldest not that men should do unto thee, that do thou not unto them.' This command also involves—though not expressed—the opposite position:—'What thou wouldest that men should do unto thee, that do thou unto them.' He who knows the heart, openly builds here on the feeling and consciousness of justice,—which we have just developed and shown to be implanted in man,—knowing that he should receive the unreserved agreement of all, in whom the feeling still exists; and here, too, we may find the desired standard for our behaviour towards others. We can never be in difficulty to know how we ought to behave to others,—whether they are near or

distant in rank,—whether they are dependent on us, or we on them—whether we stand on a perfect equality (socially as well as personally) with them—whether they are our superiors in gifts or powers of any kind, or the contrary;—whatever, in short, may be their character, temperament, disposition, or degree of moral, religious, or intellectual culture. Nothing can exonerate us from the duty of regarding their personality, and promoting its welfare and advantage. But what, it may be said, are we to do, if others do not act so towards us? When they abuse and injure us, or in any way wound our personality? Have we not *then* a full right to retaliate? We have certainly the right of demanding from those who have encroached upon our personality, the just limitation of their *own* in an equal proportion. This right we may make use of; and if we do, no one can blame us for it, for no one has any *claim* upon us, except so far as he fulfils *his* duty towards us. The only thing required is, that we ourselves strictly observe justice in our conduct. This condition, however, is not so easily fulfilled; and with the reasons of this, it is highly important that we should make ourselves more intimately acquainted, as it may easily happen that we either act without regard to justice—as in the heat of passion—or we imagine ourselves *just* when we are only *severe*. We should, in short, accurately examine the matter, and see, in the first place, wherein the injury of our personality consists. Nothing can be wounded in the person—as a spiritual being—but its peculiar property—freedom, the unlimited sphere of action, which is its right. For the spirit is an active being, and is injured, whenever limits are set to its activity. As *persons*, therefore, we can only be injured *spiritually*; and this may be done either directly or indirectly. It is done directly by unjust limitations; when, for example, obstacles—commands either to do, or to forbear—are laid in the way of our free thinking and acting. It is done indirectly by unjust checks on, or deprivation of the means of, our activity; for example, unjust imprisonment, depriving us of our good name or property, the infliction of bodily injuries, &c. Whatever does not affect man in these respects, does not affect his *person*, but only his individual *self*, which is, indeed, frequently, confounded with the personality, and the more so, in proportion as self-love has gained dominion over us; and it is in this very respect that the first case of our acting unjustly towards others, occurs. We are apt erroneously to imagine, that whatever wounds our self-love, our pride, our vanity, our ambition, our selfish propensities and desires, affects our person. But our self-love has nothing to do with our personality. All resentment, therefore, of disapprobation, blame, warnings, or even the correction of our selfish faults, is *unjust*. This is one case. The other is, when we take as an injury to our personality what was not regarded as such by others—where there was no *intention* of giving offence; for in the intention consists the nature of a deed. If any one acts in a way to injure us, without the intention of doing so, we act unjustly if we treat him as having intended it; we revenge a treatment of our person, which was not directed towards our person; such a case is, likewise, of frequent occurrence. Now if we review our life, and observe all the cases wherein we imagine our personality to have been injured, we shall find, that, in the greater portion, we have mistaken our self-love for our personality. In every instance, therefore, great precaution is required in asserting our *right*, and above all things, self-love must be put out of the question. Besides, as the administration of justice belongs to the state, it is *there* that we ought to apply for redress of any real injury to our personality, while the endeavour to obtain it *individually* is forbidden. This should be especially remembered in what are called *affairs of honour*; and duels, therefore, ought not to be allowed in any well-ordered state; and the less, because every intentional injury to a person, and attempt on his life, has ever been accounted a *crime*. Such deeds either belong to a state of rudeness and barbarity, or show a contempt of morality and religious obligations, still more reprehensible. In short, however extended may be the sphere of our right, the sphere of our duties is co-extensive with it. Nothing can exonerate us from the duty of respecting the personality of others, and promoting its welfare and advantage; and because others violate this duty, we have no right to do the same.

“Right and justice do not consist in retaliation; and if what we have before said may have appeared to justify it, it was only with the view, by further exposition, of setting the matter in a right light. For we are far from possessing the right of retaliation—least of all, that of retaliating evil for evil. For as evil is always wrong, we can never be justified in doing wrong. Therefore, however hard the refraining from retaliation may be to human nature—in so far as it is merely nature, and like the animal, exercises self-protection—still there proceeds from this duty of man, as a spiritual, or rational being, and from the truly divine

principle of justice itself, the command of our Saviour,—‘ Love your enemies ; bless them that curse you ; do good to them that hate you ; ’ ‘ pray for them that despitefully use and persecute you ; ’ a command, which we know He himself to have executed in the fullest and most extended signification ; and by which, in his teaching and conduct, He gave proofs to all ages that God was with him, and spoke and acted in him. We, rooted and grounded on *self*, recoil from this command, and believe ourselves justified in considering it inconsistent with the principle of justice. The feeling of *self*, and the impulse of self-preservation and self-defence rebel against it. We hold that nothing can be more just than this maintenance of *self* ; and we are right, so far as our personality is united to our individuality. But our personality extends far beyond our individuality. It unites us with the kingdom of spiritual beings, where the highest unity, and the unchangeably existing—the eternally living Spirit dwells. If we would maintain our place in the kingdom of spirit, we must set limits to—or, as scripture says, ‘ *deny—ourselves* ; ’ by doing which, we gain as spiritual beings what we lose as individuals. We do not, however, lose our individual being, because this, as we have said, is united to our general being, or personality. We merely lose our partial, limited, finite claims, and receive in their stead, universal, unlimited, infinite ones, whereby the promise is fulfilled,—‘ He who loses his life for my sake, shall gain it everlastingly.’ Which may be interpreted,—he who renounces selfish gratifications with the view of promoting his spiritual concerns, shall enjoy a far higher satisfaction,—that which lies in the feeling and consciousness of a pure, spiritual existence and action, and which is no other than that of eternal happiness, or bliss.—We have only to make the trial in any one case, in order to find this confirmed. If we, for example,—having conquered *self*, and suppressed the impulse to retaliate—truly, and from our hearts forgive any one who has injured us, this victory over, or denial of *self*, will be immediately rewarded by the blessed feeling of having performed a pure, spiritual act ; and so in all instances of self-denial. We stand, therefore, as spiritual beings, or persons, much higher than as mere individuals, or creatures of *self*, and we reap the greatest advantage, if we, as spiritual beings, give up the right which we claim as natural ones. Justice and its claims are not destroyed by doing this ; for the highest, truest justice is ‘ the equalisation of equals.’ Herein lies the secret of divine love. We love ourselves : the love of *self* is born in us. Now if we place others—according to the principle of pure or perfect justice—on an equality with ourselves, this equalisation must consist in loving them as ourselves, which is incompatible with all revengeful retaliation, all aversion, all enmity, all hatred. True love and true justice form *one* in spiritual beings ; *they cannot hate.*”

We are much mistaken if this specimen does not direct the attention of our readers to the volume itself. The same enlightened benevolent spirit breathes in every page of it.

The Pleasures of Piety. A Poem. In Eight Books. By the Rev. ROBERT WILSON, A.M. Greenock.

The inspiration of the poet scarcely answers to the earnestness of the preacher, and seldom reaches the sublimity of his theme ; yet the “ *Pleasures of Piety* ” contains many agreeable passages. We subjoin a specimen from the humble portions, which are those in which the author succeeds best.

“ Of all the pleasure which the human heart,
In this cold world participates, there’s none
So pure, so sweet, as that which ever smiles
Around the household fire, and renders home
The happiest spot on earth. Quite valueless,
And worse than valueless, however priz’d,
Is all philosophy that not augments
The happiness of home. True piety
Insures domestic bliss, its want insures
Domestic misery ! For, in the dark

And cheerless dwelling of th' ungodly man,
 Resides a curse which withers every joy ;
 And makes his home, though garnished with all store
 Of precious things terrene, a mournful type
 Of that abode, where, in unpitied woe,
 The damned ever dwell ; but blessing pure,
 From highest heaven sent down, a constant guest,
 Dwells in the habitation of the just,
 Diffusing gladness, as the silent dew,
 Which, soft descending, cheers the thirsty earth,
 And clothes the wilderness with smiling flowers.

Do poverty's cold blighting winds invade
 The good man's dwelling ? They cannot destroy
 His peace. He trusts in him who ever hears,
 Compassionate, the supplicating cry
 Of the young ravens. Neither, from his home,
 Can sickness or disease, with aspect stern,
 Dismiss true happiness. When trouble comes,
 Then comes support divine ; for God ne'er tries
 Beyond his people's strength ; his furnace fines
 From foul alloy, but not consumes, his gold.

Throughout the poem there is a feeling for the quiet domestic pleasures, and a fervent love of his native country, which will secure to the author the esteem even of critical and fastidious readers of poetry.

Mortimer Delmar, and Highfield Tower. Tales. By the Author of
 "Conrad Blessington."

Mortimer Delmar is a stirring, animated narrative. We do not remember to have seen the former work of the fair author, but from her present production we should consider her talents of no common order. It were perhaps to be wished that her scenes were somewhat less crowded, but no one can consider them dull. We can safely recommend both tales to the attention of our readers.

Highfield Tower is a shorter story, but scarcely less interesting. We are informed in the preface that the leading features of both tales are founded on reality.

*Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space
 to make a lengthened notice.*

A History of British Reptiles. By THOMAS BELL, F.R.S., F.L.S., Professor of Zoology in the King's College, London.—This beautiful work resembles in form, embellishment, execution, and mode of publication, the "History of British Quadrupeds," the "History of British Birds," and the "History of British Fishes," already published by Mr. Van Voorst, and which we have repeatedly noticed with the high praise they merit. These works united, together with the "History of British Crustacea," now announced as in preparation, will form a very complete and admirable library of British Natural History.

Three Inaugural Lectures, delivered in the Theatre of the City of London School, January 29th, 31st, and February 1st, 1838. By EDWARD TAYLOR, Gresham Professor of Music.—Excellent and important in their subject. We shall certainly return to them next month, but meanwhile

we recommend them to all who feel an interest in the honour and civilisation of London.

Stanley, or the Infidel Reclaimed, and other Poems. By JAS. C. FYLER, Esq., M.A.—Short, graceful, and agreeable, without any high powers of poetry, but with a great deal of good feeling. The mysterious story of the real Stanley is exceedingly striking.

An Elementary Treatise on Steam, more Particularly as Applicable to the Purposes of Navigation; with a Familiar Description of the Engine. By ROBERT OTWAY, Commander, R.N.—This is a book which ought to be attentively studied by all naval officers likely to have the command of, or be appointed to serve in, steam-ships. Hitherto (we are told) such gentlemen have been too entirely dependent on the science and discretion of the working-engineers. In case of a war the demands upon this class of the service will be immense. Convoys of trading ships will no longer be safe unaccompanied by war-steamers, as a part of their escort; others will be required for attendance on fleets and squadrons. It will be well, therefore, for officers to *qualify* in time. We regret, for several reasons, that the treatise should be so high-priced. Twenty shillings is surely, at the least, double what the price of such a book ought to be.

A Plain Guide to Executors and Administrators.—Very plain, concise, and cheap—and, as far as we can judge, correct in point of law.

Reminiscences from the Early Life of a Lutheran Clergyman. By FREDERICK STRAUSS, D.D., Professor of Divinity, Member of the Supreme Consistory, and Chaplain to his Majesty the King of Prussia. *From the German.* By SAMUEL JACKSON.—An honest piece of autobiography, containing some examples and suggestions which may prove beneficial to the young clergymen of England, equally with those of Germany. The translator is anxious that the world should know that *this* Dr. Strauss is not the Dr. Strauss who was recently expelled from the University of Tübingen, for his anti-Christian notions. There can be no danger of confounding the two.

The Lord Mayor; or, the Wonders of Candlewick-Ward. A Metrical Romance, in Two Parts. By THOMAS BLYTH.—We agree with the author that “a set of men, from time to time emerging from the meanest obscurity, can *not* be made fit for magistracies by mere force of feeding:” we regret, as he does, that the great merchants, the well-educated gentlemen, should have wholly abandoned city-honours to an inferior grade: we have no great reverence for *city-sirs* and *shopmen-lords*, whether Jew or Christian; and we think, on the whole, that the absurdities and tomfooleries of the Mansion House are very fair topics for satire. But what we do *not* think is, that Master Thomas Blyth is the man to *do* the satire! His pen has no more point in it than calves'-foot jelly.

Méthode Pratique, ou l'art d'apprendre le Français. Par L. A. COUPELIER, Professeur de Langues Anciennes et Modernes.—Some of Monsieur Coupelier's lessons are new and excellent. The collection of Anglicisms and Gallicisms will be particularly useful to the young student. We like the book the better for not being printed and got up like a school-book. Young people have hitherto been too much annoyed with the plainness and sameness of the books that are put into their hands for study.

Southey's Poetical Works.—We noticed this cheap and beautiful issue at its commencement. It has now reached the fifth volume. All the volumes are enriched with new and valuable auto-biographical notes. These in the fifth volume, relating to the once celebrated Miss Seward, are delightful.

A Treatise on Nervous Disorders, &c. &c. By EDWIN LEE, M.R.C.S.—Though this is nominally only a second edition, (of the first we expressed our favourable opinion,) it is in reality almost a new work; for it has been rewritten and enlarged considerably, and there is added an appendix of cases.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Brenton's Memoirs and Correspondence of Admiral Earl St. Vincent. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
- Trollope's (Mrs.) Vienna and the Austrians. 2 vols. 32s.
- The Bit o' Writin'. By the O'Hara Family. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- The Christian's Family Library. Vol. XXVII. (The Christian Fathers.) By the Rev. E. Bickersteth. Roy. 18mo. 5s.
- Elisha. By Dr. Krummacher. New edition. 12mo. 6s.
- Edwin and Mary. By Lady Tuite. 12mo. 5s.
- Davies's Appeal on Behalf of Young Men. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
- Hare's Sermons. New edition. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.
- Blunt's Seven Churches of Asia. 12mo. 5s. 6d.
- Convent Tales. By a Protestant Lady. Post 8vo. 8s.
- Vaughan's State of Religious Parties in England. 12mo. 3s.
- Heinroth on Education and Self-Formation. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Hargrave's Reasons for Retiring from the Established Church. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- The Testimony of St. Cyprian against Rome. By the Rev. G. A. Poole. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- The River and the Desert. By Miss Pardoe. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.
- The Little Sanctuary, Domestic Prayers, &c. By Rev. R. W. Hamilton. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- M'Gill's Lectures in Rhetoric and Criticism. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- The Sacred Garland. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
- Martin's (M.) History, Antiquities, &c., of Eastern India, Vol. I. 8vo. 21s.
- Sabbation, and other Poems. By Rev. R. C. Trench. Fc. 5s.
- The Courtier's Daughter. By Lady Stepney. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Mortimer Delmar, and Highfield Tower. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Alice, or the Mysteries. By the Author of "Pelham." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Flood's Memoirs and Correspondence. 8vo. 12s.
- Ellis on Insanity. 8vo. 10s.
- Men and Things in America. By A. Thomason. Fcap. 7s.
- Mrs. Wilberforce, or the Widow and her Orphans. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
- The West Indies in 1837. By J. Sturge and T. Harvey. Second Edition. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- Lays of Leisure Hours. By Lady E. S. Wortley. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
- Passing Thoughts. By C. Elizabeth. Fcap. 3s. 6d.
- Aphorisms and Maxims for the Young. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
- Queen Elizabeth and her Times. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.
- Palmer's Treatise on the Church of Christ. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
- Drew's Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul. 8vo. 8s.
- A Sailor's Retrospect. By G. W. Robertson. Second Edition. Fcap. 7s.
- Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities. 8vo. 16s.
- Stanfield's Sketches on the Moselle, the Rhine, &c. Imp. fol. 4l. 4s.
- Count Cagliostro. 3 vols. post 8vo. 51s.
- Godwin's Churches of London. Vol. I. 8vo. 16s.
- Phillips' Art of Painting in Water Colours. Fourteen plates. Roy. 4to. 25s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A new Novel, entitled "HUSSARS, GUARDS, AND INFANTRY," is nearly ready for publication, from the pen of a Military Officer.

"THE HEIRESS AND HER SUITORS," a Tale, by a Lady, has been just committed to the press.

A new Work, entitled "HISTORICAL TALES OF THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES," is in progress.

The Third Edition of "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," First Series, by the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," is now ready.

A new Novel, by the Authoress of "The Bride of Sienna," is nearly ready, entitled "FITZHERBERT; OR, LOVERS AND FORTUNE HUNTERS."

The Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart., Speaker of the House of Commons, with a Memoir of his Life. To which are added, other Relics of a Gentleman's Family. Edited by Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart.

The Rev. L. Vernon Harcourt, (son of the Archbishop of York,) has in the press a work on the "Doctrine of the Deluge." His object is to vindicate the Scriptural History of the Deluge from the doubts which have been recently thrown upon it by geological speculations. This the author has endeavoured to accomplish by showing, upon the testimony of a long list of ancient and modern authors, that since the era of that catastrophe a set of religionists never ceased to exist, whose opinions and usages were founded upon a veneration of the ark as the preserver of their race.

"The Bromsgrove Greek Grammar," to correspond with "The Bromsgrove Latin Grammar." This Grammar is to contain the valuable matter of both Butman's and Matthiæ's Grammars, together with much original information; condensed and arranged in a clear and natural system; and will be adapted for students at the universities as well as for beginners.

Mr. Westwood's "Popular Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects," which has been so long announced for publication, is at length in the press, and will be published in monthly parts; the first will appear on the 1st of June. The author has for eight years been employed upon it, collecting materials from the Continental as well as British Museums. It will be illustrated with many thousand figures engraved on wood. The author has paid very minute attention to the Natural History of the Transformations of Insects, and confidently hopes that there will be found much new and interesting matter in his work. It is intended to form a sequel to the popular work of Messrs. Kirby and Spence.

Liber Mercatorius; or, the Merchant's Manual; being a concise and practical Treatise on Bills of Exchange, more particularly as relating to the customs of Merchants; together with the French code of Bills of Exchange. To which is added "The Interpreter," or the usual dates, sights, and usances of Foreign Bills of Exchange, in eight languages. By Francis Hobler.

Essays in Natural History. By Charles Waterton, Esq. With a View of Walton Hall, and an Autobiography of the Author.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE Bank of England has at length determined to make a shipment of gold to the United States. This will not only be the means of giving life and animation in the United States, but will lead to extensive orders for our various manufactures. It is, we hope, the harbinger of more cheerful times. The Bank intend to send 1,000,000*l.*; Messrs. Rothschild, 250,000*l.*; and various other firms different amounts, making, in the aggregate, about 2,000,000*l.* sterling, we understand. The whole, we believe, is consigned to Messrs. Prime, Ward, and King; but a portion of it, report says, is on account of the Government, to meet bills from Canada. The effect produced by this operation in the United States will, we expect, be very important. The resumption of cash payments has been the great desideratum for a long time, but the difficulty of insuring permanency to so vital a measure has delayed it. At a public meeting held at Boston on the 20th ult., on the subject, one of the resolutions adopted was—"That it is impossible for the banks to resume specie payments by curtailment, because curtailment begets panic and destroys confidence, and because general and generous confidence is indispensable to precede, to accompany, and to follow the resumption." This seems to be a correct view of the matter, but the difficulty is now overcome. . . . The Americans have strained every nerve to pay off their debts. They have refrained from entering into new engagements, and sacrificed everything to the one grand point, that of maintaining their credit. . . . In discussing these points, it should never be forgotten how completely the two countries are now identified in interest; and it is as much for the benefit of English trade that assistance should be rendered to the merchants of New York, as to the merchants of London, Liverpool, or Leeds. It is a saying in Lancashire that New York is Liverpool, and Liverpool is New York."

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 24th of March.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, shut.—Three per Cent. Consols, 93 one-eighth.—Three per Cent. reduced, shut.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, shut.—Consols for Account, 93 one-quarter.—Exchequer Bills, 63s. to 65s. prem.—India Bonds, 64s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent. 30.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 three-eighths.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 seven-eighths.—Spanish Active Bonds, 20 seven-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT, March 24th.—Money has been abundant since our last report, and there has been no increase in the channels for its employment.

Consols for the Account have been as high as $93\frac{3}{8}\frac{1}{2}$, but they closed at $93\frac{1}{4}\frac{1}{2}$; and the quotation for Money Stock was $93\frac{1}{4}$.

The unfunded inclines upward, and the premium on Exchequer Bills has been 63 to 65. India Bonds have been at 66 p.m., and they leave off at about 64.

In our Foreign market some purchases of Dutch Stock have been made on account of the King of Holland, and the price had in consequence been as high as $104\frac{1}{2}$. It has, however, gone back, and the last price of the 5 per Cent. Stock this afternoon was $102\frac{3}{8}\frac{1}{2}$, and for the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents., $54\frac{1}{8}\frac{3}{4}$. It is reported that the question of Luxemburg, so long agitated between the Belgian and Dutch Cabinets, has at length been arranged.

In the Share market some few continue objects of speculation. The Birmingham and Derby Railway Shares are 2 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ dis., and the Birmingham and Gloucester $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ dis. Great Western Shares are 36 to 37 pm., and London and Birmingham are 84 to 86 pm. The Greenwich Shares are $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ dis., and the Southampton 8 to 7 dis. The Northumberland are at $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ pm. Few of the other schemes command notice.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEB. 20, 1837, TO MAR. 23, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 20. H. Winchester, Buckingham Street, Strand, stationer.—H. W. Sealy, City Road, upholsterer.—A. Robins, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, printer.—P. E. Lycett, Worcester, glove manufacturer.—J. G. Trevitt, Liverpool, linen draper.—J. Jones, Gelly Groes, Monmouthshire, miller.—J. Everett, Burwell, Cambridge, grocer.—J. Lester, Derby, shoe manufacturer.—W. Cottrell, Birmingham, plater.—J. Bridge, sen., J. Bridge, jun., G. Smith, and J. Smith, Sheffield, road makers.—S. Woods, Manchester, Manchester warehouseman.—E. Pettit, Sheffield, joiner.—J. Cooper, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, brewer.

Feb. 23.—W. Bodle, Brighthelmstone, draper.—S. Noble, Crown Wharf, Woolwich, builder.—M. Moore, Maidstone, iron founder.—G. Baker and G. Billows, Poole, Dorsetshire, ironmongers.—A. Bell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant tailor.—W. Dickson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.—R. Richmond, Aycliffe, Durham, shoemaker.—M. Groucott, Leamington Priors, dealer in china and glass.—J. Fairfax, Leamington Priors, printer.—T. Aubrey, Tradegar, Monmouthshire, stationer.—T. Deakin, and J. Vipond, Pontypool, Monmouthshire, ironmongers.—W. Trepass, sen., and W. Trepass, jun., Waiwick, builders.—J. Fisher, jun., Stroud, woollen draper.—J. Alstonefield, Staffordshire, timber merchant.—R. Davis, Isle of Wight, merchant.

Feb. 27.—W. Nockles and J. Barsham, Stratford, Essex, oxalic acid manufacturers.—W. Morgan, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, builder.—G. Morgan, Dolyddbyrian, Carnarvonshire, tanner.—M. Hawkes, Sharrington, Norfolk, auctioneer.—R. Murray, Norwich,

stationer.—S. and J. Ride, Leicester, engineers.—J. Daft, Nottingham, money scrivener.—G. Sharland, Exeter, wine merchant.—H. Freeth, Bath, perfumer.—R. Evans, Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, innkeeper.—J. Mudge, Devonport, printer.

March 2.—J. Wyatt, West Smithfield, machinist.—J. S. Holdsworth, Lower Edmonton, corn-merchant.—J. Grinham, Clerkenwell, licensed victualler.—J. Wood, High Street, St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, eating-house keeper.—M. Richardson, Chelmsford, innkeeper.—T. Jones, Carnarvon, ironfounder.—G. Low, Fearnlee, Yorkshire, stone dealer.—C. Griffith, Chester, cabinet maker.

March 6.—R. White, Ilford, Essex, draper.—W. H. Whitehurst, Dartford, Kent, chalk merchant.—J. Lewis, Margate, Kent, timber merchant.—M. B. Evans and B. Eytton, Northumberland Street, Strand, navy agents.—J. Carter, Berwick Street, Soho, victualler.—J. Malachy, Callington, Cornwall, timber merchant.—B. Jeffreys, Birmingham, grocer.—J. Neeson and J. Rhodes, Leeds, Yorkshire, dyers.—W. North, Spilsby, Lincolnshire, tanner.—J. Whitehouse and I. Round, Birmingham, iron manufacturers.—L. Peyti, Stowpland, Suffolk, bricklayer and builder.—J. Butt, Whaddon, Gloucestershire, grazier and flour dealer.—J. and H. Hoyt, Liverpool, shipbrokers.

March 9.—A. Jamieson, Isleworth, Middlesex, schoolmaster.—R. Philp, Judd's Place, St. Pancras, maltster.—J. Black, Glasgow, merchant.—A. Davies, Newport, Monmouthshire, spirit dealer.—C. Dunn, jun., Birmingham, bookseller.—W. M'Cartney, Liverpool, iron-

monger.—F. S. Frost, Colyton, Devonshire, surgeon.—W. Toll, St. Germain's, Cornwall, corn factor.—J. Nash, Bristol, brewer.—T. Pitt, Southtown, Suffolk, merchant.

March 13.—W. Sweet, Chancery Lane, carver and gilder.—J. Haggitt, Poultry, hosier.—J. Hood, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester, carrier.—J. Tetlow, Austerlands, within Saddleworth, Yorkshire, butcher.—C. L. Sharples, Liverpool, ironmonger.—W. W. Garlick, Manchester, plumber.—J. Watson, jun., Marton, Lincoln, saddler.

March 16.—J. H. Beak, Cheltenham, wine merchant.—J. Dawson, E. Butterworth, and J. Butterworth, Spotland, Lancashire, calico printers.—G. Halstead, Colne, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—D. Illingworth, Keighley,

Yorkshire, head yarn manufacturer.—S. Sadd, and T. Sadd, Beccles, Suffolk, grocers.—J. Rogers, Manchester, hop merchant.

March 20.—G. Robins, Waiworth, Surrey, architect.—W. Conrith, Manchester, coach proprietor.—P. B. Corin, Penzance, spirit merchant.—S. B. Jackson, Liverpool, grocer.—B. Turnbull, Cheltenham, coalmerchant.

March 23.—T. Andrew, Moor Street, Soho, licensed victualler.—J. Jenkins, Windsor, Berkshire, leatherseller.—S. Gower, Tanner's Hill, Deptford, wine merchant.—W. Bell, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, brewer.—S. Fox, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, ironmaster.—S. Nichols, Leeds, Yorkshire, carpet merchant.—T. Boddy and R. Catley, Leeds, Yorkshire, mahogany merchants.

We regret that our METEOROLOGICAL REPORT has not reached us in time for insertion, owing, we presume, to the engagements of Mr. Adams with his public Lectures during Lent. We must endeavour to find room for both in our next number.

NEW PATENTS.

M. Heath, of Furnival's Inn, in the city of London, Esquire, for improvements in engines to be worked by steam or other fluids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 27th, 6 months.

C. Flude, of Long Lane, Bermondsey, Surrey, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in applying heat to the manufacture of alkalies and salts, and for smelting, and otherwise working ores, metals, and earths. January 30th, 6 months.

W. Bate, of Werrington, Northamptonshire, for certain improvements in obtaining and regulating power. January 27th, 6 months.

C. Phillips, of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, Surgeon, for improvements in apparatus or machinery for punching, bending, cutting, and joining metal, and for holding or securing metal to be punched, bent, cut, or otherwise operated on; parts of which machinery are adapted to perform some of these operations on other materials. January 30th, 6 months.

J. B. Humphreys, of Southampton, Civil Engineer, for improvements in marine and other steam-engines. January 30th, 6 months.

D. W. Sharp, of Bingley, Yorkshire, Worsted Spinner, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for warping worsted, linen, cotton, silk, or woollen yarns. January 30th, 6 months.

W. H. Heginbotham, of Stockport, Cheshire, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of gas retorts. January 31st, 6 months.

G. R. Peppercorne, of Vauxhall, in the parish of Lambeth, Surrey, Gentleman, for an improved machinery to be employed for locomotion on railroads and other roads, which is also applicable to other engines for exerting power. January 31st, 6 months.

G. Charlton, of Wapping, Middlesex, Master Mariner, for improvements in anchors, capstans, windlasses, and means of mooring and riding ships at anchor. February 8th, 6 months.

J. Melville, of Upper Harley Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the generation of steam, and on the application of steam or other power to navigation. February 8th, 6 months.

J. Deville, of Crutched Friars, in the city of London, Coach Builder, for certain improvements in rail-roads, and in the carriages to be used thereon. February 8th, 6 months.

R. Essex, of the parish of Saint Mary, Islington, Middlesex, Silversmith, for certain improvements in the construction of paddle-wheels, and in the paddle-boxes or cases of steam-vessels. February 8th, 6 months.

J. Dutton, of Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, Clothier, for certain improvements in the manufacture of woollen cloth, which improvements apply both to weaving and dressing of woollen cloth. February 8th, 6 months.

W. Farquhar, of George Street, Tower Hill, in the precincts of the Tower of London, Chronometer Maker, for improvements in generating steam for steam-engines. February 13th, 6 months.

I. G. Seyrig, late of Paris, in the kingdom of France, Mechanician, now of Old Compton Street, Soho, Middlesex, for certain improvements in expressing of

extracting liquids or moisture from woollen, cotton, and other stuffs and substances, either in a manufactured or unmanufactured state. February 16th, 6 months.

J. Ericsson, of Berkeley Street, Connaught Square, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for an improved steam-engine. February 16th, 6 months.

J. Jackson, of Kersley, Lancashire, Joiner and Cabinet Maker, for certain improvements in sawing, planing, tongueing, and grooving, and otherwise preparing and constructing window sashes, door and other frames, cornices, mouldings, and various other fittings or ornamental wood-work, and in machinery, tools, or apparatus to be used in the same. February 16th, 6 months.

E. R. Ladislas de Breza, of Paris, in the kingdom of France, now of St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a chemical combination or compound for rendering cloth, wood, paper, and other substances indestructible by fire, and also preserving them from the ravages of insects. February 20th, 6 months.

J. Grime, of Bury, Lancashire, Engraver, for certain improvements in manufacturing wheels, which are applicable to locomotive engines, tenders, and carriages, and to running wheels for other useful purposes, and also in the apparatus for constructing the same. February 21st, 6 months.

J. Clay, of Cottingham, near Hull, York, Merchant, S. Walker, of Millshaw, near Leeds, in the same county, Cloth Manufacturer, and F. Rosenberg, of Hull, in the same county, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for shearing or cropping, and dressing and finishing woollen and other cloths. February 22nd, 6 months.

E. Stolle, of Arundel Street, Strand, Middlesex, Esquire, for improvements in making sugar from sugar-cane, and in refining sugar. February 24th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in preserving wine and other fermented liquors in bottles. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 24th, 6 months.

J. Houlston, of Bradford, Yorkshire, Printer, for improvements in apparatus for stopping or retarding carriages. February 24th, 6 months.

A. Ador, of Leicester Square, Middlesex, Chemist, for certain improvements on lamps, or apparatus for producing or affording light. February 24th, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, London, Rectifier, for improvements in the manufacture of gin, which he intends to denominate Betts' patent gin, or Betts' patent stomachic gin. Partly communicated by a foreigner resident abroad, February 24th, 6 months.

M. W. Ivison, Silk Spinner, residing in Hailes Street, Edinburgh, for an improved method of consuming smoke in furnaces and other places, where fire is used, and for economising fuel, and also for applying air, heated or cold, to blasting or smelting. February 24th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—MARCH, 1838.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Feb. 19.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer and others brought up the Transfer of Aids Bill, the Exchequer Bills Bill, and the Parliamentary Electors and Freemen Bill, which were severally read a first time.—Adjourned.

Feb. 20.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Banking Copartnery Bill.—Several petitions were presented on the subject of negro slavery.—Lord Brougham brought forward his promised motions on the subject of negro slavery.—Lord Glenelg, at considerable length, answered Lord Brougham in detail.

Feb. 22.—Lord Brougham having presented many petitions against the negro apprenticeship system, repeated his inquiry whether the Governor of the Leeward Islands, &c., had issued a proclamation convening, on the authority of an old Act, a general assembly of individuals, to consult on matters affecting the interests of the islands generally.—Lord Glenelg answered in the affirmative, adding that it was requisite to have the sanction of all the islands; but that, as Antigua had not given its sanction, the proclamation could not be carried into effect.—Lord Brougham then gave notice that on Friday next he should call attention to an order in council issued last year, but not gazetted, tending, in his view, to promote the revival of slave-trading. His Lordship added that, unless Lord Glenelg soon brought forward the promised Bill regarding the better treatment of the Negro Apprentices, he should do so, as he had a Bill ready.

Feb. 23.—The Exchequer Bills Bill and the Transfer of Aids Bill were read a

third time and passed. The Custody of Insane Persons Bill went through Committee, and was ordered to be reported on Monday.—Lord Melbourne, in presenting a petition in favour of the Ballot, said that it had been accompanied by a letter, setting forth that the petitioners had been converted to the Ballot in consequence of the intimidation of property.—The Duke of Wellington attributed much of the agitation on this question to the increased desire to possess political power, in consequence of recent changes. He added, that he heard a good deal about “intimidation;” but he must take the liberty of declaring that such charges were unfounded, and that the only influence used was the legitimate exercise of the rights and duties of property for the maintenance of the constitution in Church and State, and of the lives and properties of all.

Feb. 26.—Lord Denman introduced a Bill on the subject of oaths. It provided, that any party declaring himself to entertain conscientious scruples against taking an oath should forthwith be admitted to make his solemn affirmation; and that if he should then state an untruth he should be liable to the same penal consequences as if guilty of perjury. The Bill was read a first time, and their Lordships adjourned.

Feb. 27.—A great many petitions were presented on the subject of negro slavery, the greater part of them by Lord Brougham, who gave notice that shortly after Easter he would again bring the subject before their Lordships, and take the sense of the House upon the whole question. Their Lordships then adjourned till Thursday.

March 1.—Mr. Barnaby and others brought up from the Commons the Custody of Insane Persons Bill, with the amendments of their Lordships. Agreed.—The Bishop of Exeter presented a petition from certain inhabitants of the City of Cork, praying their Lordships to adopt measures to render effectual the sworn engagements of Roman Catholics “not to subvert the present Church Establishment, and not to weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant government.”

March 2.—Lord Brougham, in moving for papers on the subject of the slave trade, complained of some remarks of Members in the Commons on Thursday, charging him with having accused the officers of the navy of unfairly seeking “head-money.” His Lordship declared that he had only spoken of the “tendency” of the head-money system; his motion was for “a return, showing the dates of the captures of all slave-vessels for the last ten years; 2, for extracts from the log-books of any of her or his Majesty’s ships the day before the capture, the day on which the capture was made, and the day after the capture of any slave ships; 3, similar extracts from the log-books of all other ships belonging to her Majesty’s navy, and stationed on the coast of Africa, on the day any such capture might have been made; 4, the names and force of all ships of war stationed on the east coast of Africa during the last ten years; and lastly, the names of all slave ships captured within the same period, and stating the place on the coast nearest where the capture was made; or, if at sea, then stating the latitude and longitude.”

March 5.—Lord Glenelg moved the first reading of the West India Slave Abolition Bill.—Lord Brougham stated that he would, after he had seen the provisions of the noble lord’s Bill, feel himself at liberty to renew his motion on Colonial Slavery at the earliest possible period; on which he should take the sense of the House. The effect of his motion would be for the total repeal of slavery, and it would be founded on the order in council of the 12th of July, 1837.

March 6.—Lord Brougham brought forward the consideration of the order in council, dated 12th July, 1837, extending the time of a previous order to apprentice free labourers imported from India from three to five years in Guiana.—Lord Glenelg supported the order in council, the principles on which it proceeded, and the precautions by which it was surrounded; he did so because the most laborious sureties were taken to secure the returns of the parties, should they desire such return. The Duke of Wellington urged the importance of protecting the proposed arrangement by securing the safety of the labourers thus to be engaged.—Lord Melbourne said that every care should be taken to secure the fair and correct working of the system.—Lord Ellenborough supported the motion, as he viewed the order in council as re-establishing the slave trade.—Lord Brougham having replied, the Duke of Wellington, not wishing to oppose the motion, moved the “previous question;” upon which the House eventually divided—the numbers were, for it, 56; against it, 14; majority, 42. Their Lordships then adjourned till Thursday.

March 8.—Nothing of importance.

March 9.—An interesting discussion occurred on the presentation of a petition by the Archbishop of Canterbury, praying that Parliament would make a permanent provision for the performance of public worship in Canada, according to the doctrines of the Church of England. The Earl of Ripon and Lord Glenelg both talked of the

difficulties of the case, and the Bishop of London stood forward manfully on behalf of the Protestants of Canada. The petition was laid on the table, and their Lordships adjourned.

March 12.—Nothing of public interest.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Feb. 14. The Committee on the Petersfield election reported that Sir William Jolliffe was not duly elected, and that Mr. Hector was the sitting Member. Mr. Hume gave notice that, on Tuesday next, he would move for copies of all letters that had passed between Messrs. Hume, Roebuck, and others, in Great Britain, and Mons. Papineau, M'Kenzie, and Dr. Duncombe, in Canada—which might have been seized and fallen into the hands of the government.

Feb. 15.—Mr. Grote moved, pursuant to notice, for leave to bring in a Bill enacting that the votes at parliamentary elections should be taken by ballot. The hon. member, in the course of his speech, cited the addresses of several candidates at the late elections, complaining of intimidation, in order to show the prevalence of the evil, for which, as no other remedy was proposed, he thought it indispensable to try the ballot.—Mr. E. L. Bulwer delivered many pointed things in support of the ballot.—Lord John Russell said the evil, though serious, had been much exaggerated. To bestow the ballot system upon the existing constituencies would, his lordship observed, be to render the electors irresponsible at once to those above and to those below them.—Sir Robert Peel observed, that the ballot-box was, at best, but a mechanical effort applied to the production of great moral results. He denied the connexion of the desired results with the means by which it was proposed to attain them; and he called upon the House to bear in mind, that whatever effects mechanical skill was fitted to produce, might be counteracted by the dishonest application of an equal amount of mechanical skill. Who could be certain, that mechanical means would not, under the ballot system, be employed, to falsify the expression of public opinion?—Mr. C. Buller went over some of the topics in favour of the ballot; and after a reply from Mr. Grote, the House divided—for leave to bring in the Ballot Bill, 198; against it, 315; majority against the Bill, 117.

Feb. 16.—This being the last day for receiving petitions for leave to bring in private bills, a great many were in consequence presented.—The Committee on the Poor Relief (Ireland) Bill was then resumed. Upon the 18th clause, providing for the division of the Unions into electoral districts for the election of guardians, Mr. O'Connell proposed, as an amendment, to insert the words "with the consent of the majority of the guardians." The amendment was lost by a majority of 37. Amendments on the 19th and 23d clauses were also defeated by large majorities, and other clauses up to the 30th inclusive, were carried, and the committee was adjourned till Monday next.—The House then adjourned till Monday.

Feb. 19.—In reply to Sir R. Inglis, Lord John Russell said that he was uncertain when the Pluralities Bill would be brought under the consideration of the House.—Sir Robert Peel having renewed his question with respect to church accommodation in Scotland, Lord John Russell said that the subject was under the consideration of government; but that in a fortnight he would bring forward some measure relating to it, or at least give an answer one way or the other.

Feb. 20.—Sir W. Molesworth fixed the 6th of March for his motion for an Address to the Crown expressive of want of confidence in the present Secretary of State for the Colonies; and gave notice of a call of the House for that day.

Feb. 21.—The Committee on the Marylebone election reported that Sir Samuel Whalley was not possessed of a sufficient property qualification, and a new writ was consequently ordered for the borough.

Feb. 22.—Lord Maidstone expressed his regret that Mr. O'Connell was not present, as he desired to put a question regarding language said to have been uttered by that Member at the Crown and Anchor (respecting the "perjury of Tory Election Committees.") He afterwards gave notice that he should to-morrow put a question to Mr. O'Connell on that subject.—Mr. Plumptre obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the suppression of Sunday trading.

Feb. 23.—Colonel Sir G. Evans gave notice that on the 6th of March he would bring forward a motion, which, as far as we could catch the import of it, will have some reference to himself as connected with Spanish affairs.

Feb. 26.—Lord Maidstone brought forward his promised motion of censure on Mr. O'Connell for his late speech at the Crown and Anchor dinner, charging the Tory Committees with perjury, and concluded by handing in two papers, containing

reports of the Crown and Anchor speech, which, having been read, Mr. O'Connell declared that he had purposely and deliberately uttered the words, and thanked the noble lord for bringing them under the notice of the House, as his object was to direct public attention to the defective system of trying election petitions; having done so, he said he should leave the matter for the decision of the House—and the hon. and learned member then walked out of it.—Lord Maidstone then moved two resolutions:—1st, "That the expressions in the speech of the hon. and learned member for Dublin, containing a foul charge of perjury against members of this House, in the discharge of their official duties, is a false and scandalous imputation upon their characters; and 2nd, That Mr. O'Connell, having avowed that he had used those expressions, is guilty of a breach of the privileges of this House."—Lord Howick moved that the matter drop, and that the House do pass to the other orders of the day.—Several hon. members shortly addressed the House, and Lord Maidstone having replied, a division took place.—Against Lord Howick's amendment to evade the question, 263; for the amendment, 254; majority against ministers, 9.—Lord Maidstone then moved that Mr. O'Connell, having uttered a gross calumny on the members of that House, be reprimanded in his seat.

Feb. 27.—Lord John Russell announced that on the 13th of March he would move for a committee on church leases.—Lord Maidstone moved that the order of the day be read for resuming the adjourned debate on the question that Mr. O'Connell be reprimanded in his place by the Speaker.—Mr. Pendarves moved as an amendment that no further notice should be taken of the matter.—After some discussion a division took place.—For the reprimand, 249; for the amendment, 225; majority against ministers, 24.—The original motion for the reprimand was then put and carried.—Lord Maidstone afterwards moved that Mr. O'Connell be ordered to attend in his place in the House to-morrow, which motion was also agreed to.

Feb. 28.—Lord Maidstone moved that the order of the day be read, requiring Mr. O'Connell to attend in his place.—Mr. O'Connell accordingly rose, and was reprimanded by the Speaker.

March 1.—Nothing of public importance.

March 2.—On the motion of Lord John Russell the House went into committee on the Poor (Ireland) Bill.—After a long discussion, the 47th, or emigration clause, was agreed to, though Mr. Henry Grattan had moved, as an amendment, that it be struck out. The House resumed, and Lord John Russell announced his intention to proceed with the Bill on Friday next.

March 5.—Lord Teignmouth, who was received with loud cheers from the Opposition benches, took the oaths and his seat for Marylebone.—Lord John Russell, on bringing up the answer to the address to the Queen, concerning the promotion of Marine Officers, said, her Majesty will take into her consideration the best means of affording promotion to the officers of Marines, consistently with a due regard to economy, and the just claims of the other branches of her Majesty's service.

March 6.—Sir William Molesworth brought forward his motion condemnatory of Lord Glenelg, the Colonial Secretary. The hon. baronet proceeded to specify the reasons which seemed to him to justify a movement against an individual member of the Cabinet, on account of a course of policy which every member of that Cabinet must be understood to have approved, and for which, consequently, every member of that Cabinet must be understood to be responsible; and concluded by moving—"That an humble Address be presented to the Queen, respectfully expressing the opinion of the House that, in the present critical state of many of her Majesty's foreign possessions in various parts of the world, it is essential to the well-being of her Majesty's colonial empire, and of the many and important domestic interests which depend on the prosperity of the colonies, that the colonial minister should be a person in whose diligence, forethought, judgment, activity, and firmness, this House and the public may be able to place reliance; and declaring, with all deference to the constitutional prerogatives of the Crown, that her Majesty's present Secretary of State for the Colonies does not enjoy the confidence of this House or of the country."—Mr. Leader seconded the motion.—Lord Palmerston condemned the unfairness of proceeding thus against an individual minister, eulogised the whole policy of the present administration, and moved a direct negative to Sir William Molesworth's motion.—Lord Sandon could not consent, with Sir William Molesworth, to fix blame exclusively on Lord Glenelg, which he did not believe exclusively attached to him; yet he was equally unable directly to negative the motion. He was forced, therefore, to take a course different from both parties; and in consequence moved an amendment.—Sir Charles Grey entered into a defence of Lord Glenelg and a dissertation on Canadian policy. The noise in the House, however, completely drowned his voice, and at half-past 12 o'clock the debate was adjourned.

March 7.—The debate on Sir W. Molesworth's resolution and Lord Sandon's amendment was resumed, Mr. Leader, as seconder of the original motion, opening the debate, and was followed by Mr. Warburton, who disapproved of the colonial policy of Government, but wished them to remain in office, notwithstanding.—Sir Robert Peel justified the course pursued on this occasion by the Conservative party.—Lord John Russell complained that Sir Robert Peel was overruled by his supporters. The ministry had not been unsuccessful against the rebels, nor yielded any point to them. It was said that ministers might have prevented the revolt; but that sort of hypothesis was incapable of proof. The noble lord then 'recriminated on former governments, and put forth some bitter sarcasms against Lord Stanley. As to the present motion, its object was to eject the government; but this had not been a usual proceeding with the House of Commons, except in a very strong case of culpability. He did not wish to take any but a direct course, and would beg Sir W. Molesworth to withdraw the original motion, that the amendment might be substantively put, and met with a flat negative.—To this Sir William Molesworth agreed, and the House then proceeded to a division, upon which the numbers were—against Lord Sandon's motion, 316; for it, 287.

March 8.—Sir R. Peel inquired whether the Government intended to make any proposition on the subject of church accommodation in Scotland?—Lord J. Russell answered that he should, but he could not till after Easter. His lordship afterwards deferred the notice regarding the "Church Leases" Committee.

March 9.—Lord John Russell stated, in answer to a question from Lord Stanley, that he hoped to be able to bring in the Irish Tithe Bill in the course of next week.—The discussion of the Controverted Elections Bill was fixed for Friday next, when it is to take precedence of all other business. On Monday, the two first votes of the Army Estimates will be moved, in order that the Mutiny Bill may be proceeded with as soon as possible. The remainder of the sitting was almost exclusively occupied with the Irish Poor Law Bill. The Committee having proceeded as far as the 63rd clause, the chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit again on Monday.

March 12.—In reply to a question by the Marquess of Chandos, Lord John Russell said that the Earl of Durham would not receive salary as Governor of Canada, but that his expenses would be paid on the scale always adopted in cases of special mission.—Several hon. members having asked in what state the negotiations were on the recent increase of duty upon British linen cloths and yarns imported into France, Mr. P. Thomson answered that remonstrances had been made to the French government, and that he hoped some good would result from them.

March 13.—General Sir G. De Lacy Evans rose to move "That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she would be pleased to lay before the House copies of any correspondence in which her Most Catholic Majesty the Queen of Spain may have expressed the opinions or feelings of her government relative to any services rendered to her government by the British Legion." His object, in moving for these papers, was to show the gross misrepresentation which had been made by hon. members in that House, and a portion of the public press, with regard to the conduct of the expedition, and the sufferings of the legion, which were not more severe than those usually experienced from the common casualties and occurrences to which every army was liable.—Sir Henry Hardinge said, that nothing in the gallant officer's statement induced him to retract any of the opinions which he had formerly expressed on the subject of the Spanish campaigns, and which indeed he had formed on the authority of officers of the legion; and if the press, and the country at large, had imbibed unfavourable notions of the expedition and its proceedings, no one could wonder at that, when 250 of its officers had quitted in disgust, and come home to spread their opinions among their countrymen, as well on the Liberal as on the Conservative side.—Lord Eliot gave notice that on an early day he should bring on the general question of our Spanish policy.—Sir Hussey Vivian defended General Evans; and Lord Mahon defended himself from certain attacks which he imagined had been made somewhere against him in reference to his views of the war in Spain. He should, however, reserve what he had to say till the motion just announced should be brought forward.—Sir R. Inglis urged the moral guilt of this kind of mercenary service.—Lord Palmerston declared that, as far as that House was concerned, nothing had passed within its walls to call for the vindication his hon. and gallant friend had thought proper to make; and if there had been attacks made upon him in other quarters, he thought the statement they had heard that night was calculated to secure him against their repetition. He had no objection to the production of the papers asked for.—The motion was then agreed to.

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